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Just A Warning Before Reading This Book

Heya!

This is just an informative chapter before you lovely people read, or not read, after having read this. If you don't like reading a lot of boring words then there's a 'Too Long; Didn't Read' further down.

Before you read this story I would just like you all to know, I wrote this book A WHILE ago when I was a pretty damn idiotic kid.

The reason I say this is because this book is what you'd expect from the Countryhumans fandom - a ton of inaccuracies and stereotypes.

I get a few comments present day (2-3 years later) of upset readers because of my bad knowledge of the past. I completely understand them because I wrote this book with a bias to certain countries and did not do my research from a varied perspective. I'm not even sure kid me did any research at all.

I really don't like this book any more, but it's quite popular and what's done is done, I guess. I had a fun time writing it and got a lot of positive feedback and friends through the many amazing readers; I just don't like how this book feels so ignorant.

If you want to continue reading the story after this warning then I hope you enjoy it for the bizarre thing that it is.

I just want people reading this to be aware that I do know it's pretty damn terrible when it comes to history.

But, hey, what do you expect from a young kid just starting out in the fandom?

I've got other books written that are more accurate.
My more accurate books come after "Met In The Snow" (a book

which is even worse for historical accuracies - kid me was on a roll, huh?) so any of the two after that.

If you want a Countryhumans story that is more accurate towards country relationships (but still filled with horrible Google Translate translations) then I'm pretty sure "Stuck With The Enemy" is my most accurate Countryhumans story. It's also my shortest book so it's a nice and quick read.

Advertisements, am I right?

Too Long; Didn't Read:

•This book is old, written by a stupid little kid, full of inaccuracies and stereotypes - as what could be expected from the countryhumans fandom. Please be aware of this.

•I have other books such as "Stuck With The Enemy" that give a more accurate acknowledgment towards history and current day. If you like more accurate Countryhumans books, you can read that if you would like to.

•My books only get more accurate after "Met In The Snow"

Thank you for taking the time to read this.

Now that I've got that out of the way,

Have A Nice Life!

Arguments In My Head

[image]

Today was like any other day. Uk woke up early got his tea and sat down to watch the news. It was like this everyday. It is stressful to be a country there is always something to worry about. Always someone causing you problems. So Uk liked to enjoy quiet moments like this while he could, except, he couldn't.

Uk heard shouting in his ears and it wouldn't go away. A constant battle of harsh words screaming in his head. It made him feel nauseous and tired. He'd end up on the bathroom floor throwing up a black liquid, very unpleasant. He knew why but he didn't want to admit it, didn't want to tell anyone. He had never been one to share his emotions.

He shoved these thoughts deep down inside him trying to ignore the bickering and focus on the news. He sighed. More Brexit reports. It is never going to end is it? This just made Uk feel sicker and the shouting louder. He closed his eyes and tried to focus on what they were saying.

"I'm fed up of your bu-"
"There are kids in here as well"
"Im fed up of your crap England!" said a man in a deep Scottish accent.
Uk guessed straight away that it was Scotland and England at the brunt of the fighting, In His head. They've been fighting over Brexit and Scotland wanting independence, although I would never let him have his independence he still rages on about it.
"You have no one to blame but yourself Scotland!"
"I do have someone else to blame...You!"
"Please stop fighting!" A quieter and younger voice pleaded "your tearing this family apart!" The voice was right they are tearing this family apart they're tearing *me* apart. The small country started crying.
"No, no, no please don't cry Wales we'll stop fighting now, right,

England?" Scotland said a hint of hatred in his voice when he said England's name.
"Right, *Scotland"* England replied.

A tap on the shoulder made Uk jump and almost spill his tea, which by now would be quite cold.
"France, you scared the living daylight out of me." Uk said catching his breath and relaxing again.
"Sorry , Britain, you had your hands over your ears and were muttering stuff to yourself with your eyes closed.... I was worried for you." France said a concerned look on her face
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you panic it was just...it was just..."
"The voices?"
"Yes, they were fighting again... I don't know how much more I can take France they get worse every day I don't want it to get to a point where... I won't..." Britain struggled to find the right words
"Where I want exist anymore I'll only exist in history books and I don't want that I want to watch my family grow and I want to look after my people France... I'm so lost I don't know what to do" tears began to swell in Britain's eyes at the last part. He, however, refused to let any roll down his face as it showed weakness and he didn't like showing that, not even with family.

"Mon amour, it's okay we'll figure this out but you'll have to except that you might not be here forever and need to spend time with your family" France replied she obviously didn't want to say this but it was better to tell the truth than to lie and say Britain will always be fine and that he'll always be with his family because that's not the case.
"Your right France," Britain looked up and smiled at France "You always are, aren't you? Well how about we set up a family dinner to discuss this with everyone?" Britain sounded confident about this but was really nervous and thought he should write a speech for the dinner so he knows what to say *yeah that's a good plan, Britain.* Britain wasn't entirely sure if he or another country in his head said that it can get confusing sometimes.
"Bonne idée mon amour!" France smiles enthusiastically at Britain and then hugs him
"I'll go call our sons and make sure they all can make it" France

said.
Britain looked a bit confused at this
"they're getting older sugar they have their own plans at the end of the day."
"Oh, ok... I'll be in my office if you need me" Britain started to head to his office then quickly turned to France "Thank you my Dear you always know what to do and are full of bright ideas." Britain said as a last minute thank you
"Je sais, Je t'aime aussi" France said back to Britain with a smile. Then flicked her hand signalling him to go as she picked up the phone and dialled Canada's number.

Lets get started then Uk said to himself as he shut the office door.

Thank you for reading my story! It's my first ever story so I'm sorry if it's really bad please leave any comments saying what you think so i know how to improve! I don't know what time it is in your country so have a nice life!

French Translation-
"mon amour." = "my love."
"Bonne ideé, mon amour!" = "good idea my love!"
"Je sais, Je t'aime aussi." = "I know, I love you too."
Sorry if the translations are wrong or the french I am only just learning it.

Word count; 911

Family Gathering

[image]

There was a knock at the front door. Uk pushed away his chair as he stood up from his desk. *That'll be them* Uk thought nervously.

He opened his office door that led to the living room and walked down the hall leading to the front door. France had beaten him to it and she was hugging her sons, Canada, New Zealand who they nicknamed kiwi and Australia. America hadn't arrived yet but Britain kind of expected that from him.

"Hello Father! How are you?" Canada asked as he walked over to give his father a hug.
"I'm... okay Canada thanks for asking," Britain said very tiredly. Canada gave a bit of a concerned look at his father. He wasn't in his normal full grey suit and he wasn't wearing his monocle, Just a plain white blouse with a loose tie and grey trousers. He still had his top hat but that was about the only normal thing about his outfit. He looked very tired like he hadn't slept in a while, something wasn't right and Britain was not *okay*.

"How are you, Canada?" Britain asked
"I'm good father, thanks for asking." Canada replied

"G'day dad! Long time no see!" Australia said quite loudly. A bit too loudly for Britain's liking and it sent a ringing in his ear. Ever since the arguing in his head he's been quite sensitive to loud noises.
"Good day to you too Australia, you seem quite excited." Britain said to Australia ignoring the ringing in his ears. Australia gave a big smile in response which made Britain smile too, it was nice to spend time with his kids and see them smile.

"Hi father!" New Zealand said and hugged Britain
"Hello New Zealand" Said Britain. New Zealand was the youngest in the family and America was the oldest, although he had inherited his fathers shortness and was smaller than Canada and a little bit shorter than Australia.

"How about we all head in to the living room and catch up in there" France suggested.
"Good idea I'll make tea does anybody want something other than tea?" Britain asked he had to get used to the fact that not everybody liked tea although he didn't understand why. It was an amazing drink.
"A cup of tea would be lovely dear"
"I'm good with tea"
"Same"
"Me too!" Everyone agreed on tea. This is the tea family after all.
"Good I'll grab some biscuits as well" Britain said and headed off to the kitchen.

As Britain was making the tea he heard his kingdoms fighting again.
"Tea!"
"Whisky!"
"Tea!"
"Whisky!"
What a dumb thing to fight about they are really unstable if they're fighting about every little thing. Britain finished making the tea and put the tea in four tea cups each with a different design on them to show which countries it is. He added milk in all of them except one as France likes to have her tea black aka no milk making the tea look black
(I'm not being racist)
He opened the cupboard and grabbed his favourite rich tea biscuits and some chocolate digestives. He opened the fridge to put the milk away and spotted a bottle of whisky he looked at the label *Glenfiddich distillery...fine Scottish whisky* he for some reason craved the whisky. *This will be Scotland's doing* Britain thought.

The problem with being split between four countries is that they all have different opinions on things, although Wales and Northern Ireland were never much of a problem Scotland and England were complete opposites. It always led to an argument that ended in them becoming even more further apart and closer to independence for the countries. If you refuse to give a country it's independence it will cause a war but when the countries make you and are in your head making decisions for you then not giving them independence and leaving it for too long can lead to an entire separation. Which

would not be good for Britain. He has a lot of responsibilities to deal with and doesn't want his country to be ran by four lunatics who can't make a decision on anything.

Britain grabbed the bottle of whisky out the fridge and carried it on a tea tray with everyone else's tea. He walked into the living room everyone was sitting on the sofa's and chatting. He put the tea tray on the coffee table that the sofas surrounded. he grabbed his tea and the bottle of whisky. Everyone gave a confused look at Britain except from France who obviously knew that his kingdoms were causing him problems again. He gave an embarrassed smile and left the bottle by his foot for now. *Great job Scotland* Britain said in his head sarcastically.

Everybody was quietly drinking their tea. No one knew quite what to say. The awkward silence was broken by a knock at the door.
"That must be America!" said France. Everyone got up to greet him except Britain who while everyone was focused on the door took a quick swig from the bottle.
"*You just can't help yourself can you Scotland greedy pig!"*
*"*Shut up England! I don't know why you won't let me leave all you do is complain about me being here!"
Can you two shut up! Britain thought clenching his fists he wanted to punch both of them but couldn't so he just sighed and headed to the door to greet America.

"Hey everyone! Sorry I'm late traffic was slow." America shouted he was the loudest of the bunch which was bad news for Britain who's ears started ringing again.
"Bonjour mon fils! No need to apologise America as long as your here that's fine." France said hugging her son.
"Hey bros!" America said turning his attention to his brothers
"Hello America."
"Hey brother."
"G'day mate." they all responded. America looked at his dad. He'd never been as observant as his little brother Canada but he could instantly tell something was wrong with the look of his dad
"Hey old man! You don't look like you usually do, you ok?" America asked Britain. Britain looked quite taken aback he didn't expect this question from America.

"Oh yeah, America I'm fine thanks for asking just... trying something new, that's all." Britain said adjusting his tie. He only did that when he was nervous but America decided not to focus on that right now.
"So what did I miss?" America asked as they all sat down in the living room.
"Nothing much sweetie we were just chatting and having a nice cup of tea that Britain so kindly made." France said drinking some more of her tea.
"I'm pretty sure there is a bottle of coke in the fridge if you would like some America I know your not big on tea." Said Britain smiling tiredly at his son. The kingdoms were fighting again but he was trying his best to ignore them but he couldn't ignore the feeling of sickness building in his stomach.
"That would be great dad!" America said and started to get up, but Britain stood up way faster than him and said
"No, no I'll get it, you catch up with everyone else, ok?" America knew this wasn't an option so he nodded his head and sat back down in his chair.

Britain walked fast into the kitchen and headed straight to the sink he leaned over and coughed up the horrible black liquid. He'd seen this before with other countries when they fell apart like The Roman Empire and The Soviet Union it was a horrible thing to experience and he felt sorry for the other countries it had happened to, he didn't know it was this bad. He finished coughing up the rest of the black liquid and took deep breaths he turned around.

France was standing in the doorway. Her empty tea cup in her hand. She looked as though she was about to cry. *Shoot* Britain said in his head.

That's the end of this part thanks for reading and I hoped you enjoyed feel free to comment any feedback be as nice or as mean as you want I don't mind as long as I know how to improve! Have a nice life!

French translation-
"Bonjour mon fils!" = "Hello my son!"

Word count; 1392

Let's talk

[image]

"Britain why didn't you tell me it was this bad!" France said her voice trembling
"I'm sorry France I didn't want you to panic," Britain said defeated. Seeing France upset only made him feel more sick.
"It get's worse and worse a-and I... I don't think I'm going to make it France." Britain started to cry. This wasn't like him at all, he never cried in front of anyone, but he was just so tired and so upset he couldn't control his emotions at this point.
"Mom amour..." France started crying with Britain and went over to hug him. They stayed like that for a while then they remembered they had kids and wiped each other's tears away.
"Come on we need to tell our sons" France said quietly putting her teacup next to the sink with a few other dirty dishes to clean up later, then washed the rest of the black liquid down the sink. Britain quickly grabbed America's bottle of coke and went through to the living room with France.

They walked into the living room to see their sons laughing at some of America's ridiculous jokes, but they soon all went silent once they walked in. Britain handed America his bottle of pop (otherwise known as soda)
"Thanks dad!"
"No problem America." Britain said as he sat down in his seat.
"Sons, Your father has something to tell you." France said. She looked at Britain and gave a nod of approval and a slightly motivating but worried smile.
"Well, how do I put this?"

Sorry for the short chapter it's night time and I was bored so I just went on here and wrote this random piece of writing up. I also realised how bad I am at describing what their house looks like and what the countries themselves look like so... I'm sorry about that _(-o-)_
Anyways have a nice life!

French Translation-
"Mon amour..." = "My love..."

Word count(it's a short boyo); 330

Falling Apart

[image]

I want to write a big paragraph so be prepared for lots of reading and it is 1:00am so also be prepared for mistakes. And there will be swear words in this chapter as we take an adventure through Scotland!

"Well, boys, as you may have noticed I haven't been like my usual self lately," Britain started "There is a reason for this and I'm about to tell you why but I need to explain a bit first," Britain paused to think about what to say. It's a confusing situation as it doesn't happen often and certainly wouldn't be expected from UK, but here we are. "As you all know I am a united country this means that I am made up of smaller countries that I refer to as Kingdoms but America would refer to as States,"
America looked up at Britain he seemed to understand where this was going. America had had problems with his states also but they weren't as bad as Britain's problems and he had 50 states so it wouldn't be a huge split like Britain who only has four Kingdoms. Who we wouldn't see re-uniting any time soon.
"I have been having...problems with my Kingdoms they have been fighting non-stop and are becoming reckless and more independent," Britain paused to let everyone think for a bit. France had foggy eyes, she didn't want to lose her husband. America knew what Britain was getting at but his glasses covered if he was sad or any other type of emotion, it was one of the reasons why he wore the tinted sunglasses.
"This, I fear, is leading to a split and all my Kingdoms getting independence which will mean I won't exist. I'm sure you have seen or heard of this before as it happened with Soviet Union and other countries as well." Everyone was staring at Britain with tears slowly forming in their eyes. You still couldn't tell with America but he moved his glasses up a bit while he rubbed his eyes suggesting he was crying.

"It won't happen will it father?" New Zealand said rubbing his tears

away as well.
Britain's voice cracked a bit as he spoke since he was starting to cry too.
"I'm afraid New Zealand I cannot control my countries and their decisions. Like how I took that bottle of whisky from the fridge that was because my Kingdom, Scotland, really likes and really wanted some whisky." Britain laughed a bit at this before continuing "And since I can't control their decisions I can't control if they split or not. All I know is that it's very painful and quite a horrible experience for the country itself and anyone watching." New Zealand made a sad squeak before crying heavily at the realisation that he was possibly going to lose his dad. He was young and still going to school after all.

"Hey, mate, don't cry." Australia said moving in closer to hug and comfort his brother. Canada had to do the same thing for France and America just looked at Britain.
"How long have you got left?" He said. Britain turned to America.
"I'm not quite sure, but it's definitely close it could happen any moment, really." Britain said honestly. His stomach knotted and he started feeling sick again.

"Great job England you've made everyone cry." Surprisingly it wasn't Scotland who said that but in fact someone with a Irish accent. Northern Ireland.
"Oh! Don't you get started on me now! I was just being honest! Does everybody hate me or something?!"
"I-I don't England" Wales said gently
"Yeah that's because your young and innocent Wales you like pretty much everybody." Scotland laughed.
"That's not true!" Wales said stomping his foot "I don't like you when you shout or swear or drink or play pranks on me! Actually I don't like anyone when they shout or swear or drink or pl-"
"'Play pranks on you' yeah, yeah we get it Wales." Northern Ireland said.
"Or when people finish off my sentences" Wales mutters to himself angrily. This just makes Scotland laugh. He's crazy, Scotland laughing at everything. I mean who wouldn't think he's crazy, wearing skirts, taking drugs, drinking whisky all day and believing in crazy stuff like kelpies or the Loch Ness Monster which he calls

Nessie his national animal is a unicorn for goodness sake! I wonder why he's even my kingdom sometimes but then he's an amazing fighter and strategist he learned quite a lot from his dad, The Lion Rampant.

"Dad! Dad!" America shouted at his father waving his hand in front of his face. Britain had his eyes closed and was muttering to himself again. America couldn't wake him up. France got up from her seat walked over to Britain and slapped him back to his consciousness.

"W-What!" Britain said placing his had on his cheek where France had slapped him.
"You were talking to yourself again Britain," France said "You weren't responding so I had to slap you... sorry about that."
"I wouldn't quite say you had to slap me that hard Fr-" Britain was cut off by him putting his hand over his mouth while the other clenched his stomach. He quickly got up and ran through the hallway to the bathroom. Everyone followed behind concerned and confused about what was going on. Britain was laying on the floor Above the toilet violently coughing up more of the vile black liquid.

France stepped into the bathroom with Britain and shut the door behind her so her sons wouldn't be able to see their farther in this horrible state. She kneeled down beside him on the blue tiled bathroom floor and simply rubbed Britain's back saying comforting things to him. He seemed to calm down more with every word she said, her soft sweet voice could calm down a crying baby in seconds. Britain finally stopped and took deep breaths he wasn't able to take any breathing breaks there was so much liquid, the kingdoms must have been fighting physically this time for it to be that bad. Britain certainly didn't have much time left.
He collapsed into France and hugged her tightly. He didn't want to let go. He felt if he did he would lose her forever. They both hugged each over not knowing what to say. They stayed in each other's arms on the bath room floor. Britain whispered to France.
"Je t'aime." before falling asleep in her arms.

She was touched that Britain said that in french but the bathroom wasn't the most romantic place in the world or the best place to sleep in. She tried to carry Britain so that she could bring him to bed but Britain was too heavy even though he was a small man she

was a small women. She placed him down carefully on the ground then opened the door to get one of the boys to help her. Luckily Canada was still at the door worried sick.
"Maman, is d-"
"Shhhhhh" she shushed and pointed to Britain passed out on the floor.
"Oh" was Canada's response.

France and Canada walked over to Britain. France grabbed Under his armpits and Canada grabbed his legs. Together they lifted him up and clumsily walked through the bathroom door and started to walk towards Britain and Frances shared room. They bumped into quite a few walls on the way, but Britain was knocked out cold.

It was a bit awkward trying to open the bedroom door but France managed to do it without dropping Britain; thankfully. They carefully laid him on France's and Britain's king sized bed. And both sighed a sigh of relief.
"I'm going to stay with him Canada he's very unstable right now." France said tiredly.
"Okay maman, I'll go tell the others and get them some food for dinner." Canada replied
"Oh yeah, I forgot about dinner." France said and they both giggled. Canada headed to the door.
"Bonne nuit, maman."
"Bonne nuit, Canada." With that Canada left the room.

"Will you please stop fighting!" Screamed Wales.
"Not until I teach this Bastard a lesson!" Yelled Scotland smacking England in the face.
"Your going to pay for that you skirt wearing freak!" England said back clenching his fists. He goes to punch Scotland but he catches the punch and twists England's arm behind his back. England is stung with pain but refuses to show any emotion on his face as it only feeds Scotland's joy and anger.
"For the last time England they're kilts!" He looks as though he's about to snap England's arm but wales runs up to them and quite unsuccessfully hits Scotland in the back.

"You wanna fight too then Wales?" Scotland turns to ask Wales menacingly. A wicked smile on his face.

"N-no" Wales says trembling with fear. Scotland has always scared Wales. He was the oldest, the tallest and the best one at fighting. "That's what I thought little baby Wales always too scared to stand up for himself. Well when teaching someone to fight especially in wrestling when you get a move wrong you get a receipt which is a little like this." Scotland takes his hand back and slaps Wales across the face. Wales winces with pain and falls to the ground.

"Hey!" Northern Ireland screams as he goes to help Wales.
"That was a shitty thing to do Scotland." England said. And he punched Scotland in the back of the head.
"Wow, good move England didn't expect it let's have some fun shall we?" Scotland laughs as if this was all a game, it's actually his way of intimidating his enemies or whoever he's about to have a fight with and it works very well on England as he looks a lot less confident now. Scotland jumps at England and the two start wrestling. As they fight Northern Ireland and Wales join in trying to stop them but turns out that was a bad idea as England and Scotland are a lot stronger than both of them as they don't mind hurting a few people to get their way while Northern Ireland and Wales would rather get their way without having to hurt anyone.

Frances POV **(wow first POV in the book)**

I get woken up to Britain shaking violently and frequently jumping and saying harsh things in different accents but mostly Scottish. I shake his shoulder and say his name multiple times trying to wake him up but it's no use. I'm about to slap him again when he suddenly jolts awake clenching his stomach.
"Down by the side of the bed I put a tub for you to be sick into!" I quickly yell not wanting him to be sick all over the bed covers. He jumps off the side of the bed and kneels down over the bucket and starts violently spewing the charcoal coloured liquid but this time it wasn't just the liquid he was spewing he was spewing up blood as well.

I rush out the room and grab my phone I dial the police number 999 (British police number) and tell them to send an ambulance. The boys are out their rooms. *I guess they decided to stay the night*. And are looking at me panicked. We all rush to my room.

Britain's POV

I spew the black liquid and my own blood up in the bucket and I think I hear France leave the room I'm not to sure what's going on I'm light headed from all the spewing and loss of blood. All I know is that I'm being ripped apart. My body is in so much pain and my head aches with the worst migraine I've ever had. I can't breath I'm spewing too much. I start to choke. I don't know what's happening to me right now but the pain is slowly going away. What a relief I've never felt so good getting rid of all that pain. Now I just want to sleep. I need to sleep. I close my eyes and take one more big breath before it all blackened out.

FrancesPOV(I know it a big chapter but it worth it)

We reach my room only to be greeted by a tall country. Not Britain's height much taller than Britain. About the same height as Canada which in this family is tall. He looks down at us and smiles. He wears trainers a black hoodie a... Skirt? With a red and green tartan pattern on it and a Scottish hat also with a tartan pattern but a blue and green colour. His flag is blue with a white cross on it. I've seen that before it's Saint Andrews Cross.
"Hey, lassie remember me good allies back in the past, aye. If nae the names Scotland."

This is the end of this big chapter as it is 3:38am and I need sleep even though I don't want too :/ well congratulations on making it this far and have a nice life!

French Translation-
"Je t'aime."="I love you."
"Maman,"="Mum."
"Bonne nuit, Maman."="Goodnight, Mum."

Word count(it's a big boyo); 2183

Let us introduce ourselves(idk)

[image]

Everyone stands quietly staring at the tall country lost for words. Scotland looks over each country analysing them.

"Uill tha seo neònach." Scotland said. He just gets a confused look from everyone in the room.
"Oh yeah, you din nae speak Scottish do you? let me translate...Well this is awkward." Scotland said using the same tone he had used when he said it in Gaelic.
"Yeah it really is." Replied the American.
"Wait! Scotland where's Britain!" France shouted now panicking. She pushes past Scotland into her and Britain's bedroom. She sees three over countries in the room now awkwardly looking at her.

She looks at the smallest country first. A little girl by the looks of it. She wears a red and pink hoodie that looks way too big for her, she has grey leggings with white and green trainers. The most weird thing of all is she appears to have small red wings either side of her and horns on top her head. Her flag consist of a green bottom with a white top and a bold red dragon in the middle of her face.

France looks at the country standing next to the small country. He's a bit taller than wales but still quite small himself. He wore a red shirt with a yellow tie, he had navy coloured trousers and had orange wedge sneakers. On top of the country's head was a small crown to Match his flag which had a white background with a red plus sign and a white six sided star which contained a red hand in it with a crown above the top point of the star, in the centre of the red plus sign. France recognised it as the Ulster banner.

France turned her attention to the third country in the room. He wore a grey suit just like uk would, red tie, white collar, grey trousers but instead of a top hat the country wore a fedora. He also wore rectangle glasses. His flag was a white background with a red plus sign, just like the Ulster banner minus the symbol in the centre.

"Where?..." France starts looking around the room and at the random countries that just appeared. Then it hit her.
"Non..." she said and kneeled on the floor feeling hopeless. "Il ne peut pas être parti." France held her head in her hands and began to cry.

Her sons also came to the realisation and began to cry with her. Canada walked over to France and kneeled down with her holding her tight, as they both cried. New Zealand was hugging Australia while crying into his chest, Australia held on tightly to New Zealand tearing up as well.

America stood by himself in shock tears slowly began to form and roll down his cheeks. A million thoughts in his head and all he could think of was how bad he had made his dad feel with the American revolution and never wanting to spend time with him. America regretted it all deeply, he wish he could of helped his father, but it was too late now.

Frances POV

My husband is gone. Britain is gone. I can't believe it please god give me one more minute with him just to tell him how I feel, how much I and the kids love him. Canada kneels down and hugs me. Comforting and makes me feel a little bit better but it will never be the same as when Britain hugged me. I miss his delicate touch his soft and extravagant words.

Scotland's POV

I can't believe they're still crying over Britain he was such a bastard to me he doesn't seem worth crying for, but I guess that's my perspective of the story. I really want to leave the room right now it's so awkward and I can't wait to see the world in my eyes again and be able to do what I like without anyone bitching at me about it. I can't wait to eat haggis again and see Nessie, things Britain would never allow me to do when I was united with him.
"Are yer done noo?" I ask getting bored from waiting on them to finish crying.

"Scotland! That was extremely rude!" England shouts at me. Argh I

forgot he was here.
"Please don't fight right now. Our family is upset." Wales whispers but loud enough so that everyone can hear.
Our family. That's interesting I guess they are our family after all. Although I don't see it working I'm the same age as America. You would think I'd be older but when we united and became the uk we stopped ageing. It's weird but thats the case.

No ones POV

"Wait what do you mean by family?" America asks Wales. He seems to be the one least affected by Britain's disappearance or is better at controlling his emotions.
"Well, America," England starts "We are sorry but UK has split apart and we are his kingdoms so I guess you can technically classify us as your family," England explains waving his hands around for effect.
"Isn't that right France?"
France hesitates for a bit but soon replies."yes that is right."

"Where are our manners we should introduce ourselves I am the second oldest England."
"Nice to meet you in person. My name is Northern Ireland I am the second youngest."
"I-I am Wales I am t-the youngest." Wales says very timidly.
"Who's that scary tall guy wearing a skirt?" New Zealand asks.

England and all the other New countries gasp.
Scotland turns his head to New Zealand and glares at him.
"First of all it's a kilt a traditional outfit in me country fer women and men," he says coldly but tries his hardest not to lose his shit.
"And the names Scotland. I suppose you'll be New Zealand." New Zealand Nods his head scared, Scotland's glare sent a chill down his spine.
Fucking kids Scotland thinks to himself.
That was the best thing I've ever seen England thinks snickering to himself. Which earns him a glare from Scotland.

France finally stands up shakily taking everything in for a second.
"I-it's n-n-nice to meet y-you all in p-p-person." She says with a weak smile, Canada still holding on to her.

**Knock.knock* "it's the ambulance! You called us for an emergency!"*

"I'll deal with that." Scotland says rushing out the room and down the hall.
"How does he know where the front door is?" Australia asks not catching on that Scotland has lived in this house stuck with Britain for most of his life.

Scotland's POV

I run to the front door. Finally out of that blasted bedroom. I grab the handle and open the door to be greeted by two paramedics.
"Hello sir you called for an ambulance. What seems to be the problem?" One of them asks.
"Ah, well you see mate, we 'ave dealt with the problem oorselves and everything is fine now." I reply calmly
"Okay that's good sir. Would you mind telling us what the problem was when you called us you just told us to come to this address and bring an ambulance?" The other one of the two asks this time.
"How do I explain this then? The United Kingdom has 'ad a split and officially does nae exist anymoore the split was quite painful and 'ad freaked out France who 'ad called yer here in a panic but everything and everyone is fine now." I explain almost too calmly.
"Mar sin leat!" I say.
"Wait, what does th-"
Then I shut the door before they ask anymore annoying questions.

No ones POV

Scotland turns around and heads back down the hall but stops by the living room finding everyone in there.

"What did you say?" England asks crossing his arms thinking Scotland's done something. He always doubts and questions Scotland's actions.
"I told them the truth 'bout UK said goodbye and shut the door in their faces." Scotland says innocently.
"Scotland did you literally shut the door in their faces?" England asks smacking his face.
"Aye." Scotland says smirking.
America snickers at this. Scotland looks at him and gives him a

smile.
"You're unbelievable Scotland." England says walking to the kitchen.
"Where yer going?" Scotland calls after him
"Tea!" He simply shouts back. Of course he's making tea.

Hello I hope you enjoyed this chapter or part of the book I won't translate the Scottish Gaelic because I hinted in the story as to what Scotland was saying but if you can't figure it out just go on google translate or some other translator.

France Translation-
"Non" = "no"
"Il ne peut pas être parti." = "He can't be gone."

Scottish Gaelic and French isn't my language so I'm sorry if there were any mistakes I was learning Scottish Gaelic but then my teacher stopped teaching it and I'm lazy so I'm just doing French now although I'm an English idiot and keep on messing everything up (sorry if I ever go to France, I will fail at speaking the language)
I want to learn Russian but that's a whole entire new alphabet and I have so much respect for the Russian people who learn English or any other people that had to learn an entire new alphabet and I'm sorry I'm making this really boring I'll stop now (-_-)

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count; 1576

Getting to know each other

[image]

Everyone sat in the living room quietly what a crazy day it had been.
"Are you all okay?" Northern Ireland asks everyone, mostly directing his question at France she seemed affected the most.
"Yes we are all fine now Northern Ireland." France said. Everyone nodded their heads in agreement.
"That's good and you can just call me North for short." Northern Ireland said.

"I made everyone tea hope your okay with that France." England says as he walks back into the room holding a tea tray with six cups on it. Scotland rolls his eyes. Stereotypical.
"That's fine England I could use a cup of tea right now." France said smiling at England it reminded her of Britain, he always made tea for her. She would wake up to find Britain waiting for her with two cups of tea and a croissant. Her favourite way to spend the morning, talking to Britain enjoying the tea and croissant.

England handed everyone there tea except for America and Scotland. England passed America another bottle of coke, which he accepted gratefully. While Scotland got nothing.
*"*Cough, cough*"* Scotland faked cough to get England's attention.
England just said "you can get your own drink Scotland."
"Of course." Scotland says as he marches of to the kitchen and comes back with a bottle of whisky. He takes a quick swig.
"So what are we gonna do?" Scotland asks.

"Well we're just going to have to continue our lives normally, although you will have to deal with a lot of politics after the split." France said.
"Yeah that won't be fun." England mutters to himself, thinking.

"Wait, Maman isn't today a school day!" Canada asks France panicking a bit.
"Yes but you are in no shape to go to school," France replies "none

of you are."
"Yes!" America shouts.
"But Maman, school is important!" Canada says he obviously wants to do good in school.
"Bro, take a break in your life your always working so hard just do homework that way your basically still doing school work." America replies.

"Ok... I'll stay. At least I'll get to know you guys a bit better." Canada says looking at the new countries in the room.
They were all standing close together apart from Scotland who was leaning against the wall a bit further away from everyone else.

"But I'm not a guy I'm a girl!" Wales says annoyed. Everyone just laughs at her child ness.
"Wait, how old are you Wales?" New Zealand asks.
"I am nine years old. Same age as you, New Zealand." Wales says cheerfully.
"How can you be so young when Britain was so old?" America asks.
"When we united with Britain we stopped growing. History also stopped recording our age as we were not one country any more. Google it if your so curious." Says England.

"So how old are you all?" Australia asks the countries.
"Wales is nine as you already know, Northern Ireland is eleven, I am seventeen like Canada and Scotland is eighteen like America." England answers.
"Aye, that means this is nae illegal." Scotland says taking another swig from the bottle of whisky.
"But it is illegal, your underage." America says.
Scotland simply laughs. "Yer 'ave to be eighteen to drink in me country. If your sixteen yer can drink if yer 'ave a proper full meal and are accompanied by someone." He says.
"No fair." Says the American crossing his arms.

"Shouldn't you be going to school then?" Canada asks.
"Yes we should be going to school." England replies nodding his head.
"There ain't nae way in hell i'm going to school." Scotland says in a threatening type of way to England.
"Scotland you have never even been to school because you were

homeschooled by your dad. You don't even know if you like it or not." England simply says back.
"Din nae get smart with me!" Scotland says.
"Will you two stop shouting stop each other?" Wales asks more annoyed this time than sad or scared. "I think going to school would be fun. You get to learn new things and make new friends." Wales says cheerfully.
"I think that's a good idea Wales." Says France.
"Wales and North should be going to primary school with New Zealand and Australia. While me and Scotland should be going to school with America and Canada." England says.
"Well then its settled we will set you all up for school." France said happily.
Wales and Northern Ireland cheered. England wasn't fazed by it at all he is the smart one after all. While Scotland moaned in annoyance.

A/N
I am going to end the chapter there so I can explain a few things.
My education system might be different to yours. And I know that at the age America, Scotland, Canada and England are they should be going to college or university or be applying to go but I'm lazy so they are just gonna go to school as if they were In high school because I'm not in College or University yet so I don't really know how it works so I hope that's okay and you guys can ignore that. Sorry (-~-)

No translations yay! I'm getting lazier. I'm finding it hard to get ideas I just kind of jumped into this story without a plan so yeah it might be a bit random. (@-@).

Thank you for reading have a nice life!

Word count; 907

Guess who's here

[image]

I don't know what I'm about to write but I'll try.

It was a bit later on into the day now. Everyone(except the new countries that were already dressed) had gotten changed out of pyjamas and set up beds in the guest room for the new countries. There was a main bed in the centre of the room against a wall which everyone had to slide into the corner. Wales and Northern Ireland would be sharing that bed, they put a divider between the two so they didn't disturb each other when sleeping. England was set up on a air bed in the corner opposite to the main bed and Scotland was on a mattress in the other corner that didn't have the door.They were going to have to stay in the house until they had somewhere else to go.

"Well then, everything seems to be done." England says as he smooths out his blanket on the bed.
"Aye...very comfy..." Scotland says unconvincingly, looking at his mattress on the floor with an unreadable face.
"This bed is great!" Wales said as she and North jumped up and down on the bed.
"Careful! You'll brake the springs! And that's not our property!" England lectures the two.
"Stoop being so strict England they can do what they want." Scotland responds and jumps onto his mattress. There is a crunch as one of the springs break. England glares at Scotland while Scotland and the other two try not to laugh.
"My bad." Scotland simply says shrugging his shoulders.
"You are so childish Scotland." England says in a disapproving manner. He proceeds to leave the room.

England's POV

I walk down the hall looking for France. I have an important question for her. I don't find her in the kitchen, living room or any other rooms till I'm left with her bedroom.

I knock on the door and when I hear a "come in." I open the door and proceed to walk in.
"Ah, Bonjour Angleterre. How can I help you?" France Says putting down her mascara, not that she needed it. Even though she was getting older she held on to her youth and had a beautiful face.
"I was just wondering, France, me and my friends don't have any clothes or toothbrushes, things like that of our own and so I thought that we could quickly head out to shop for some Necessities, if your okay with that?" I ask rather timidly for a reason I'm not too sure of.
"Oui, as long as you don't get lost or spend too much. I'll let you borrow Britain's credit card as you are his countries." France said a little sad when she mentioned Britain but she seems to be dealing with it okay.
"Thank you France. We'll take a map of the city with us so we don't get lost and we'll see you soon." I reply waving as I head out the door.
"Au revoir!" France shouts after me.

I walk into the bedroom that France so kindly let us have as a room while we stay, to find Wales laughing on Scotland's back as he runs around the room being chased by North.
"Stop that before someone gets hurt!" I yell, worried.
Scotland runs to the side of Wales' and North's bed and throws them both on to it, They laugh having fun. It makes me feel weird I get an ever so growing feeling in my stomach that I'm all to familiar with. Jealously. I don't know why though. I guess it's because I'm never included in any of the games they play, as I'm seen as a 'boring' country which is isn't really true, at least I think it isn't.

"We are heading shopping to get clothes and other *important* things. Get your shoes on I'll be waiting at the front door." I say and shut the door as I leave the room.

No ones POV

The four countries stand at the front door making a small list of items that they need to get.
"Where are you going?" Little New Zealand asks them curious as to what they are doing.
"We're going shopping!" Wales responds cheerfully smiling at New

Zealand.
"Cool! Can I come?" New Zealand asks getting Excited.
"Non, sweetie." France Says as she walks down the hall towards them. "You are staying here with Mummy. I have some things I want to talk about with you and your brothers, ok?" She asks
"Ok..." New Zealand responds sadly drooping his head a little.
"Goodbye, make sure to get me something." New Zealand Says.
"We will." Wales says back. They both smile at each other, then England opens the door.
"Au revoir, don't be to long." France Says
"We won't." England responds and shuts the door. They look at the city on the map and start to head down the street in the direction of the shopping centre.

They arrive at the shopping centre in the middle of the city. It's a big stone patterned building. Outside the centre was a small waterfall with a few benches to sit on. People were rushing about with bags in there Hands, some were standing and talking to each other while others were doing street performances. They walked to the front entrance of the shopping centre entering inside. The ground floor consisted mostly of cafe and bakery's a few clothes shops in between. In the middle of the open hall with the shops being along the walls was an escalator up to the first floor(I'm british).

The countries looked around them in awe deciding which shops to go into first.
"Okay, Wales you stay with me and North you stay with Scotland okay?" England says looking at the three of them.
"Sounds good. Meet back 'ere at trì?" Scotland asks England.
"The time now is..."England quickly looks at the pocket watch in his pocket. "One thirty so that gives us an hour and a half of shopping for things that we *need* not what we want. Understand?" England Questions everyone.
"Aye, we understand. North where yer want to go first." Scotland asks.
"How about... the clothes shop over there." North says pointing in the direction of the shop.
"Ok, see you soon Wales and England." Scotland says walking off holding Northern Ireland's hand.

"I saw a shop over there that looked good." Wales said pointing in the opposite direction to North and Scotland.
"Okay, we'll head there first then." England takes Wales' hand and they walk off together.

~*Time skip*~ I lazy (-_-)

It was three o'clock and the countries started walking back to where they agreed to meet, their shopping in their hands. Scotland and North had gotten back first. They were sitting down at a table eating a box of donuts they had gotten from the bakery.
"I said things that you *need*." Someone said behind them.
"Oh come on England they smelt so good and we saved you some." Northern Ireland says passing Wales a donut with pink icing and sprinkles on it.
"Fine just one." England sits down in his seat and picks a sugar coated jam donut. His favourite.

They all sit talking about the different things they bought, England making sure they had everything on the list they made before. He draws a straight line through the last item on the list and closes the notepad.
"Good job everyone we got everything we needed off the list." He says putting the notepad and pen into one of his shopping bags. "We should start heading ho-"
"Is that you England!" He gets caught off by a voice.
England turns around annoyed at whoever interrupted him. He takes one look at the person and his face fills with shock.
"You've got to be kidding me." He says.

Thank you for reading!

French Translations:
"Bonjour Angleterre."="Hello England."
"Oui,"="Yes,"
"Au revoir!"="Goodbye!"
"Non,"="No,"

Scottish Gaelic Translations:
"Trì?"="three?"

Have a nice life!

Word count;1332

Dinner Discusion

[image] [image]

England's POV

I can't believe it's him after all these years we meet face to face. He wears a simple green hoodie with black trousers and grey shoes. On his head he wears an Irish golf flat cap. Just like How Scotland wears his Tartan hat but it's really to cover something up. I'm the only one that knows about it because I'm the one that did it. I do feel kinda guilty, but not really. For the problems that he caused me... He deserved it. I wonder if he's covering up something like Scotland.

"Brother!" North shouts and runs to hug his brother.
"North! It's good ta see you lil bro I've missed you."
"I've missed you too." North Said still hugging his brother.

"Clover! I canna believe it I have nae seen yer in so long!" Scotland says standing up from his seat to go talk to the potato loving idiot.
"Thistle! Yer finally got your independence! I knew yer would!" Ireland shouts as the two embrace. It always annoyed me how close they were. Maybe if they weren't friends Scotland wouldn't of wanted independence and we wouldn't of been in this situation. I can't say that though there is a lot of things that I did to Scotland that I can see would make him want to leave.

"I would of never expected UK ta split apart fully. Guess that's what happens when your arrogant an' stubborn." I hear Ireland say as I come back into focus. Guess I zoned out while Scotland told Ireland about what happened and why we're like this. It fills me with anger. UK was not arrogant and stubborn Ireland is the arrogant and stubborn one and he got what he deserved in the famine.

As I think about this getting angrier and angrier I slam my fist on the table. Everyone goes quiet looking at me. My face heats up a little in embarrassment.
"Uh, sorry I just..... saw a spider on the table and it creeped me

out." I brush my hand with a napkin as if there was a squashed spider stuck to my hand and throw the napkin in the nearest bin.
"Okay, well as I was saying yer should come ta ma house! it would be like old times except instead of having a battle we would be hanging out tagether."
I turn to Ireland.
"Hello Ireland, it is nice to see you and that sounds like a great idea but we have to decline as we do need to head back to France's house." I say trying to sound disappointed but end up failing.

"Oh,well, I guess I'll see you all soon, hopefully." Ireland says as he ruffles North's hair. North giggles and hugs his brother. They've been apart for so long I almost feel guilty but it was North's choice or rather his people's choice to stay with UK and leave Ireland.
"Good bye Ireland." Wales says waving his hand.
"Goodbye Wales." Ireland replies.
"See yer soon Clover."
"See Yer soon Thistle." The two embrace once again.
I'm getting really annoyed and impatient now.
"Goodbye Ireland hope you enjoy the rest of your day." I give him a fake smile.
He doesn't say anything but returns the smile waving his hand a little. By the look in his eyes I can tell he's also faking the smile.
I begin to walk off Wales next to me but North and Scotland say one more thing before joining us.

—Time Skip—

No ones POV

The countries reach the large bungalow. You would expect something more expensive like a mansion it being Britain's house, but France insisted they have something more cosy and quiet. Britain couldn't say no to France so they got this decently large bungalow. When Britain was still here he'd have to admit he liked the bungalow even if it wasn't fancy and expensive. Britain was a lot more than just a rich fancy guy in a suit. Unfortunately most people didn't see him that way.

England pulled the keys out of his pocket. He put them in the keyhole, twisted it clockwise, and opened the oak door. They all

walked inside putting down there bags as they took of their coats and shoes. You could hear the fast footsteps of a country coming down the hall.
"You're back! Did you get me something like you promised?" It was New Zealand he had been listening from his room waiting for the countries to get back, as they had promised him a gift.
"Yeah here you go, hope you like it!" Wales said handing New Zealand a bag. He looks in the bag to find a packet of his favourite sweet Jaffa's.
"Thank you Wales! These are my favourite."
Wales giggles.
"No problem, New Zealand."
"You can call me kiwi."
"Why kiwi?" Wales asks
"It's my national animal and I have six of them." Kiwi says proudly.
"What's your national animal?"
Wales gets a little shy.
"Um, it's... My national animal is a Welsh dragon... But lots of people say it's a stupid national animal, since it's not real."
"That's not a stupid national animal! Dragons are super cool and big and strong and they can fly and breath fire!" Wales smiles feeling better. No one had said this to her before.

"Hey, New Zealand you want to know all our national animals?" England asks and smirks at Scotland.
Scotland simply glares back. England always said his national animal was the most stupid animal a country could pick. He's just like that because he's never seen his national animal.
"Yeah! What's yours England?" New Zealand asks excitedly.
"Mine is a lion." England said proudly
"That's cool but everybody picks lions." New Zealand says.
England's smile of pride drops and Scotland has to stop himself from laughing at the look on England's face.

"Mine is an Irish hare, small like your kiwi bird, but a bit bigger." Northern Ireland says.
"Awesome, what's yours Scotland?" New Zealand says looking at Scotland.
"Me national animal is a unicorn." Scotland says.
England starts snickering holding in his laughter.

New Zealand's eyes light up.
"Does that mean there real?! Have you ever seen one?!"
"Aye, I have seen aon,"
New Zealand looks confused.
"I mean one! I have seen one." Scotland corrects himself. He still gets mixed up on english and Gaelic quite a lot, it's even more annoying that not many people or countries know the language.
New Zealand now understanding what Scotland meant says in excitement "You've actually seen one that's amazing can I see one?!"
"Oh don't get fooled by his lies New Zealand everyone knows unicorns aren't real and is a really stupid national animal." England says.
"Ha! Says yer, 'ave yer ever seen a lion in England?"
"That's a good point Scotland." Northern Ireland agrees.
"Oh come on, it doesn't matter what your national animal is as long as you are happy that's all that matters." Wales says crossing her arms at the countries.
"That's a very good point Wales." France glides into the room wearing a black and white striped t-shirt and tight fit black jeans. Atop of her head lays a very dark purpled coloured French beret.
"I made dinner for all of you, ham, tomato and Swiss quiche." She Says.
"Sounds lovely France! We will be there in a second we just need to put our bags in the guest room." England says.
"Ok we'll be waiting in the dinning room." And she walks off in the direction of the dinning room.

The countries quickly run to the guest room putting their bags on their beds to sort out when they come back.

New Zealand runs to his room to hide his sweets under his pillow for later.

Frances POV

Me, Canada, America and Australia are sitting at the table waiting for the others to arrive. The table is set up quite awkwardly as there is nine of us. I had to put another table on the end of the table we already had to make room for everyone. At each end of the table is a seat, with three seats being one side of the table and four on the other because of the odd number.

Basically this for any confused people:

I sit at the end of the table to my right is Canada who sits next to America. To my left is Australia.

"At least I'm not last this time." America mutters.
He's picking at his food obviously annoyed that he can't just eat everything on his plate and has to wait for the other countries.
"Sorry to keep you waiting." England says as he walks in with everyone behind him.
"It's fine," I say.

England takes a seat at the other end of the table facing me. Kiwi sits next to Australia. Wales sits next Kiwi and Northern Ireland sits next to Wales. Scotland is the last to sit down, he sits in the empty seat next to America.

"Can we eat now?" America moans looking at me.
"Yes, Everyone tuck in!" I say starting to cut the quiche and handing everyone slices.
(*Let's see if you can guess the country!)*
"Thanks Maman."
"Thanks mum."
"Thanks mom."
"Thank you, Mummy."
"Thank you!"
"Thanks."
"Thank you, France, it looks lovely."
"Thanks lass."

—Time skip a couple minutes or seconds—

Still France's POV

"So as you know Je said I'd get you all into a school," I start to say.
"Je was able to get Wales and Northern Ireland into Kiwi and Aussie's Primary School,"
"Yay!" New Zealand and Wales cheer.
I continue "Je also managed to get Scotland and England into Amérique and Canada's School,"
"Wonderful." England says.

"Aye, 'wonderful' it'll be me first time in school... Can't Wait." Scotland says sarcastically.
He has bad manners but I manage to ignore him.
"You all start tomorrow," I say.
"Yes!" New Zealand and Wales cheer again
Scotland gives a big sigh and England doesn't seem fazed by it at all.
"That means early bedtimes for everyone." I add like a normal mother would.
Everyone in the room moans with annoyance except Canada and England.

—Time skip—

Wales' POV

I thank France for the meal and getting me into a school which I'm SUPER excited for! I run down the hall to my room to get on the new pyjamas I bought today. It's a big baggy black top with a pink dragon on it, when I saw the dragon I had to get it they really are the best animal in the entire world. They come with these plain grey baggy trousers. I put them on. They are super comfy and a size too big just the way I like it. The baggier and bigger the clothes are the better.

"You look good Wales." I turn to see North standing in the door. He's also wearing new pyjamas. A red shirt with white trousers that have mini crowns on them.
"Thanks North! You look good too." I reply.
"You two need to go to sleep now." England walks in standing behind north. He wears a white pyjama shirt with a rose in the middle and laced cuffs. His pyjama bottoms are a plain grey, like mine but a little darker.
"Okay."

Me and North clamber onto the bed, putting the divider between us. North takes off his crown and puts on the cabinet next to the bed. I move my wings around until I find a comfy position with them. It's always been annoying trying to sleep when you have wings, they get in the way of everything.

I was about to say goodnight when Scotland walks in. He wears a blue shirt with what I presume to be the Loch Ness Monster on it or Nessie as he calls it, he's always going on about how Nessie is a real thing and not a myth, but it's kind of hard to believe. He also has black pyjama bottoms on.

"Oh, sorry did nae realise everyone was trying to sleep." He says and jumps onto his mattress breaking another spring. England moans in annoyance. Me and North giggle and Scotland smirks.
"Goodnight." I say getting back into a comfy position.
"Goodnight."
"Goodnight, Everyone."
"Oidhche mhath."

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First day of school

[image]

England's POV
I wake up and look at the time on the watch I got yesterday.
6:08am
I always was used to waking up early so I wasn't surprised. I look around the room. Everyone is still asleep. I don't know how but Scotland has managed to sleep with his Tartan hat still on for the whole night, I didn't know he was that embarrassed about it.

I move quietly along my air bed, get to the edge and stand up. I look back down at my bed. It has sunken down a bit from loss of air but I will blow it up again later. For now I just make my bed, making sure there is no crevices in the duvet.

Once I'm done with that I open the bedroom door. It creaks a little but didn't wake anyone up. I shut the door behind me and walk down the hall. I got into the bathroom to do my business, wash my face with my own flannel and using the new toothbrush and toothpaste I got yesterday, brush my teeth.

I head into the living room and find France on the sofa. She wears a violet night gown with lighter-lavender polka dots on it. She has a cup of tea and a croissant. It pains me to see that as I know that's what Britain used to do for her. Wake up early to get France tea and a croissant and sit and chat, until they needed to wake the boys up for school.

I walk over to France.
"Good morning France." I say and sit down on one of the opposite sofas in the room.
"Good morning England, you're up early?" She asks in a questioning manner.
"I always have been a morning person, really." I respond.
France just lets out a small sigh. I can tell she misses Britain very much.
"I was going to wake you and everyone else up soon since you were

going to school today." France said.
Oh yeah, I forgot about school I think to myself then I say. "How about I make breakfast, I'm thinking...pancakes, and you can go wake everyone else up for school?"
"Sounds like a good idea, England," France stands up. "I'll go wake everybody up now." She says and goes into the kitchen to put her tea and croissant away, then walks down the hall.

I grab the pans, milk, flour, eggs, powdered sugar and a few other things and begin to bake the pancakes. I whisk the flour, eggs, milk, sunflower oil and a pinch of salt into a smooth batter. I don't have too much time so I start cooking straight away. I set a medium frying pan over a medium heat and, carefully, start wiping it with oiled kitchen paper. When hot, I cook the pancakes on either side for one minute until golden, keeping them warm in a low oven as I go. I put the pancakes on separate plates and carry them through to the dinning room table. I pour everyone a cup of orange juice, but make myself a cup of tea. I put lemon slices, caster sugar and some maple syrup just in case anyone wanted a bit more flavour, I know one hockey loving country that will.

"Breakfast is ready!" I shout down the hall.
Everybody comes down the hall in their normal clothes and then I realise that I'm still in my pyjamas.
"Nice ooutfit mate." Scotland says as he walks by.
Bitch.
I quickly run to my room put on a navy blue blouse and grey trousers. I slip on some black socks and run back down the hall, to the table and sit down in my seat. I was fast enough so that no one has started to eat and I sigh with relief.

No ones POV

The countries sat in the same seats they did at dinner. They wait until France finally says.
"Thank you England for making these pancakes they look delicious," Canada nods his head up and down jumping in his seat a little. He can't wait to get the pancakes and is eyeing the maple syrup.
"You can all start now." France Says and everyone begins piling up pancakes on their plate, Canada drenching his in maple syrup while England eats his plain.

Every country finishes their pancakes, thanking England and then getting their school stuff ready.
"I know you countries weren't expecting to go to school and didn't get any school supplies yesterday so I did some searching and found some old school supplies of my sons that you can all use." France explains to the new countries, at the front door.
"Thank you France." England says choosing a grey and black school bag
Wales picks a green and white polka dot bag. North picks a plain red school bag.
Scotland picks a blue and white stripe bag.
They all put a pencil, rubber, ruler and sharpener in the bag and some money that France let them have for lunch.

"Luckily for you the primary school and high school are connected so you will all be at the same school just in different sections of the building."
Wales squealed with excitement when France said that, happy that everyone she knew was going to the same school.
"Once you get to school go to the Head-teacher so they can get their classes sorted." France Says standing in the doorway of the front door.
"Okay, Maman! Bye!" Canada says and everyone walks off waving France goodbye.
They all walk off to school going in the Same direction.

North's POV

We are all walking together to school. I'm talking to Wales about what the school will look like and who are teacher will be. I am kind of nervous it's been ages since I had education at a school, I was more just homeschooled. We walk up to a big building with a few kids outside playing games like tag or hopscotch.
"Well this is it." Australia says stopping outside the gate to the building.

The school is huge, I can see why they were able to fit a primary school and a High school in the building. It's a white building and is in the shape of a rectangle. It is lined with windows, cleaned to perfection. There is a big sign with the schools name on it, decorated with beautifully coloured flowers from different

countries. There is outdoor space for the younger countries to play and the older ones to hang out. There are a few countries in the playground. Some of them are playing hopscotch and counting in different languages depending on the country. Others are just standing talking to each other.

"Let's go!" Shouts New Zealand excitedly and he grabs Wales hand and pulls her through the gate. I follow behind with Australia behind me. Canada guides Scotland and England, and America goes through the gate last, adjusting his glasses as he walks through. Guess he has them at a certain angle to look 'cool' but I don't think so.

Some kids stare at us as. They mostly stare at Wales. New Zealand surprised her when he pulled her along and her wings flew up grabbing the attention of everyone, they've never seen anyone quite like her before. A few kids look at me their attention on the crown above my head, some of them look jealous. England gets a few confused looks, I'm guessing because he's wearing a suit to a dress as you please school. Scotland gets the most obscure looks from countries as he decided to wear his kilt, he ignores them though and continues to walk with pride. I really do aspire to be like Scotland, he doesn't care about what people think of him and is always being himself—or at least that's how it appears—a talent I don't seem to have and I adjust my crown on my head, something I do out of habit when I'm nervous.

"Follow me I'll take you to the principles office." Australia said taking the lead. We walk into the school there weren't any students inside they seemed to all be playing outside. We walk along the hallway which seems to stretch for as long as the school is. On each side of the hall are classroom doors and coat pegs along the walls for your jackets. We reach about halfway of the long hallway into a big auditorium that stretches for about seven metres. *This school is colossal* I think to myself looking around the big auditorium. Canada goes in front of Australia and walks to a door in the auditorium, he then knocks on it.

Someone says "come in." And he opens the door. Inside sits a blue man at a desk he has what I recognise as an olive branch wreath on his face, he has silver a halo above his head with the same wreath

in the middle of it and beautiful white wings either side of him. He wears a white suit with a dark blue tie. On his desk is a name plate that just barely says Head-teacher United Nations.

"Ah! You must be the new students." He says a big smile on his face that seems all too unnatural for this time in the morning.
"Yes we are." England replies.
England has always been good with speaking, he's the kid that wouldn't have the slightest bit of concern when needing to do a presentation in front of the *entire* school, another skill I wish I had.
"It's such a shame that Uk has finally broken apart," he says generally sounding sad. "But What fine looking countries he has left for me to teach such an honour!"
I get a bit creeped out by the way he speaks. His wording is just...just...weird. I think he sees it on my face as he quickly changes the subject.
"I suppose you have come here for you timetables and a map of the school, so you know where your going, but don't worry! you will have students guiding you for the first couple days."
I sigh in relief at that, I've never been good with maps which didn't help when Britain colonised literally everything.
"Yes we have." England says again.
He can't seem to help himself but reply to everything anyone says. It can be annoying sometimes, or REALLY annoying is the better way of saying it.
"Great! I just need to know your names and I'm pretty sure you already know who will be guiding you around today." U.N says looking at America, Canada, Aussie and Kiwi.

"My name is England."
"Nice to meet you England," U.N shuffles through some paper in his desk and pulls out eight A4 pieces and hands two to England.
"Thank you." He says taking the papers.
"M-My name is W-Wales."
"That's a pretty name, Wales," U.N says. He seems to understand that Wales is nervous, and it gives me a high respect for him.
"I like your wings." He says as he hands the papers to Wales. She smiled and a little less shyly says thank you.
"I'm Northern Ireland but you can call me North for short." I say taking the papers in his hand.

"I suppose you would be the brother Ireland, am I right?" I look at him surprised.
"Yes that is right, how did you know?" I ask.
"He goes to this school, North."

I get really excited at his words, I can't wait to see my brother! maybe we can talk about removing the hard border between our lands, that would be a good start to getting closer.

Scotland steps forward.
"Hey mate, names Scotland." He says and takes the papers from U.N's hand.
"Ah, Scotland I like your kilt." U.N said. Scotland stares at U.N surprised then gradually smiles.
"I like this dude." He said as he walked back to his spot.

"Well, the bell is about to ring soon, so its best you get shown where you're classes are." U.N says looking at the time on his, very well polished, silver watch.
"Okay then we'll see you soon." Canada says opening the door for everyone to walk out.

"We will see you guys later, I'm going to take this lot outside, since Kiwi won't stop asking." Australia says pointing at Kiwi, North and Wales.
"Okay, Goodbye." Canada says and they begin to walk off waving goodbye.

England's POV

"What do you have first England?" America asks me. I look at my timetable.
"Science." I tell them.
"I have science!" Canada says "what group?"
I, again, look at the timetable.
"1L." I say looking back up at Canada.
"We're in the same group!" He shouts.
"What do you have first Scotland?" America asks.
"I 'ave music." Scotland says looking at America.
"Oh, I don't have that." America says.
I am a bit confused. I would of thought we would be in the same

groups as we are technically relatives, but I guess that's not how it works.
"I'll find it on me own then." Scotland says looking at the map. I don't doubt him he is a good map reader but this school is ginormous and has lots of different doors and corners to turn.
"Are you sure?" Asks Canada.
"I did nae spend me time studying maps fer nothin." Scotland simply replies.
"What is your second class?" Asks America.
"Maths." He says.
"With what teacher?" Canada asks.

This school is confusing. I am in 1L and 1A but these groups do not matter for classes like Maths and English, since maths and English are based off of your skill in that subject. If you are really good at maths you will be put in the highest class with a certain teacher, there are three different classes with three different teachers depending on if you are:
•Good
•Ok
•Need some help with understanding it.
(*Me trying to explain the Scottish education system and failing horribly if you do not understand either **1**google it or **2** message me and I will try to explain. If you are going to google it click on Education in Scotland:a quick guide, At the school run.com...sorry •_•)*

"I have it with, ASEAN." Scotland says. I look at my timetable quickly.
"Me too." I say.
"That will be to see which math class you should be in." America says.
"I have ASEAN so me and England will find you on the way Scotland and show you where that is...boy this is going to be tough." Canada sighs.

"What's going to be tough?" Someone asks us in a thick accent. We turn to see a tall country. He wears a fuzzy hat that has two flaps dangling either side of his ears and in the middle of the hat is a red star in the middle of the star is a hammer, sickle and a smaller star in a bright gold yellow. He wears a black and white Adidas hoodie

with grey jogging bottoms and very dark blue trainers. His face has three horizontal lines the top being white, the middle blue and the bottom red.

"Hey Russia!" America shouts happily.

I am very sorry for people who are not from Scotland right now I tried to explain what the education system is like but ended up failing very very badly .I f you are confused I recommend you go to that google sight I said earlier on in the story as I read through the sight and everything was accurate and it explains it better than I ever could, if you don't have google just try finding the sight on the searching app you use it should still work.

****Sorry for the big paragraph****

French translations:
you should already know this-
•"Maman."="mum."

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2652

Unique and Special

[image]

Before you start reading I put a meme at the top of the page but it was cropped out so if you click on the picture above the title you will get the full beauty of the meme which I highly recommend.

Anyway on with the story!
Hope your enjoying it so far!

No ones POV

"Hey America," Russia says he looks at the two new countries. "Who are they?"
America was about to introduce the two countries but England bet him to it.
"I'm England Nice to meet you." England extends his hand and the Russian hesitantly shakes it.
"I'm Alba...Oh, Wait! I mean Scotland!"
The Russian laughs.
"Don't worry, I still get my name mixed up with Russian. English can be confusing." Russia says. Scotland sighs with relief, a bit embarrassed, but he doesn't show it in the slightest.
They stay silent for a while until America realises something.

"Russia! Don't you have music first thing today?"
"Yes, why do you ask?" Russia responds.
"Well, we were meant to show England and Scotland around and help them with getting to their classes but we don't have any of Scotland's classes, so it would be really nice if you could show Scotland where his classes are." America says taking a deep breath in from the long sentence.
"Yeah that wouldn't be a problem." Russia says.
"Really?" Canada asks.
Russia nods his head up and down.
"Thank you!" Canada says cheerfully.
"Aye,thank you." Scotland says.

Riiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnggg!

The bell goes of hurting everyone's ears.
"Okay, England, follow me." Canada tells England and they walk of while waving goodbye.
"See you guys later." America says running off.
"Come on music is this way." Russia says walking forward and Scotland following behind.

We're going back in time a bit. Woohoo!

Wales' POV

We walk away from the others waving goodbye as we head to the primary section of the school.
"The playground is super fun! And I'm gonna show you all my friends!" Kiwi said excitedly.
I smile at his words but then start to get scared. *He's going to show me to his friends? What will they think of me? Will they be scared? Will they think I'm weird? God, why do I have dragon wings and horns again?* My wings drop down, hanging low with my thoughts. I think North notices because he pats my shoulder. I look at him and he gives me a reassuring smile. It gives me a little more confidence and my wings raise higher, but still stay quite low.

We reach the end of the hallway and Australia opens the door that we came through before, letting us walk through it first.

Outside is bright but the sky is filled with clouds. There are plants along the stone borders of the playground. There are games like hop scotch and snakes and ladders and a few other games painted on the ground that countries play on.There are benches littered on one half of the decently big playground where a few of, what I presume to be, older kids are sitting, chatting.

One member of a group sitting at a table turns their head to me. My stomach sinks and I get butterflies, as they turn their head back to their friends whispering something and they all start snickering while looking directly at me. It's my horns and wings isn't it? I look at my wings and hide them behind my back as much as I can. Luckily I wore a green hoodie, that I thought was really cute when I

saw it in the shops. So I pull the hood up over my head to obscure my horns from view.

North looks at me in my hood and frowns but doesn't say anything, which I'm kinda grateful for.

"Wales!" I turn my head to look at Kiwi waving me and North to come over and speak to his friends. I get more butterfly feelings in my stomach as Me and North walk towards them.

North gets to them first and I shyly stand behind him looking at the countries. There are five in total, including Kiwi.
"Okay we'll introduce ourselves first." Kiwi said looking at the four countries. They all nod and go in order from shortest to tallest.

"Hello! My name is Tonga!." She shouts. She wears a plain white, short sleeved, shirt and a skirt made out of straw, it would look odd on me but on her it looks really cute. On her feat she wears blue sandals. I can tell from her clothes that she must be a country that has really nice warm weather, unlike mine where it either rains, is cloudy or sometimes sunny but even then it is a low temperature. Her flag is red apart from a white square on the top left of her face with a red plus sign in it.

Next to her stands a country that is only a couple inches taller.
"I am Papua New Guinea or PNG for short." This time it's a boy. He wears a black shirt with a brown no-sleeve jacket that hangs loosely by his sides. He wears burgundy coloured shorts and brown trainers. His flag is diagonally split between black and red, black at the bottom and red at the top. On the red part of the flag is a golden bird, on the black part of the flag are five stars in the same type of formation as Australia's and Kiwi's

The next country is a girl.
"Hi! Hi! Hi! I'm Belarus!" She yells jumping excitedly and full of energy. She has a pink bow on her head and a long white and red patterned scarf that goes as far as her knee caps. She wears a beige jumper and blue jeans with small black boots. Her flag is really beautiful and detailed. It has a green bottom a red top and to the left side is a white stripe with an admirable pattern in red. She looks really excited and happy.

The last country to speak is a boy.
"My name is Kazakhstan I'm belarus' older brother." He says. He has blue jeans like Belarus with bright yellow shoes. He wears a dark grey hoodie that has a pattern along it in a lighter grey. He wears the hoodie above his head and it covers his flag a little bit, but from what I can see it has a light blue background. Two the left is a gold line in a beautiful pattern. Just below his right eye, which he oddly has closed is an eagle and small tear dropped shaped dashes circling all around his closed eye, in the same gold colour as the pattern to his left

"Now that we have introduced ourselves...These are my new friends!" Kiwi shouts. "This one is called Northern Ireland but you can just call him North for short." Kiwi says pointing at North.
North adjusts his crown on his head, he only does that when he's nervous, and gives them all a smile and a small wave.
"And next to North is Wales," He says pointing towards me and I blush slightly while giving a weak smile.
"Hey, Wales, why do you have your hood up?" Kiwi asks.
I feel my face heat up a bit as I get more butterfly feelings in my stomach. *I don't want them to see my horns and wings, they'll think I'm weird or a monster.*

"I'm just a bit cold." I say quietly as an excuse. I am far from cold, I'm sweating from embarrassment.
"Oh, Okay... it's just that I wanted everyone to see how cool your horns and wings were." Kiwi says.
I am touched at how he thinks my horns and wings are cool and that I'm not some weird monster.
"Wait! You have wings!" Belarus shouts.
"Y-Yeah I do." I timidly admit. There's no point in keeping it a secret now, I guess.
"My brother has wings too! We thought he was the only one!"
"Belarus! I said to keep it a secret!"

Did I hear that right? He has wings too?
"Do you really have wings as well?" I ask
He sighs.
"Yes...I do." He admits.
I suddenly feel a boost of confidence and I decide to take off my

hood and stretch out my wings.
All countries gasp apart from North, Kiwi and Kazakhstan. Kazakhstan stares at me then smiles. He stretches his wings out as well. I look at his wings in awe. They are a lot different to mine. My wings are red and dragon wings so they have scales while Kazakhstan has beautiful feathered wings that radiate a gold sunshine colour.
"Your wings are really pretty." He says smiling.
I blush at his compliment.
"T-Thank you, yours are really pretty too." I say smiling shyly.

"This is nice but I'm nosy so may I ask why you have your eye closed?" North asks Kazakhstan.
I only now just realise he still has it closed.
"Oh...um...I have it closed because...well it's kind of hard to explain so I guess I'll just show you." Kazakhstan said and he opens up his eye. I stare at his eye, amazed. His eye doesn't have a pupil as it is radiating a gold equivalent to the sun, which blending with the pattern on his flag gives it a beautiful look.

RRIIIINNNNNNGGGG!

My thoughts are interrupted by the bell. Australia walks towards us. I didn't even realise he was gone seems like he was hanging out with his friends.
"Well we've got to go to our classes now North your in my classroom so you can follow me, Wales your in Kiwi's classroom so you follow him." Australia said.
"Ok, come on Wales! If we get there in time you can sit next to me!" Kiwi shouts and begins running.
"See you soon, North."
"Goodbye, Wales."
I flap my wings and fly after Kiwi. I get loads of looks from people, most of them being amazed or jealous looking. I can't help but smile to myself I have something special and unique, I definitely won't be hiding my wings again. Once I catch up with Kiwi I land down next to him, scaring him in the process and then running by his side to the next class.

Woohoo!
End of chapter!

Yeah I'm running out of ideas so I'm just WINGING it!
HA HA HA!
My puns are so Bad!
I haven't published this yet but I can already tell I just lost about 50 readers.
Including another 10 with the meme I put at the top.
We doing great!
I am super bored right now and I'm just typing whatever comes into my head so I'm gonna stop now.
Have a nice life!

Word count;1756

Secrets

[image]

Just before it starts the timetable has seven periods and two breaks, they have two classes in the morning, a 30 minute break, three more classes, 55 minute lunch break, and two more classes to finish the day.

No ones POV

The school bell rang loudly. The sound bouncing off the walls and ceiling leaving a long and ear-piercing screech. The classroom doors for the primary countries flung open and they all ran outside. The high school countries headed to the canteen to eat their lunch first. The high school countries would have their lunch first while the smaller primary countries would play outside until another bell rang meaning that the primary countries can have their lunch now and the high school countries go outside to do whatever they want really, as long as no body got hurt.

England's POV

I follow Canada towards the canteen, talking to him about my classes so far, Scotland walking silently behind us. My classes were easy, especially math, I do enjoy some algebra. We walk through the canteen doors and line up at the food bar to get lunch. I have roast chicken with gravy, carrots and mash potato and for pudding, I guess you could call it that, I grab a small fruit salad. We look around the canteen and see America sitting with Russia and some of his other friends that I recognise from seeing them as Britain but can't remember their names.

"Hey America can we sit here?" Canada asks America, grabbing his attention.
"Sure." He simply says back.
We all sit down. I sit at the end of the table with Scotland sitting next to me on my left.
"Eeeeeeee~ new countries!" A girl squealed eyeing us with curiosity

and excitement.

I eyed the country the first thing I noticed was the big red dot on her snow white face. She wore a white shirt with a blue collar and red tie. She had a short blue skirt and out through a hole in the waist of the skirt poked out a tail, upon her head also sat cat ears. I found it quite odd, but then I remember Wales. Thing is, most countries have animal parts, mythical or non mythical. They usually are your national animal but sometimes they can be random and something that the country really likes or represents well.
Every country has an animal part, but most choose not to show them and some don't know how, like me. I'm pretty sure Scotland knows how I've seen him with some strange animal form before which he used during one of our many fights, but it was so long ago I can't remember.

Anyway it is quite rare you find a country with their animal parts showing.

America turns to me and Scotland and begins to introduce us.
"The girl that just squealed is Japan, she likes animation, specifically anime."
I've heard of anime apparently it's very popular but I don't have the patience to watch it and apparently it can be quite graphic.
"The red country next to her is Turkey, I don't really know why he is here but he's cool. Plus his name is Turkey and y'know thanksgiving an' all that."
The country roles his eyes at America and I can tell he gets this comment a lot. He has a red Fez hat on his head that collages with his red jumper and white collar. He also has black trousers. His face is red, as America said, and in the middle is a crescent moon and a five sided star.

"Next to turkey, with the black red and yellow flag, is Germany, he likes math and science, y'know, a nerd." Germany roles his eyes as he looks at his phone. He sounds interesting I like that stuff too. He also wears clothes similar to me. A white polo shirt with black trousers and a pair of glasses on his face.
"Next to Germany is his girlfriend." America stopped to laugh at both Germany's and the other girl's faces. "Just kidding they're not together...*yet."* Japan giggles with America.

"America I swear you never grow up!" Shouted the girl. She turned back from America to me and Scotland. She smiled and said. "Hi I'm Poland, don't call me Indonesia and don't call me Monaco." Poland said the last bit coldly.

Poland wore a odd selection of clothes for her gender, but I don't judge. She wore, what I could identify as a *male* polo shirt, because of my polo shirt expertise, with a beige jumper that laid on her shoulders. She also wore black jeans but they weren't tight fit like most of the other females I had seen wore. *Oh, England shut up! Your being so judgemental and disrespectful!* I scolded myself.

"Anyway." America continued. "You've already met Russia."
I stared at the tall Russian. He was giving me a very cold stare and his eyes showed distrust, I think it has ties to his fathers(Soviet) relationship with Britain, which wasn't the best and I have to admit, I was the one leading Britain's thoughts at those points in time. If I'm being honest, Russia, freaks me out.

"And you've already met Canada and me so the last person to introduce is the one and only..." America drummed his hands on the table dramatically. "South Korea!"
South Korea was sat at the end of the table next to America. She wore a white jumper with red and blue sleeves to match her flag. She also had ripped jeans.
"Hi!" She yelled happily. Japan wagged her tail and stared at South Korea lovingly while her tail wagged back and forth.
Ohhhhhhhhh someone's got the love bug, I can't help think to myself.

I decide to introduce myself now.
"Hello, it's lovely to meet you all. My name is England you may of heard of me before, I was part of Britain." I say a bit sad when I remember Britain I didn't think Britannia would ever fall apart it was such a great empire, but I guess all good things come to an end.
"Yeah I've heard of you." Germany said not looking up from his phone. Oh I hate it when people do that but I ignore it.
"Haló me name is Scotland."
"You speak German?" Poland asks.
"What..." Scotland looks confused for a couple second then rolls his eyes annoyed.
"No, it's called Scottish Gaelic and when you say hello it sounds

German but it is nae." He said crossing his arms.
"Yeah, he didn't do it in a German accent." Germany said looking up from his phone to look at Scotland and everyone else like it was obvious he wasn't speaking German.

Scotland's POV

I am starting to get annoyed. How does no one know Scots Gaelic?! I sigh out loud. The Russian siting next to me snickers quietly but I hear him.
"It used to be me that was getting confused for other languages." He whispers to me. And I glare at him.
I look back around at the people at the table. America has a lot of allies or friends I guess you would call them now.
"So, what did you think of your classes?" Canada asks me and England. Russia starts to snicker and I nudge him in the shoulder.
"Russia what are you laughing at?" America asks.
Damm it
"Well in music class, as you know, we got to choose an instrument that we would practice playing the whole year,"
England let's out a sigh and puts his hand to his forehead, he already knows what's coming.
"Since Scotland was new the teacher asked him if he knew how to play any instruments. At first he said he didn't know because he knew how to play quite a few instruments so the teacher let him look at the different instruments and he picked..." Russia trailed off snickering to himself at the thought of my stupidity. "He picked the bagpipes,"
"Oh my god Scotland." England said.
"But that's not all!" Russia continued. *Here we go.*
"We were all practising on our instruments when this REALLY loud sound like someone fucking a cat,"
"RUSSIA." I shouted glaring at him. Bagpipes didn't sound that bad, I was testing it then I was going to play some traditional Scottish music.
"What do you want me to say? It sounded like a heavenly singing angel?"
I guess he had a good point, but still.

"Anyway, the sound scared everyone and everything went crazy.

St Lucia freaked out and fell on top of Venezuela and both of their cuatro's broke in half.
Spain and Portugal were playing their guitars and Spain fell and knocked all the guitars over like dominoes and Portugal put his head into the hole of his guitar to protect his ears, breaking all the strings.
Italy was playing the piano and he opened up the roof of the piano and *fucking* climbed inside shutting himself in the piano.
Finland was playing his Kantele and he snapped all the strings and then proceeded to snap the instrument, I don't really know why I think he was more annoyed that Scotland interrupted him playing his favourite song on his favourite instrument.
Belgium was playing his saxophone and the sound scared him and he made this awful sound on his saxophone and then passed out from blowing all the air out of his lungs.
China was playing the xylophone and he started throwing his beaters and the blocks at random people around the room.
Everyone else either broke their instrument, accident or purpose I don't know, or ran out of the room terrified thinking someone was going to kill them.
The teacher was playing the keyboard she got so scared she fell backwards on her chair pulling the keyboard down with her.
But yeah music was absolutely fucking amazing!"

Everyone burst out laughing America was on the fucking floor crying and smashing his hand on the tiles. Japan and South Korea were laughing while recording everyone's reactions, Japan recording it on her phone while South Korea did it on a proper video camera, I have no idea where she got that from. Turkey had his head on the table laughing. Canada was loosing his shit and fell backwards off his chair proceeding to laugh even more. Germany and Poland were laughing on top of one another and England held his head in his hands sighing with disappointment. Russia was laughing loudly, me glaring at him.
"I had to tell them it was too good." He wheezed out as an excuse.
I guess it was pretty funny. Then I look around and see everyone's eyes locked on to us and I realise how awkward the situation is, and then I start to panic inside.

This happens every fucking time. Please don't have a panic attack, please

don't have a panic attack get a grip of yourself Scotland! They're not looking at you, they can't see through you, they don't know about the hat, they don't know about the myths. Stop,stop,stop,stop,stop,stop... ***STOP!***

Riiiiiiinnnnnnnggggggg!

I sigh with relief as everyone diverts their eyes towards the bell and begin leaving.
"We better go before the primary countries come they can get annoying." Says Germany calming down from laughing so much.
"Aye, lets go." I said standing up and waiting for everyone else to get ready to leave.
We all walk out the canteen heading outside to the 'playground' talking about the music lesson and laughing more, and I finally begin to relax, laughing at a few of the jokes as well.

England's POV

I saw Scotland's small panic attack in his head. He looked around at everyone staring at us and started to breathe heavily clenching his fists. He does this a lot I never really knew the reason why. It started happening in 1305, after the execution, of course that was one of the reasons why he has these attacks but that's not all he is hiding more. Everyone has secrets even I do like... well...I don't need to remind myself. I know Wales experiences stuff like this too but more serious, that's why Scotland is so much like a father to everyone. Whatever they have experienced he seems to have already experienced, it's weird but I don't really care, I just need to focus on me...yeah...just me.

I guess I'm getting bored, so I picked a random character and decided to give them loads of secrets to make this book actually interesting and have a purpose so I hope I've not ruined the book too much if I have I'm sorry 😣

Sorry Scotland, love you buddy!

Scottish Gaelic translations:
•Haló = Hello

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2134

English is hard.

[image]

No ones POV

The primary countries ran into the canteen, lining up for the food, that can sometimes be good but DO NOT have the schools mac and cheese, *vile* stuff. Wales was once again being dragged around by an over-excited New Zealand, North chasing after them trying to keep up.
"Why are you going so fast?" Wales asked New Zealand.
"If we don't hurry we won't get the best seats." New Zealand replied.
"Why are the seats so important?" Asked North, still running. behind them.
"Because that way we look cool." Said New Zealand. *I highly doubt that.* North thought to himself, his legs were tired from running around all day.

The three countries lined up, grabbing trays and putting their selected food on the trays.
New Zealand payed for his lunch and waited for Wales and North to do the same. Once they had all payed, New Zealand began to walk off.
"This way."
Wales and North followed New Zealand to the 'cool' table and sat down.

They began eating their lunch in silence, until New Zealand's friends sat down at the table with them.
"Hi Kiwi!" Tonga said, as she sat down in the seat across form him.
"Hi Tonga!" Kiwi shouted back happily, his mouth stuffed with food. Seems like he had forgotten his lessons with Britain about table manners, but I guess that didn't matter now.

Once all of kiwi's friends, that they had met outside, were at the table, they started talking about what they did in their classes. Wales and North also got a lot of questions asked, as they were brand new, Although it was expected.

————————Time skip; after lunch————————

North's POV *(I keep on thinking about North Korea)*

We were doing spelling in class to finish off the day. I liked our primary teacher her name was Miss Austria. I was filling in my spelling activity book, thinking to myself. Mr United Nations said that my brother goes to this school but I haven't seen him anywhere at all today. By his age he should be in the high school section of school, he's only one year younger than Scotland after all. I'll ask England and Scotland if they saw him in any of their classes or while they were walking around the school.

Haven written all my spelling words down three times, to get the spelling stuck in my head, I can move on to my favourite part the word search. I scan the grid easily finding knock and know with rock and tow, yes the words rhyme it's meant to help us understand that some words are spelt similarly. I'm not in control of how we learn English though, I don't really know who is if I'm being honest.

It's a very simple yet very confusing language. Simple as in the word 'the' doesn't change because of gender, plural, past, present, future or whatever other reason, it just stays the word 'the'.
Hard as in read and read. One is in past tense and the other in present. The present sounds like 'reed' while the past sounds like 'red' although they are spelt the exact same they mean different things. Another hard thing is flour and flower, pear and pair, sun and son, etcetera. These words sound the exact same but are spelt different and mean different things, these are called homophones.
Oh, don't get me started on to, too and two and there, their and they're, I can explain there, their and they're by putting it into a sentence; they're with their friends over there.
There, that is your definition.
Thanks for tuning in and doing English with Northern Ireland!
A/N, See you next time I try and give a crappy explanation on something!

Rrriiiiiiiinnnnnnnnggggggg!!!

The bell rings loudly across the room signaling its time to go home. I finished the WordSearch just in time and go to put the spelling

book into my pigeon hole. (A/N wow, I'm so british, I know.)
I pack my bag and stand behind my seat waiting for the teacher to dismiss us, because the bell means nothing apparently.
"You May leave now see you tomorrow!"
Everyone charges for the door, excited to get home after working all day. I walk over to Papua New Guinea.

I am two years older than Wales so I am in Primary 6 while she and New Zealand are in Primary 4, Australia is a year older than me him being in Primary 7 (Scottish education system👍) since neither of them were in my class Papua New Guinea volunteered to help me in the class, which I was grateful for, he's a nice person.

"We'll just wait for this chaos to pass and then we can leave."
We watch as people shove and push one another to get out of the small classroom door. It's like watching dogs fight for a bone.
Eventually it dies down as more people start to leave until me and Papua New Guinea can finally make it out of the door.
"Is that how getting out of class always is?" I ask looking at Papua New Guinea(I really need to get a nickname for him, it would make this a lot easier.)
"Yeah, Primary countries are like animals when it comes to getting out of this prison."
We both chuckle at this until someone shouts are names. We turn back to see New Zealand and Wales running after us.
"Wait for us!"
"Hurry up then." Papua New Guinea keeps on walking, but I wait for the two to catch up first.
We start walking together towards the exit.
"Have you seen Australia, Raggiana?" New Zealand asks Papua New Guinea. That is a really strange nickname but it's easier than Papua New Guinea's lengthy name.
"No I have not, he'll be waiting outside knowing him,"
New Zealand nods his head up and down.
"And Kiwi I know your national animal goes well for your nickname but mine sounds weird and even then you had to shorten My national animals name as well so there's really no point."
"Wait, that's not the full name?" Wales exclaims.
"Yeah, it's actually Raggiana Bird of Paradise."
"Wow..."

This conversation is weird.

We walk outside and sure enough Australia is waiting for us, talking to his friends. Three in total, not-including him.
"Hey, mates! Been waiting for you all," Australia waves us over. "So the high school countries don't finish until later on in the day. So we either wait here for them to finish *or* we go back home and play some board games?"
"Hello to you too Australia. I for one would love to play some board games!" Wales said excitedly, her wings rising up in the air. Her wings usually do that whenever she's really happy, excited, angry or she's about to fly.
"I vote board games." I said agreeing with Wales.
"Me too!" Kiwi shouts.
"Well, I've got to leave so, 'till next time." Papua New Guinea said walking off to meet up with Tonga before walking out the school with her.

"Ok then, board games it is then. We should start walking back home now... I'll see you guys tomorrow." Australia said directing the last part to his three friends that were listening contently.
"See you, Aussie."
"Bye."
"Have a nice day!"

We started following Australia out of the school to the direction of our house. I wonder what board game we'll be playing.

Sorry for not updating for a while!
I had motivation to write but for another book idea I had—

Have a nice life!

Word count; 1273

Nightmares

[image] [image]

England's POV

We spent almost half an hour looking for the annoying little countries, only to find out they had left the school and gone home without us. Like? Next time leave a note or tell us first? It's not that hard. Anyway. We're almost home and are talking about our first day at school. My day was great, especially when Scotland got sent to Mr UN's office to talk about his mad as a March hare music lesson. He would of gotten suspended if it wasn't for the fact he was a brand new student, *Ha! I always knew I was the better one.*

The street becomes familiar and I can see the house in the distance.

We all walk to the door. Canada grabs the keys out of his pocket and unlocks the door. It creaks a bit as it opens and as we walk in we are greeted by a bunch of countries all tangled up on the floor. They look at us awkwardly turning their heads and shaking a little from doing so trying not to fall. We look at them confused and Scotland just looks mad.
"Yet playing twister without me! The champion!" He yells.
"Oh ho ho," America begins to chuckle. "Who says your the champion?"
"Is that a challenge?"
"Yes it is."
"Hey it's great to have a bit of competition." Australia begins, his body positioned like a crab. "But can you let us finish our game first?"

Wales comes out victorious but then North and Australia complain that Wales' wings helped her balance. If your wondering why New Zealand didn't complain, it's because he was spinning the wheel to see what crazy manoeuvre they would have to do next.
"Right America," Scotland looks confidently at America. "Are yer ready?" He asks looking ready to start a fight on why he's the best.
"You bet your ass I am."

"Language!" Wales shouts at America and everybody chuckles.

If you do not know what twister is here is a picture:

it's a super fun game and everyone use to go crazy in Primary school when the teachers brought this bad boy out.

Both America and Scotland took their shoes and socks off to let them have a better grip on the Mat, which can be annoyingly slippy most of the time. Scotland also had to run and change into black leggings instead of his kilt because... You know why, let's not focus on being descriptive and continue. Scotland and America stand either side of the Mat looking at each other with intensity, it was as if they were going to draw guns and see who could shoot the other and win first.
"Ready?"
"Aye."
"Okay Kiwi you know what to do."
New Zealand is in control of the wheel again. He spins the needle on the wheel *(I legit can't remember what that thing is called and I really want to call it a spindle, but I don't think I'm right if I find out I've done it wrong I'll edit this out)*. It goes round and round and round, until eventually stopping on left foot blue.

"Left foot, blue!" New Zealand shouts.
Scotland smirks as he moves his left foot onto the blue America does the same thing but he had to walk closer to the blue as he was standing at the green.
"Ok!" They both shout.
New Zealand spins the needle on the wheel.
"Right Hand, red!"
They both stretch down putting their hands on the red spots.
"Right foot, Green!"
They both stretch their legs down to the green which is at the other side of the Matt to the blue. They are now positioned on their sides facing each other with their left hand in the air, if you have ever done yoga you know what this pose looks like, but I am useless and cannot remember the name.
"Left foot, yellow!"
They both stretch their left foot down to the yellow dot shaking slightly since most of their weight is on their right hand trying to

support and stop them from falling.
"Left hand, yellow!"
They both put their left hand down by their left foot along their leg. Now it's getting interesting.

37 moves later…

It's remarkable what I'm looking at really. They are so tangled up I don't know how to describe. You've got America's leg and then oh! Scotland's hand is there too. You've got Scotland's hand and then oh! America's head is there too. They are breathing heavily from the strain of trying to keep themselves from falling and loosing the game.
"Your good at this." America pants.
"Aye, you too mate." Scotland replies, he doesn't seem to be in as much strain as America, which annoys me because I didn't want him to win.
"Left hand, blue!" New Zealand shouts disinterested and bored, we've been playing for a while now. They begin to try and move their left hand to the blue spot. They shove and push each other to make room for their hand and to try and knock the other one over. As they are doing so the front door flings open.
"Mama!" New Zealand shouts going to hug France as it is more interesting than this game. America and Scotland tried to look at France forgetting the position they were in, their curiosity being too strong and they both started wobbling and swaying around as they both began to fall over.

OOF!

America lands on his face and Scotland lands on his back. They both start laughing.
"What have you lot been doing?" France asks looking at the two laughing on the floor.
"We were having fun playing twister and cards." Says Canada. The twister was so long and boring we started to play card games, me obviously being the best, but I tried to give the others a chance especially Wales. Poor New Zealand, though, wasn't able to play because he was the spinner. Australia had offered to swap places but New Zealand said it was his job and duty and that he would be breaking the rules if he were to stop. I know it doesn't make sense,

but he is a kid so you got to give him that.
"Well that sounds like fun," France takes off her jacket putting it on the coat hanger. "Who's going to help me make dinner?"
"Me!" New Zealand and Wales say in sink and they both giggle.
"Ok to the kitchen then."
The three of them all walk into the kitchen.
"It's a tie then, America." Scotland says holding out his hand in agreement.
"Yeah I guess it is, good game." Both of them shake hands, at least there good sports and not complaining or requesting a rematch. I don't think I could cope with a rematch it will take the entire day at that rate.

We ended up watching tv waiting for France, New Zealand and Wales to finish dinner. We all had different drinks. I had tea, in my opinion the nicest. America had a can of Mountain Dew, I really disapprove of that drink, does he even know how much sugar is in that one can? Canada had a bottle of water, a bit basic but he was enjoying it. Australia had a can of cola. Scotland had, and I don't know where he found it, a can of IRN BRU*(pronounced iron brew)* he really is full of mystery and surprises.

Once everyone had finished their drinks, otherwise this next part wouldn't make sense.

"Dinner is ready!"
Everyone sprinted to the dinning room. On the table was a big serving bowl of carbonara. There were glasses with a jug full of water beside them. We all sat down in our seats and began filling our bowls with large spoonfuls of delicious carbonara. When France said we could, everyone began digging into their food. The pasta was soft and cooked to perfection. The sauce was creamy and filled my mouth with delight as I ate.

~~Time skip by the power of Irn Bru~~

Scotland's POV

We all said thank you for the lovely dinner France, New Zealand and Wales had made and we all went to our rooms to do our on stuff. I picked up a book I had seen in the shops. It was based off of

a true story set in St Kilda and the blurb had interested me, it said: 'Every summer Quill and his friends are out ashore on a remote sea stac to hunt birds. But this summer, no one arrives to take them home.
Surely nothing but the end of the world can explain why they've been abandoned-cold, starving and clinging to life, in the grip of a murderous ocean. How will they survive?'
The book is titled 'Where The World Ends' and I must say I have really been enjoying it so far. I love a lot of books some from my country like the Harry Potter series and books from other countries like the I am Number Four series.
(amazing books by the way I recommend reading them all)

I sit on my mattress bed and read, blocking out the sound of Wales and North running away from an annoyed England in the background. I read for about 2 hours before England disturbed my reading saying.
"You need to get ready for bed Scotland."
"Why? Am older then yer aren't I?" I replied.
"Yes but you could at least get into your pyjamas and read the book."
"Ugh... Fine." England smirked at me happy he's won the argument. Not that he wins many arguments against me anyway so I'll let him have this small victory for now.

I walk back into the bedroom and see that Wales and North are already asleep. I guess I'll say goodnight to everyone first and then I can read my book in peace.

I walk down the hallway and say goodnight to Canada who is brushing his teeth quite loudly as I walk past the bathroom. The tv is still on and I see France and America sitting watching it. They are watching Hush the horror movie. France is in her sleeping gown hugging a pillow frightened as she buries her face into it. America sits beside her glued to the tv not flinching at any of the jump scares. It looks like a good horror film I would like to watch it at some point. I walk next to the sofa they're sitting on. France looks at me.
"Vous going to bed." She asks.
"Aye, Just came to say goodnight."

"Well, Bonne nuit to you too."
"Enjoy the film." I add on.
"Oui, I'll try."

I walk out the living room door way and down the hall again, arriving at the guest room. This time when I go back England is sitting in his bed writing something in a book.
"What yer writing." I ask.
"Just some poems." He reply's.
I wonder why he's so posh and almost every stereotype I've heard about him is true. I just roll my eyes and sit down on my mattress picking up my book and continuing from where I was.

About an hour later I'm the last one awake and I'm starting to get tired myself. I fold the corner of the page in my book so I know where I was and put it next to the mattress. I lay down in the bed. It's a challenge to keep my hat on my head but I would rather struggle and have an uncomfortable night sleep than let anyone see under the hat. I have to say it's one of the reasons I hate England. He ruined my life with this scar that I can't reverse and he doesn't give a fuck. What a bitch. I don't even know why I bothered uniting with him in the first place. Oh wait! That's right. He came crawling to me saying he doesn't have a king for his country and the king of my country was the closest blood relative to his last air of the throne, and since it was so difficult to run three different countries at the same time we made the stupid union that ruined my life.

I eventually fall asleep after what feels like half an hour.

~~Time skip by the power of reaching 2000 words!~~

I jump awake sweating and breathing fast. These dumb nightmares that I have about my past fucking suck. I need some fresh air. I stand up quietly and walk over to England's bed to look at the time on his watch.

02:48

I open the bedroom door as quietly as I can and thankfully it doesn't creak. I walk even more carefully across the hallway in case of any squeaky floorboards. I make it to the front door slipping on my

trainers and black hoodie over my pyjamas.

The air is cold and cools me down stopping the sweat dropping from my forehead. I take in a deep breath of the fresh air and it instantly makes me feel better. I look around the place and see a forest in the distance. I have plenty of time. So I decide to walk to the forest, it feels like the right thing to do.

It takes a while but I finally meet the beginning of the tall trees of the forest. They stretch up into the dark starry sky. The grass and leaves crunch under my feet as I tread through the uneven floor. The moon is full, giving me enough light to see where I'm going and making sure I don't trip. I walk through the forest for about 20 minutes when I hear it. My head raises up at the sound searching for it wildly. I haven't heard that sound in so long. I listen intently... There it is again there is no denying it. I sprint in the direction of the sound, until I come across a lake, which compared to the lakes in my country, is pretty small. The sound rings through the night yet again. I run to the side of the lake and look in the water...waiting...quietly... air bubbles rise from the bottom of the lake and pop when they come to the surface in front of me. I knew it! I whistle a special calming tune focused on the water. Out of the water rises my closest and most trusted friend.
"Hello..." I whisper gently. "It's nice to see yer again mate."

Ooooooo it's getting interesting now!

French translations:
•Vous = You (formal)
•Bonne nuit = Good night
•Oui = Yes

Anyway...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2451!

Like a Brother to me

[image]

Thank you so much for 500 reads! I didn't think people would like this book, so it makes me really happy that some of you are enjoying and reading my book!

Frances POV

I wake up early at 5:20. I turn onto my side in the bed to see an empty spot beside me. Tears slowly form in my eyes at the memory of him, I never even got to tell him how much I loved him, how much I was going to miss him.

I step off my bed shakily. I'm tired from the meeting I had yesterday about Britain and his kingdoms which are now full running countries. They could easily form Britain again by uniting for a second time, I would love to see mon amour again, but that is their decision not mine and I cannot force them into it, oh how the world is so unfair and cruel.

I tread quietly down the hallway towards the living room. I walk through the doorway of the living room only to find a country sitting on one of the couches. There legs are crossed and they have a book in their hands reading it intently. I walk closer towards them.
"Madainn na Frainge." They say. I don't quite understand the language but by the accent I can tell it's Scotland.
"Matin Ecosse." I reply in my own language. Scotland puts down his book turning around. He smiles at me.
"I did nae know yer remembered Scots Gaelic, or did yer just guess?"
"Really... I just guessed, I didn't know I used to know Gaelic?" I reply questioningly. I remember when he first appeared he said we were good allies back in the day.
"So you're saying yer din nae remember when we fought against England? When me guards protected your kings? The Auld Alliance? Oh wait... that one is quite embarrassing ter remember..."

I giggle at the last one. I do remember The Auld Alliance, one of my greatest decisions if I'm being honest. It's too bad it had to end in 1560 with the signing of the Treaty of Edinburgh.
"Me point is because we met each other so much yer learned Scottish Gaelic and I learned French, I still remember French though cause yer just said morning Alba."
I raise my eyebrow.
"But I Said morning Scotland not Alba?"
"Oh I got them confused again," he sighs. "Alba is Gaelic fer Scotland."
"Oh, don't worry everyone gets confused when they're bilingual or trying to learn another language to remember which is the right word to say," I said giving him a nod of understanding. "Anyway what are you doing up so early?"
He pauses thinking of an answer for a long time it gets to the point where I think he's not going to say anything but then he simply says.
"Nightmares..."

I didn't expect that response. Scotland seems like someone who wouldn't get scared by anything. It must've been quite a horrifying nightmare.
"May I ask what it was about?"
His eyes divert away from mine as he thinks, deep in thought. He sighs.
"They were about me past a certain battle against England, and 8 years later he did something... *horrible*... ter one of the warriors that led the battle."
Scotland and England fought many battles with each other before they were united. Some, or most, of the battles ended horribly and I think I know which one he's talking about.

"I'm sorry you're having these nightmares Scotland especially on such a horrible subject..." I pause for a bit letting my response sink in. "But I'm always here if you need someone to talk to."
"That's nice of you France but if one things right I can't trust anyone with my thoughts or feelings...it just ends badly..."
I wonder what has happened to him to make him like this. I guess it's from being with Britain because the amount of times they had an election on something Scotland's people would be the exact

opposite to England's and Wales, but they had a bigger population than Scotland so they would usually win. Northern Ireland was a decent mix but usually more on Scotland's side. I don't know how to respond. I don't think anyone would know how to respond in this situation.

"Sorry France I must be getting annoying now...it's a school day isn't it?" He stands up with his book in his hand looking at me. I can see a hint of sadness in his eyes.
"Yes it is a school day I was going to make breakfast for everybody and get myself something."
"Ok, well, I'll make breakfast, ter prove ter England I'm better at making breakfast than him and ter let yer 'ave a break fer a bit."
"You really don't ha-"
"My treat." He interrupts me and walks to the kitchen.
I guess he's making breakfast then. What's the time?I look sup at the clock on the living room wall.

6:03

I'll go and wake everyone up.

Everyone is awake and dressed.

I walk into the dinning room to see freshly cooked slices of bacon and scrambled eggs on everyone's plates. Scotland's really out done himself.

We all sit down in our seats and Scotland comes through with a jug of orange juice and begins filling everyone's glasses apart from England's. England clears his throat getting Scotland's attention.
"May ask why I am not getting any juice?" England asks Scotland trying to sound polite but just ends up sounding annoyed. Scotland smirks at England.
"Yer can get yer own drink." He says.
"Ohhhh! He got you back!" America exclaims recalling the first time we met and England got everyone drinks apart from Scotland saying he could get his own. I have to say I'm impressed but give America 'the mom look' to remind him of his manners. England gives an annoyed moan pushing his chair out angrily as he stands up and walks into the kitchen. I can hear the kettle begin to boil and can already guess he's making tea.

Once England is back in the dining room and everyone is sitting at the table we begin to eat the breakfast. It is delicious and filling. The bacon is salty and crispy and the scrambled eggs taste divine. The orange juice taste fresh and doesn't have any pulp in it.

They leaving for *cough* Prison *cough* I mean school now.

They are all gathered at the front door bags on their shoulders ready to leave. Half of them have that look of tiredness on their faces, you can tell they don't want to go to school.
"Have a good day all of you!" I say and open the front door, stepping to the side so they can walk by. I wave at them as they walk away them doing the same, until they disappear into the distance. I shut the door and go sit on the sofa. It doesn't take long at all for tears to start falling down my cheeks.

I cry and cry at the memory of mon amour. He is always stuck in the back of my mind ready to appear at anytime and practically stab me in the heart. I just can't comprehend the fact that he's gone, I don't think I ever will be able to comprehend. I lie down on the sofa scrunched up in a ball crying quietly. My eyes start to get heavy and I can feel my eye lids flutter open and closed, before I eventually fall asleep.

Time skip! The class before lunch: PE

England's POV

I do not enjoy Physical Education. Schools are meant to teach you smart things to get you a good job, not how to kick a ball with your foot or hit a shuttlecock with a racket over a net or how to beat someone up for fun or how to do back stroke in a pool, Actually I take the last one back that might be useful so I don't drown I'm not a good swimmer but Scotland is a fantastic swimmer from what I've seen. Speaking of Scotland we're walking together to PE class right now since we're both in it together, if you didn't know already. We are talking about what sport we'll be doing. I hope that we're doing football *(for the Americans: soccer)* because it's at least more interesting than most sports. Scotland says he doesn't mind as long as he can keep his hat on. He speaks freely about his hat with me because I know what happened. He blames me for it, because I did

it, but you have to admit I didn't know *one* execution would affect him so badly. Anyway that's a boring subject and we've arrived at the changing rooms now.

The PE teacher is a really well built man with long hair that he has tucked behind his ears in a wavy and bushy pony tail. He wears a simple black tracksuit tight around his muscles. His flag is green with a yellow triangle in the middle which contains a blue globe with star constellations on it and a white strip going along the globe with some words written along it that are too small for me to read even when I adjust my glasses. *(I forgot that in the let us introduce ourselves(idk) chapter I said England wore glasses and so now I'm adding them back in just try to remember he has rectangular glasses. Ok? ... OK 👍)*

"You must be the new students I suspect?" He asks me and Scotland giving as a friendly smile.
"Yes we are," I reply. "My name is England and this is my good friend...well... friend..." I wait for Scotland to reply but it doesn't register and I roll my hand and moth the words 'scotland' to him until he finally realises.
"Oh. Scotland, me names Scotland." He says casually looking at the PE teacher.
"Well it's good to have you in my class I'm your teacher Brazil!" He says almost too happily. "Before I let you get changed I have to ask if you have any medical issues that would stop you from doing PE?"
I look at Scotland and my eyes gaze to his head and at the hat, my eyes divert back down to his and he's shaking his head from side to side, telling me not to say anything about it.
"Nope we do not." I say.
"That's good! Now as you know some or most countries have animal parts or abilities for example mine is a jaguar," He says and shows us his Jaguar tail and ears before putting them away. "I need to know if you have any animal parts or abilities, so, do you?"
I shake my head while saying no. Then both me and Mr Brazil look towards Scotland who is thinking very hard and shaking slightly.
"I..." He begins to say, then looks at me directly in the eyes as if asking for help but then realising I'm not the best one to ask for help from in his case.
"Mr Scotland I can give you a piece of paper and you can wright

anything down that you want to say if you don't want to say it out loud?" Mr Brazil says. I am surprised at his reasonable response it is quite an ingenious idea for kids whom are to scared to say things out loud. Now I'm thinking. Why doesn't Scotland want to say this out loud? what is he hiding from me? I thought I knew him and had at least figured some of him out but I guess not.
"Aye, that sounds like a math idea..." he says quieter than his usual loud confident voice, which was really one of the one things I like about Scotland.
"I'm sorry could you repeat that one word you said?" I'm starting to think that it's only me, Wales, North, the potato idiot and Scotland that know Scots Gaelic.
"I said that sounds like a good idea." He repeats himself.
"Okay then I'll just go and get some paper and a pen be right back." He walks off leaving me and Scotland alone. I turn towards him.

"What are you hiding from me?" I ask slightly annoyed. Even I know that I don't have a very good temper and can get easily annoyed and the history of my country proves it.
"I'm not trying ter hide anything from yer specifically and din nae yer already know enough about me or are yer just a nosy bastard that can nae mind his own damm business." The aggression in his voice when says this surprises me. Seriously, what is he hiding?!
"I'm not a nosy bastard! And your a lying, secretive, bitch!" I snap back at him. If he wants to fight I'll give him a fight.
"Well maybe because of the trust issues I've developed after being stuck with yer for 313 years is the reason I'm a laighe, dìomhair, galla!" He shouts back at me and I'm surprised nobody has heard us and tried to stop us yet.
"You literally blame me for everything! Like you're clearly in the wrong here!"
"Yer never gave a fuck about my opinion yer never have and yet never will! Yer just ruin me life as yer always have! I din nae know why yer enjoy causing me this pain so much! Why yer did nae understand that I wanted to leave Breatainn and live me own life! CARSON?!" He shouts at me tears at the corners of his eyes. I can't decide if they are tears of sadness, anger or pain. I myself begin to get sad but mostly angry at his words he doesn't know how I feel! So I'll tell him how ***I*** feel.
"Maybe I'm just concerned about you! Maybe I see you as a brother

and am generally worried about you and your mental and physical state! Which right now doesn't look too good!" I shout and can feel my eyes fill with water as tears begin to form. There I said it out loud I generally am concerned about Scotland, he is the closet country to a family I've ever really had.

He stares at me in shock as tears run down both of our cheeks. I can't take it anymore. I run towards him and hug him tightly crying into the black hoodie he always wears that smells strongly of whisky and pine. He slowly puts his arms around me and begins crying as well but almost silently and not as loud as me.
"Tha mi duilich Sasainn... Cha robh fios agam gu robh thu a 'faireachdainn mar sin."
His words calm me down slightly. He only speaks full Scots Gaelic when he means what he's saying.
"It's okay Scotland it's might fault for not telling you...ha, I guess I keep secrets from you as well." We both laugh quietly still hugging each other.
"We should stop now Before the teacher comes back and sees us okay?" Scotland says.
"Okay."
We pull out of the hug and Scotland wipes the tears off of my face, being careful not to knock off my glasses and ruffles my hair. I hit his hand away.
"You just messed up my hair!" I say angrily.
"So?"
"I spent all morning combing it!"
We both laugh out loud.

It's nice when me and Scotland get along. He really is like a brother to me.

Scotland's POV

I am happy that England told me the truth about why he is so annoyingly nosy all the time. I guess he is like a brother to me. But some things I'm just not ready to tell him...

Oh my holy cheese! Two chapters In one day! Impossible!

Haha I'm just being a procrastinating fuck and writing on here for all of you instead of studying for my Science, Art and Home Economics test, I'm such a good child.

We've got a lot of translations this time, so I'm very sorry if I got any of these wrong, as they are not my first spoken language.

French translations:
•mon amour = my love
•"Matin Ecosse." = "Morning Scotland."

Gaelic Translations:
•"Madainn na Frainge." = "Morning France."
•math = good *(math is not good it's just the translation)*
•laighe, dìomhair, galla!" = lying, secretive, bitch!"
•Breatainn = Britain
•CARSON?!" = WHY?!"
•"Tha mi duilich Sasainn... = "I'm sorry England...
•cha robh fios agam gu robh thu a 'faireachdainn mar sin." = I didn't know you felt that way."

By the time I finished writing this chapter we are now at 512 reads. Thank you all!

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2787!

I Miss Him

[image]

England's POV

I had gotten changed into my PE kit that I had bought at the shops. It was just a red and black football sports kit, if that's what it's called. I don't usually like sporty clothes, so I don't know if there is a technical term for the outfit.PE is the only time you will see me wearing something 'informal'. I was looking around at the other people in our class. There are 21 in total, not including me. They are all divided into their friend groups which just so happens to be whichever continent they're from.

When me and Scotland had walked into the sports hall Mr Brazil pointed and told us everyone's names. You have the Asians consisting of: China, North Korea, Yemen, Malaysia, Taiwan, Pakistan, India, Bahrain and Japan, there are a lot of Asian countries, not all of them seem to be getting on very well especially between India and Pakistan also some tensions between China and Taiwan.
Then you have the African countries: Rwanda and Somalia, they seem to both be quite shy.
You have the North American countries: Panama and Honduras, they appear to be talking about football, very excitedly.
Then you have the Europeans: Romania, Latvia, Lithuania, Finland, Sweden, even though they aren't apart of the European Union there is Turkey and Ukraine, there are a lot of European countries as well.

Then you have me and Scotland. The classical new counties just standing there looking awkward, especially after what happened outside. We made an agreement to try not to argue as much but I can already see that failing at some point during the day. We should probably start conversation between each other but I'm not too sure how to start off. The weather's nice today? No England be more creative. What are you doing today? That's a dumb question of course I know what he's doing today! You know what forget it I'd

rather just stand in silence. So that's exactly what we do.

The sports hall is big, like, really big. On the floor are painted lines different colours for different courts. Three white painted badminton courts stretch down the hall, spaces in between them. A red painted football court stretches the whole way across the hall. There are a few other court designs but I don't really recognise what sport they're for. At the end of the sports hall is a giant climbing wall stretching the width and height of the hall, it even stretches out along the ceiling so you can climb upside down on it. So cool.

As I was admiring the hall I didn't realise a country had walked up to me and Scotland.
"Hey you!"
I am startled as I wasn't paying attention and turn my head to see China and North Korea.

China was wearing a red sports kit with a golden pattern and lacing around the edges, it was quite a beautiful sports kit. He wore simple white trainers with more patterns in gold on them. His hair was tied back into a tight ponytail that rested on his shoulders.
North Korea wore a navy blue military uniform? I guess he could get away with that in PE. On his feet he wore tight black boots, that almost reflected no light. His hair was brushed neatly but not as neat as mine as I comb and gel it to make it stay neat for a good amount of the day, longer than school at least. Most countries would say he is a bit over the top with his military and, if I'm being honest with myself, I would have to agree.

China was staring directly at Scotland, his eyes slightly squinted, Scotland was doing the same. It looked as though they were about to fight and I started to get a bit nervous.
"You were in my music class weren't you?" China says still looking at Scotland and ignoring me. "You were playing those...What do you call them? ... Bagpipes that's it!" He snaps his fingers as the word comes back to his mind.
I can't help but roll my eyes, it's just something I always do when I hear the word 'bagpipes' such a dumb instrument.
"Aye I was. Your point?" Scotland asks raising an eyebrow.
"It was amazing! How everyone freaked out! All the chaos! I even got to throw my xylophone beaters and blocks at everyone! Most

fun I've ever had in music!" China had a huge smirk on his face and so did North Korea.
"I wish I was there to see it." He says disappointedly.
"I 'ave to say it was pretty enjoyable." Scotland said.
I'm annoyed that I'm just being ignored so I decide to walk off and talk to someone myself, no one notices me walk off and I roll my eyes. I look at the other countries, unsure of who to talk to. It would just be easier if they came up to me.

Luckily I'm saved as Mr Brazil comes back into the sports hall with a volleyball net. Just great. Brazil is meant to be the best country at volleyball in this year at least, it can change, but for now his country is the best.

"Hey everyone!" Mr Brazil shouts, gaining everyone's attention and the room falls silent. "So, do any of you know how to play a proper volleyball match?"
Only Japan raised her hand.
"Ok... have any of you played volleyball for fun and not professionally?"
A few more countries raise their hands and Mr Brazil smiles happily. He seems too happy for my liking, but I guess that's just my opinion.
"That's great! Japan could you help me set up the net and Somalia can you go get the volleyballs from the sports cupboard please?"
Somalia rushes off to the sports cupboard and Japan takes one end of the volley net and runs down to the end of the hall, while Mr Brazil holds the other end. They both tie it to some...poles? I guess that's what they look like but they probably have some weird technical and fancy name that I won't remember. Once both ends are tied, Mr Brazil grabs a handle attached to the pole and begins pulling it up and down and the net begins to tighten until it's high above the ground, or at least for me it is since I'm relatively short and I hate how Scotland is taller than me, even though I'm the more powerful one! Well... I think I am. It's been a long time since we've had a proper physical battle, most of the time it's just harsh words and strong tensions.

Somalia comes back into the room carrying a sack full of volleyballs. She dumps them against a bench at the side of the hall

against the wall. *(My rhyming skills are great just like my describing skills!)*
"Thank you Somalia. Everyone get into partners and get a ball to share between you."
Everyone quickly goes to their friends partnering up with them. I was expecting me and Scotland would have to team up but to my surprise Finland, a tall country wearing a blue and white patterned hat while in his dark blue sports kit, goes up to Scotland and asks to be his partner. Scotland agrees and they find a spot to begin. Guess I'll just play with myself then.
"Hey, England." Says a voice behind me and I turn around to see Turkey standing there looking at me wearing a yellow and red sports kit *(I'm so descriptive aren't I?)*
"Hello Turkey. Do you have a partner?"
"No I don't that's why I'm here," Turkey pauses for a minute tapping his foot ever so slightly on the floor, but I don't think he realises he's doing it. "Well don't just stand there! we need a volleyball." He says annoyed. I'm not used to being bossed around and I don't like it but I'm not about to be rude, plus I don't have the courage to talk back, so I go to the sack and grab a volleyball. I then run back to Turkey who has already found a spot along the net.

"Before I let you guys start I'm going to show you a few different passes," Said Mr Brazil. "Japan please come over here."
Japan runs down the net from where she was, a volleyball in her hands. Once she gets to Mr Brazil she chucks the ball over the net and Mr Brazil catches it.
"First off you serve like you would in badminton but without a racket," He gets into what I assume to be the serving position. "You hold the ball out in front of you and you drop it down and hit it with your other hand, on your wrist." He then demonstrates hitting the ball over the net and Japan catches it in her hands.
"If you struggle with serving just throw the ball over the net, underarm. Now I will show you some ways of hitting the ball back to your partner. First one is called a volley." He slightly bends his knees and signals to Japan to throw the ball which she does high in the air.
Mr Brazil puts his hands straight above his head, hitting it full pelt and sending the ball over the net and back to Japan who, again, catches it. *(Then he teaches them all the other things like how to dig,*

strike and that you're only allowed three moves before you have to hit it over the net, sorry if I missed anything out volleyball fans)

I was the one holding the volleyball so I get into the serving position.
"Ready when you are!" Turkey calls out to me. I drop the ball swinging my arm and hit it against my wrist. Ow! That hurt and I can feel my wrist heat up and turn slightly rose in colour. Well looks like this is going to be fun.

Time skip by the power of procrastinating

Scotland held in a laugh as he looked at me sitting on the nurses table with an ice pack on my head. I glare at him and turn away. While playing volleyball Sweden had hit the ball really hard and it went in the wrong direction and smacked me in the face. I probably would of been fine but my head smacked off the hard floor and knocked me unconscious. Apparently everyone in the room freaked out apart from some of the Asians, you know who, two others and Scotland but I don't know if I should take that as a compliment or not. It just means that he either really dislikes me or thinks that I know how to take care of myself and am a strong country. But it is most likely the first one.

Scotland's POV

I can nae believe England got hit in the face with a volleyball! Being homeschooled by my father was cool, he was very smart, but going to school and having stuff like this happen everyday is awesome! Although gossip spreads around schools like wildfire which isn't good at all. The amount of rumours or gossip I've heard from people already like China and North Korea they were full of the stuff, but I just ignore gossip and rumours I only believe them with solid proof. Just then the school nurse, Georgia, comes into the room.
"You are free to leave and continue with your classes."

Me and England walk down the hall in silence. I wonder what he's thinking about? Is he thinking about me and my reaction to Brazil's question? Most likely if I know him.

Time skip-To when they're home after school.

Quick summary of what happened at school: *they ate lunch, rumours were spread, Japan explained to England what Hentai was, England experienced trauma, Scotland was Laughing His Ass Off at England's reaction, everyone laugh, boring math, I just rhymed, the drama teacher did the slut drop during drama class(* ***true story BTW*** *), Scotland be keeping secrets, they went home.*

Still Scotland's POV

When we walk through the door I'm surprised to see France asleep on the couch. I kinda feel guilty. Has she been lying there the whole day? I look to Canada and America they just shrug and go to their rooms. I look to England who is still holding an ice pack to his head because of volleyball. He too just shrugs his shoulders. He then mouths the words 'homework' to me and walks to his room. I have the same homework as England but it's French homework and I can already speak French I'm not fully fluent, since I've forgotten it over years of being stuck with UK and my voice never being heard, but I know enough to have a full blown conversation and all the important things like directions and medical stuff. I look at France unsure if I should wake her up or not. I move closer to her and I see tear marks on her face. She's been crying? It must be because of Britain... she really loved him, didn't she? Ha it's kind of funny when I think about it. I had a crush on France back when we were strong allies fighting against England, why the hell did I even bother uniting with that tea drinking bastard? I guess I'll blame my king, if he even deserved that title.
"Um... Écosse?"
I blink twice before I realise I've just been standing the whole time staring at France daydreaming while she sleeps, like a creep.

"Oh France! I'm sorry I was daydreaming... I'm a creep, I know."
"Non, non, Écosse it's fine just scared me when I woke up that's all,"
We stare at each other a bit and I look around the room awkwardly.
"How was school?" France asks as she sits up and pats the empty spot next to her. I gratefully sit down.
"It was good, French was easy and we got homework, technical we just drew optical illusions which was kinda cool, science we were looking at rocks, English we read Timothy Winters poem, PE we did

volleyball and England got hit on the 'ead and fell unconscious when he landed on the floor-"
"What??" France responds quite worriedly.
"Um, England hurt his 'ead in volleyball but he's a strong country...I guess. He'll be fine." I reassure her.
"Oh...ok. If you say so."
"Maths was boring as we were doing probability, drama teacher did a slut drop during class..."
"Well that sounds like... an eventful day." France says smiling tiredly.
I chuckle in return the drama teacher is a little crazy.
"Are yer okay An Fhraing? by the looks of it you've been sleeping on the couch the whole day and 'ave been crying, fit's wrong?"

France flinches a little and tenses up.
"You din nae have to tell me but if yer do I will nae judge I'm nae that kind of person."
She slowly eases up and sighs.
"I miss him so much Écosse..." her voice is weak and fragile and she sounds like she's on the verge of a mental breakdown. "Why did he leave... did he not care?!" Her voice begins to sound slightly angry. I know the stages you go threw when someone leaves you because it's all that ever seemed to happen to me, at first you deny it and don't believe it's happened then you realise and are sad, slowly you become angry about 'why it had to happen to you' and 'the world hates me and is a cruel, cold place' then you're just sad again until you accept the fact they are gone or they come back.
"France he loved yer more than anyone else in the entire world," I say, I know for a fact that that is true.
France clenches her fists and breathes slowly and heavily as she thinks about her husband.
"He never wanted ter leave yer and it was nae his choice ter leave," I can see her eyes beginning to water as I speak.
"He was dealing with many problems and the struggle of being a country. Yer know what that's like... and the consequences was the splitting of him, but even when he's split apart he's still here. His presence is in this very room he's in your memories and your kids. His smile is in every picture in the house, and his heart is connected with yours. If yer close your eyes and concentrate yer can feel him in the room hugging yer tightly like he always did when yer were

sad. He is here France and he does nae want yer ter be sad he wants yer ter be the strong, smart, loving, kind and caring country yer were when he first met yer."
France looks up at me with her mouth slightly open and tears rolling down her cheeks. She leaps forward and hugs me crying into my shirt. I feel awkward but try to hide it and hug her back. I'm not good at this... hugging thing? It feels weird to me, as no one ever really hugs me. Can't blame them, not too great at opening up to people, mostly because I don't understand myself sometimes, so there's no point.

She's crying heavily and I don't really know how to react. I put my hand on her back and rub it in a circling motion. That's what others do, right?
She begins to calm not crying any more but sniffing and taking quick sad breaths. I keep doing this until she's fully calmed down and is breathing normally again.
"M-merci Écosse..." She whispers.
"Anytime France," I pause a little bit. "Want me ter get England ter make dinner so yer can rest?"
"Oui s'il vous plaît."

That's all for now folks!

Let's just remember what this story was meant to be about and talk about the splitting apart of UK not getting off subject anymore now am I? (Rhetorical question)

French Translations:
- ***Écosse = Scotland***
- ***"M-Merci = "T-Thank you***
- ***Non = No (the more you know)***
- ***"Oui s'il vous plaît." = "Yes please." (Formal)***

Scottish Gaelic Translations:
- ***An Fhraing? = France?***
- ***aon = one (if you noticed it in the chapter, well done)***

Thank you for reading!

I keep on forgetting to ask what secrets do you think Scotland is keeping? Who is Scotland's friend that we are going to meet in the next chapter?

We shall find out tomorrow! If not then I procrastinated, as usual.

Have a nice life!

Word count; OH MY CHICKEN NUGGETS! 3175 WORDS!

We really going now!
See you in the next episo-
Sorry wrong thing...
See you in the next chapter!

Scotland's Old Friend

[image]

Scotland's POV

I jolted awake sweating. More nightmares. I sigh and take deep breaths calming myself down. I look around the room. Wales and North are on their shared bed sleeping peacefully. England lies completely still on his bed and if it weren't for his loud snoring I'd probably think he's dead. I stand up quietly and I can already tell this is going to become a routine of mine, might as well get dressed, as if I'm going to go back to sleep. I slip on a red and green tartan shirt and pull on some black jeans. I would of worn a kilt but it will be too cold for that. Speaking of the cold I put on my black hoodie that I basically live in at this point and I walk out the room as quietly as I can.

I tip toe down the hall and to the front door. I slip on my black nike trainers and grab the keys off the cabinet which has everyone's hats, gloves, scarfs and other outdoor clothing in it. I unlock the door, shoving the keys into my pocket as I walk out. I take in the fresh air walking towards the forest. The outdoors always makes me feel better, I wonder when I can travel back to Scotland and travel all across the highlands for a couple days again. My favourite part of my country always was the tall hills and large Lochs. I met my first ever real friend at a Loch actually, Loch Ness to be specific.

I reach the edge of the forest again staring at the tall trees touching the dark sky sparkling with stars. As there weren't any houses or street lights around the moon and stars shone even brighter and clearer. I look back to the small town and turn my head back and forth looking to see if anyone followed me, I'm not a big fan on country company. *(Great alliteration, if I do say so myself)* I don't see anyone around and listen closely only to be confirmed by the silence of the night. I tread through the forest looking at the different types of trees. There are pine, oak, elm, willow and my

favourite silver birch. The deeper into the forest I go the more mystical and beautiful it gets. Fireflies sparkle with the stars and I hear the hooting of an owl and the squeaking of bats as they hunt for bugs to eat. I've always loved animals I don't have a favourite but I do love foxes, all types, black, red, brown, artic they are all outstanding and cunning and mysterious. Just as I pass a tall willow tree, I hear the sound echo through the forest and I smile running towards the sound.

I find myself back at the small lake. I look over the water. The moon and Stars reflections dance on the surface. I whistle the special tune again. The bubbles pop as they reach the surface of the water and out of the water comes my closest friend.
"Hey mate." I pat her head and she pushes her head into my hand to show friendship. "I've been having the nightmares again... yer sensed it didn't yer?" She sprays me with water as she blows out of her nose in agreement and I chuckle. She always seemed to forget to not get me wet when I'm wearing clothes but I don't care at all. I sit crossed legged on the floor next to the lake. I get knocked over slightly as she puts her head in my lap resting into me and I lay my head on top of hers.
"I remember doing this each night when I was kid... ha feels like ages ago but that's because it was," I look up at the stars still resting my head on top of hers. "I'm sorry I did nae get away from him faster girl, in fact, I can do even better, I'm sorry I ever went with him instead of yer I don't know what I was thinking but fer all the suffering it almost wasn't worth it." She let's out a soft whine and I decide to change the subject. "Do yer remember dad?"

She blows more air through her nose but since she's laying on me this time I get drizzled in water. "I wish I could see him again he just disappeared did nae he? I wonder what he's doing now if he's even alive that is..." I'm getting really tired. I haven't had a decent night sleep since I split apart from Britain and it's starting to catch up with me. I think she senses this cause she moves her head away so she can wrap her tail around me into a sort of bed. It may be wet because of her tail being in the lake but I'm so tired I could nae care less. As I look at the stars one last time I can feel myself begin to drift off. My eyes flutter until I give in and close them saying one last thing.

"Goodnight...**Nessie**..."

Congratulations to the people that thought it was Nessie, guess what? It's Nessie!

The LochNessMonster has entered the chat

Sorry the chapter is short it's just meant to be so you know who Scotland's best bud is and yes I have committed a crime I assumed the gender but that's what everyone in the Countryhumans Fandom does so Ha! And it's a girl, Ha!

Have a nice life!

Word count; 930

Missing

[image]

I have no idea where this book is going or how I'm going to end it.... at this rate it will be going on for a while.... let's continue shall we?

England's POV

I sit up in my bed and rub my eyes for a bit before putting my glasses on my face so I can see clearly. Wales and North are still sleeping in their bed but Scotland is not in his, I assume he's already awake or never went to sleep in the first place. I quickly change into a white polo shirt and dark brown trousers. I check the time then head out the room and through the house. I walk into the living room and as I expected I see France sitting on the sofa with a cup of black tea (as in no milk, I ain't racist).
"Good morning France." I say as I fully walk into the room.
"Good morning Angleterre," France reply's sipping from her tea.
"You're up early today."
"Well I always try to be, but it's easier said than done."
"Indeed," France puts her tea down on the coffee table and stands up. "I was going to make omelettes for breakfast, sound good?"
It's been a long time since I've had an omelette and I love them, I've also heard that France is amazing at making omelettes and my stomach growls at the thought.
"Sounds wonderful." I say.
"Great I'll get started, could you make sure everyone is getting ready please?"
"Fine by me." I say and walk through the hall stopping at the first bedroom in the hall which was New Zealand and Australia's room knocking and opening the door to begin to wake them up.

~Time skip~

Everyone sits at the table eyeing the omelettes as France puts them on our plates. As France walks around the table she stops at an empty seat.

"Where's Écosse?"
I only just realise that Scotland is missing.
"I haven't seen him all morning." Says North.
"Me neither." Agrees Wales.
Great. Scotland's missing. Bastards probably sleeping in a tree somewhere he's not dumb or weak enough to get kidnapped, plus we would of most likely been woken up from the noise. Did he run away? Why would he run away? He has nowhere to go.
"So nobody's seen him?" France asks worriedly.
Everybody shakes there heads. "Oh god where is he? What if he's hurt or lost?!" France Says panicking.
"Don't worry France you should remember Scotland from all those years ago. He's the best navigator I know and it takes a lot to beat him and even then he will not give up. Trust me he's fine." I say reassuring France.
"But what if he's not what will we do?" Wales asked. Her eyes are slightly watery with tears like she's about to cry. North leans from his chair and pulls her into a tight hug patting her back gently. He too has a sad look on his face.
"Maybe he went to school already?" Questions New Zealand trying to think of a logical reason as to why Scotland's missing.
"I'd pay to see that," I chuckle but see everyone giving me a weird look and I fall silent shrinking back into my chair. "But it's not impossible, he could possibly be there."
"Then we need to go look!" Wales exclaims standing up from her seat, North doing the same.
"Oui we should look but we don't know where he is and we need to think about that first and you can't think on an empty stomach," France said stopping Wales and North from leaving the dinning room. "So sit down in your seats and we'll talk about where he could be while we eat, ok?"
"Ok..." Wales and North both say sadly sitting back in there seats.

We all begin to eat, North and Wales were eating exceptionally fast so they could have more time to search for Scotland.
"Angleterre you seem like you know Écosse best where do you think he is?" France asks me calmly.
I think hard. Scotland likes nature. So maybe somewhere green and lush. He likes history and castles so maybe even some old ruins. His favourite thing to do is visit lakes or what he calls lochs and stare at

the water for hours it can really freak me out sometimes how long he'll stare at a lake, sometimes I feel like he's staring at something in the water and that gives me the heebie-jeebies.

I come out of my thoughts to see everyone staring at me expectantly.
"Well... Scotland always liked being outdoors in nature. In particular he liked lakes or what he called lochs. If he was to be anywhere I would search there." I say.
There is a small silence as everyone takes in the information.
"That's helpful England but there are no lakes around here... at least none that we know of." Canada says gently.
"Yeah if there was a lake near by Russia would of already tried to drown me in it by now." America confirms.
Ok? That's a bit weird and unnecessary but I guess that's expected from America.
"America and Canada are right, sorry mate." Australia says.
"It's fine Australia," everyone is silent for a bit. "I think we should all go to school and see if either Scotland Is already there or he shows up later in the day." I say quite happy with this idea of mine.
"That seems like a Bonne idée Angleterre, and that way you won't miss any school." Said France.
"I'm not too sure I like it but I guess we can try." North says unsure and sadly. Scotland was a father figure to North. Once Ireland had left and North stayed he was pretty much forgotten after a month or so the only one that ever really acknowledged and taught him different subjects was Scotland. Being stuck in UK's head we had to find different ways of entertainment and teaching each other new things seemed to be the thing Scotland did most with North, mostly because he was the most willing and obedient, so was Wales But she questioned everything and it would get annoying after a while.

-Time Skip-

We all stand at the door with our school bags ready. France opens the door and says goodbye to each of us as we walk out.
"Au revoir!" France Says to us all one last time and shuts the door.

We gradually walk along the stone path towards the school. It's going to be a long day, I can already tell.

Sorry for the short chapter I didn't have as much motivation as I usually do and I'm very sad and annoyed about it so sorry.

You should already know them but,
French translations:
Angleterre," = England,"
Écosse?" = Scotland?"
Bonne idée = Good idea

Sorry for any incorrect translations my French isn't that good and I'm using google translate and you can never trust google translate, sketchy stuff.

Again sorry for the short chapter and it probably wasn't even that good too so I'm sorry T~T

Word count; 1178

He is DEAD

[image]

Thank you for 800+ reads! I am really grateful for all the support you guys have been giving me and I'm glad you enjoy reading my book.
I hope that one day I will think of an ending for this but for now enjoy the story!

Scotland's POV

I yawn and stretch my arms in the air. I open my eyes only for them to be blinded by the sun in the sky and I have to keep them closed until a cloud finally comes by and covers the sun. I blink a couple times checking my surroundings. I'm still wrapped up in Nessies tail and I look to see she's still sleeping peacefully. Part of her lays on the land protecting me while the rest is in the lake. I look at the forest. There are many different shades of green and brown stretching for miles. You can hear the different birds singing to each other and see them flying swiftly through the trees. It's so nice and peaceful here and not loud and noisy like in school when you walk through the halls.

Wait...
School...

Shit! I slept in the wilderness on Wednesday so today is Thursday I have fucking school to go to! I don't have anything to tell the time! Oh wait I do. I look at the sun. It's high in the sky. *Fuck!* That means it's almost noon! I gotta go fast. I wonder if anyone's actually noticed I'm gone? Would they just continue with their day? Well might as well get back and find out. I jump up and scare Nessie in doing so. She wakes up shocked and swings her tail directly towards me. Her tail hits me in the legs and I fall down on my butt...ow...my tail bone, but there's no time for that. I stand up again.
"Sorry girl did nae mean ta scare yer but I got ta go noo. See yer later lass." I say stroking her head and giving her a bear hug before

sprinting into the forest once again.

It's a good thing that last night when I was sprinting to the small lake I had made markings in the trees with the keys, since I did nae have a pocket knife, so I knew which way back I was going because without a compass or map I wouldn't of known where I was going right now. I jump over roots and small mounds in the ground following the markings in the trees. I finally see the end of the forest through the trees and pick up my pace. It feels good to run if I'm being honest, one of my favourite sports. Me and my dad used to race everywhere and I became really good at dodging objects and climbing steep and muddy slopes because of Scotland's landscapes, it's one of the reasons I won most battles against England, because the dumb bastard didn't know how to walk through some mud and over a couple hills. I mean he's got hills in his country as well and it's nae that hard.

I'm finally out the forest and stop just for a little bit to look around the landscape and catch my breath. I begin to run again back to France's house. It doesn't take long before I get there and I take the keys out of my pocket but knock on the door just so France knows someone is coming in and then unlock the door with the keys walking inside. I slip my trainers off quickly not bothering to untie the laces. I head into the hallway when France walks out of the living room.
"Écosse! Where were you!" She says and runs up to me. "Your soaking wet did you fall into a river or lake or something?!"
I feel guilty as she is generally worried about me.
"Well, I went outside fer a walk and...I fell asleep next ta... a pine tree, and it must of rained in the night because I woke up with me clothes being wet."
She doesn't look entirely convinced but chooses to believe me anyway.
"Oh Écosse you had me so worried you should of seen the reaction of Wales and North they got so scared, I'm pretty sure they thought you got kidnapped."
I chuckle. "I'd like ta see someone try ta kidnap me," I receive a look from France that tells me this is not the right response. "But it's sweet that they were worried about me, can nae say the same fer England though..." I add on muttering the last part under my breath

quiet enough so France doesn't hear it. I then feel a tickling in my nose and cover my nose and mouth with my hand as I let out a loud sneeze.
"Oh Non! You must of picked up a cold,"
I kind of think France is over-reacting as she thinks I've got a full blown cold just from hearing one sneeze. "We need to get you in some warm and clean new clothes and you can stay home I won't send you to school today."
Wow. One sneeze and an entire day off school. Even when I was home schooled the only time my dad would ever let me skive fighting techniques, maths, languages and navigating (pretty much all I was taught) was when if I was literally dying or had been stabbed, again, literally dying, strict parents am I right?

France walks off and I just stand there hands in the pockets of my wet hoodie looking at the paintings in the hall, they're very fascinating. Some of them are historical like certain points in history, mostly alliances that involved Britain and France. Then there were the normal paintings you get like flowers, mountains, lochs, The Magpie by Claude Monet...Wait that one was very specific, must be because he's a French painter. Then you get to the pictures such as, Britain and LGBT+ when they finally excepted the rights of LGBT+ people, there is another one but with France, there is a picture with at least every colony France and Britain had, its nice that at this point in time they treat each other like family and not like pets or slaves anymore, then there are your normal everyday family pictures if you look closely you can see that Britain looks more and more sick in each one as they go on in time, I have to say splitting apart without permission from the country is a very painful situation and position to be in, but if I get my independence it's definitely worth it.

France walks back into the hall holding a towel.
"Take off your hoodie and put this towel around you." She tells me.
I unzip my hoodie only to find that the wet had soaked all the way through to my red and green tartan shirt. Damm it Nessie I always tell her not to splash or spray water when I'm wearing clothes and not my swimsuit which I taught her the difference between and she still does it! I trade my hoodie for the towel wrapping it around me but to me it doesn't really make a temperature difference because

my country is always cold not as much as Russia and Finland and other countries but still an unpleasant cold that nibbles at your skin until you give in and put on a ski jacket.
"Head down to your room and put some fresh clothes on and then you can come back down and have a cup of tea or coffee?"
"Tea, please." I grumble. I never like to admit it but if I'm being honest with myself Tea is an amazingly satisfying drink and I do like it but England ruined it entirely for me as I want to be everything that he is not and the same thing goes for him, but some things we do both like and keep it secret and it's the only type of bonding we ever really have.

I stride down the hallway towards my Shared room and swing the door open, shutting it behind me as I step into the room. For my outfit, since I'm staying at home I have to pick something comfortable (obviously) so I pick out a long black baggy shirt. I dry myself with the towel and slip on the shirt and leggings. I step out of my room and look at myself in the hallway mirror. *Shit! Shit! Shit!* I forgot to put my fucking hat on. I race back into the room grab my hat and pull at far down my head as it will go and hold on to it while I start shaking and breathing fast. Damm it I was too slow. I've already seen it.

No no no not again... I lie down on my bed shaking as images from my past flash in front of me each becoming more brutal from the last.

*They **hang** him...*

*They stop it **just before he's dead** ...*

*They **emasculate** him...*

*he is **disembowelled** ...*

*He is **beheaded** ...*

*He is **quartered** ...*

*He is **dead** ...*

Yay! More backstory what do you think Scotland's experienced if you know and are 100% certain say you know who it is in the comments but don't say who it is and see how many people you can annoy, evil I know but if your that desperate I guess i can message you what's happening or you can wait until we get to the chapter that reveals it all ooOOooOoo.

French Translations-Do I really need to do these I'm literally just repeating myself, this is for the people that skip chapters yeah I see you...👀
—
•"Écosse! = "Scotland! ⬅
•"Oh Non! = "Oh No! ⬅
——why does this look like something bad has happened to Scotland though?⬆

Also I forgot to say Have A Nice Life! In the last chapter how disgraceful of me! I know!
Well I apologise by giving you two:

Have A Nice Life!
Have A Nice Life!

Word count; 1680

Panic

[image]

(Sorry this chapters quite late)

Thank you all so so much for 1K reads! I can nae believe it! Thank you for the support and encouraging comments!

Frances POV

I had finished making a cup of tea for Scotland and was waiting for him in the living room. It had been quite a while and I was wondering what could be taking him so long. *I'll just go see if he's alright.*

I walk down the hallway towards the guest room. As I get to the door all I can hear is fast breathing and *'No...No...No...Stop...'* being repeated over and over. I was getting worried.
"Écosse I'm coming in the room!" I shout before opening the door, just in case he is still getting changed.

I open the door and walk into a scene I have seen many times but not with Scotland. He's having a panic attack. This is very common for countries, especially because of PTSD. Even I have had panic attacks at the memory of World War 1 And 2 and the French Revolution and even more. The worst panic attack I've seen was from Britain when he had seen a picture of America as the 13 colonies just after the America Revolution, I'll never forget how much pain the memory of it brought to his eyes.

When I saw Scotland having a panic attack I was quick to react. I went over to him as quick as I could, which wasn't very quick as I do not know what he is experiencing and fast movement might freak him out more. Once I was able to get close I sit down carefully beside him and whisper soothing things to him. I don't quite know what he likes so I just tell him 'he's fine' and that 'it's in the past and can't happen again' and he starts to become more aware of where he is.

"Can you try to breathe along with me?" I ask him.
"I'm going to count to ten and we breathe in and out on each number, ok?" This is what you're meant to do when someone is experiencing a panic attack as it helps to stop their rapid breathing and calm them down.
"Un," I say and take in a deep breath. Nothing really changes with Scotland's breathing.
"Deux," I say while letting out the breath I already had. Scotland appears to have noticed At what I'm doing and is trying to control his breathing but is still shaking.
"Trois," I take in another deep breath and this time Scotland does the same, still shaking.
"Quatre," I let out my breath as I say the number and Scotland copies, I can see he's starting to calm down a lot more now.
"Cinq," deep breath in.
"Six," breathe out.
"Sept," deep breath in.
"Huit," breathe out.
"Neuf," deep breath in. By this number Scotland has almost completely calmed down. His breaths are still a bit shaky but he's trying.
"Dix," breathe out. Scotland appears to be less tense and his breathing is almost completely back to normal.
"Are you Okay now?" I ask him gently.
"A...Aye..." he replies still a bit shaken.
"Can you tell me what this was about?" I need to know so I can prevent future triggers towards him.
"1305 Smithfield, London..." that's all he can muster for now.

I had a feeling it would be this. Such an awful experience and death. I was involved with this situation when it happened to Scotland as we were both fighting against England at that point in time and he had told me all about it the next time we met in person. I even saw a part of the corpse on display, absolutely horrifying, although at that point of time it wouldn't of appeared *as* odd or *as* brutal with Vlad the Impaler coming a couple years later in 1459. It's good that I know what he's experiencing but I need to know what caused it.
"Can I ask what caused your panic attack?" I say gently.
Scotland looks at me then looks down at the ground.

"Not today... I'm nae ready... England knows..." he replies, tiredly.
England knows, well that's interesting. I'll bring it up with him later and then we can have a private discussion about this. He caused it he should stop it.
"Ok then... How about you come down to the living room and we can watch a movie?" I ask him.
He looks up at me, thinking before saying.
"That would be nice."
I smile happily at him.
"What movie do you want to watch?"
Scotland thinks hard, it can be hard to pick a movie when there are *SO* many.
"We can watch more than one." I say trying to make it easier for him to decide. I'm generally curious as to what he's going to pick.
"Brave the Disney movie, Fantastic Beasts and where to find them and Harry Potter and the Philosopher's stone and, if we have time, the rest of the Harry Potter movies."
That's quite a lot of movies and an interesting pick too.
"Those are some good choices. I'll go set them up on the TV and you can drink your tea, which might be cold by now, sorry about that, and pick some snacks to eat while watching the film."
"Tapadh leat France..." Scotland says avoiding Eye contact. His cheeks are flushed and I can tell he's embarrassed at me having to witness him in such a week state, but I will not judge him like other mean countries might.

~Time skip~
Wale's POV

We were walking home from school and tears were slowly falling down my face. North was trying to comfort me but I could tell he was just as sad and worried as me. Scotland wasn't at school. I have no idea where he is or if he's okay. I'm so worried about him he's practically my big brother and I really care about him.
"Don't worry Wales we'll be home soon and then we can start looking for him." North tells me.
I smile weakly at him, I appreciate that he's trying to make me happy.

We walk a bit further along the street and France's house comes

into view. I pick up my pace a little. The faster we get home the sooner we can go looking for Scotland.
"Canada can I get the house keys?" I ask stopping in my tracks and looking at Canada.
"Um, yeah, I guess, what for?" Canada looks at me slightly confused.
"I'm gonna get home quicker than all of you but there's no point in me getting to the house and then waiting for 20minutes because I need you to unlock the door." I explain as best as I could not too sure I was using the correct words to explain this.
"Uhh I kind of understand but not really, but you can have the keys anyway it's not that big of a deal."
Canada hands me the keys. Not only will this be faster it will be a lot more fun too.

I stretch my wings giving them a few flaps and move my hair out of my face. I bend my knees a little bit both of my wings spread out far either side of me. I swing them down jumping at the same time and the force lifts me into the sky. I do a small flip in the air and look down at the ground.
"That was epic!!" I can hear America shout.
I smile I like it when people enjoy my wings and flying instead of thinking I'm weird. I glide through the air over the houses in the street until finally reaching France's house. I dive down picking up speed going faster and faster. I bring my legs forward and bend my knees. My feet hit off the ground in a sort of superhero landing, I just didn't hit the ground with my hand. I landed on the grass so I didn't break the stone pathway up to the house, I can imagine that if I did I would get in a lot of trouble from France and England but not Scotland. If anything he would applaud me and congratulate me complimenting on how I had the strength to break the concrete. Oh boy, do I miss him. But that only makes me more eager to find him.

I race to the front door still holding the keys Canada gave me. I shove the keys in the lock twisting them clockwise and unlocking the door I open it wide, taking the keys out and closing the door but not locking it for when the others get home as well. I take my shoes off and chuck them in the corner of the room not bothering to put them away properly. I walk into the hallway and hear the TV playing. I walk into the living room. The beginning of Harry Potter and the Philosophers Stone was playing on the TV, on the coffee

table was unopened chocolate packets and an empty bowl which I can tell had had popcorn in it because of some stray corn kernels in it, there were also a few crisp packets and a bowl of fruit which had also almost been devoured. There are two bottles of whisky and a bottle and glass of wine, it's as if someone's had a full blown party. Sitting in the armchair is France and sitting on the couch is *Scotland!*

"Yr Alban!" I shout and rush to hug him. I practically jump on top of him and he lets out a big huff as all the air goes out of him. He proceeds to chuckle and ruffle my hair.
"Hey mate." He says.
"Where were you? I was so scared!" I slightly shout at him.
"Yer know me A'Chuimrigh I went fer a wee walk and fell asleep next ta a pine tree, and din nae get scared about me I always want yer ta be the brave and strong wee country yer are." He hugs me back.
"Well don't do that again and I will be brave and strong from now on." I say confidently.
"Fit yer mean from noo on yer always 'ave bin brave and your definitely strong because yer squeezing me so 'ard I can nae breathe."
I giggle saying sorry and let go of him getting off of him and moving to an empty spot on the couch.
"Well that's about the cutest thing I've seen all day," France Says and I only just remember she's in the room. "Just one question, Pays de Galles, where is everyone else?"
As if on queue the front door opens.

All the other countries walk into the living room staring at the scene in front of them.
"Albain!" North shouts and runs to give Scotland a hug, just like I did but a lot more gently. I smile at the scene and turn back to the other countries realising that England has a look of disappointment on his face. I roll my eyes. They just can't get along, can they?
"That's sweet as well," France says smiling happily she then turns to England her smile slightly falling. "How about you all watch the movie on the Tv as it has only just started and have a snack while I do something, sound good?"
"That sounds great!" Says Australia and everyone agrees. I stay on

my seat on the couch and Kiwi comes and sits next to me on my right and North and Scotland are to my left. Canada, America and Australia all sit on the other couch in the room. France stands up from the armchair and I expected England to sit down in her place but he doesn't, instead he starts to clean away some of the mess on the coffee table. He grabbed the two empty whisky bottles and wine glass and bottle of wine and putts them into the empty popcorn bowl. He grabs a few empty crisp packets putting them in the popcorn bowl as well. He grabs the bowl and takes it into the kitchen and France follows behind him. Once they walk into the kitchen I turn my head towards the TV now watching the film. I like Harry Potter But a few of the things in it scare me like the dementors and Voldemort and when that girl gets possessed by that necklace, when I first saw that I was so scared I refused to touch any jewellery for a month and that was when I was still in Britain's head so Britain also refused to touch any jewellery for a month, because if he got possessed I would get possessed and I was having none of that.

France's POV

I follow England into the kitchen, fiddling with my hands as I'm nervous for some weird reason. He puts the empty crisp packets in the bin and then puts the bowl and whisky bottles and wine glass and wine bottle next to the sink. He turns around and slightly jumps as he sees me standing right in front of him.
"Wow France you scared me..." he says.
"Sorry Angleterre I just need to ask you something." I say nervously.
"Sure what about?" He says adjusting his rectangle glasses slightly.
"... it's about Écosse..."

Thank you again for 1K reads!

French Translations:
- ***"Écosse = "Scotland***
- ***Un = One***
- ***Duex = Two***
- ***Trois = Three***
- ***Quatre = Four***
- ***Cinq = Five***

•Sept = Seven(six was spelt the same in English)
•Huit = Eight
•Neuf = Nine
•Dix = Ten
•Pays de Galles, = Wales,
•Angleterre = England

Welsh Translations:
•"Yr Alban!" = "Scotland!"

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales

Irish Translations:
•"Albain!" = "Scotland!"

We're getting into a variety of different languages now so I am very sorry if I got any of them wrong as I am an idiot that can't spell or speak when it comes to other languages as well as my own. so please tell me if I got anything wrong and I'll correct it.

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2354

Scars

[image]

No ones POV

England stared at France expectantly, almost raising an eyebrow.
"When he came home today he was in your shared room and he had a panic attack about his past, you already know what event," France said.
England didn't show much reaction. It's as if he already knew every word that was going to come out of France's mouth and he was bored already. This slightly annoyed France but she continued anyway. "I managed to calm him down and once I had, I asked him some questions, about the panic attack, but when I asked what caused it he wouldn't tell me, saying he wasn't ready," France took a slight pause to let her words sink in. "But he said that you know what caused his attack." France said and looked up at England waiting for an answer.
"Well of course I know what caused it," England says with a slight smirk. He just loves talking about things where he beat Scotland in a fight or made him suffer, just like everyone else he's ever beaten or tortured. He could go on for hours on end until him talking becomes a torturing method itself.

"Back in 1305 Smithfield, London, it was the day of the execution. The execution, that is, of 'The Guardian of Scotland', William Wallace,"
England grimaces at the name.
"This was during one of the first battles of The Scottish Wars Of Independence," It appears England was going to give a whole clarification on the historic event, even though that's not what France specifically asked for. "Wallace had come out victorious in many of his riots and battles, bringing shame to England and its strong courageous soldiers and civilians,"
France slightly rolls her eyes.
"We couldn't let him bring anymore shame to our country, so, we had to get rid of him. We hunted him down and he ran, hiding, but

he couldn't hide for long and eventually, he was caught," England almost had a smile on his face from the memory while France continued listening gloomily. "The great King Edward I of England had him hanged, drawn and quartered for high treason and crimes against English civilians. I fully supported this. I never knew what great effect it would have on Scotland though,"
France has curiosity, dread and guilt plastered on her face as England tells the story.
"Everybody, apart from humans, understand that when something happens to the leader of a country or someone special to that country that it effects them also but in the form of a scar."
France instinctively and involuntarily takes her hand to her neck and traces a thin cut going all the way around her neck. This was the scar she got from the French Revolution, one of the most bloodiest events in French history. The scar represents the people that were killed at the guillotine, some of the people being important while others were innocent citizens.

"Scotland has a scar from the event and I presume that this is what he saw that caused it." England takes quite a deep breath in from speaking so much and looks at France who is unaware that she is still holding her hand above her scar.
"Thank you Angleterre, but where is the scar exactly?" France asks.
"He hides it under his hat."
"Under his hat?"
"Yes this confused me as well, the scar Scotland got from the event doesn't have that much of a resemblance to what happened to Wallace but maybe that's because it would of killed him too, I mean, I don't think he would want his scar to be that he got emasculated too, that would be hilarious though and I could make fun of him for it days." England laughs to himself.
"Please Angleterre don't talk about that in front of me, I thought you had better manners than that," France Says slightly annoyed.
England has a small shocked face as his cheeks blush a shade of pink, out of embarrassment, he forgot his manners and did it in front of a lady, guess he spent too much time in Britain's head after all.
"I'll make sure to keep an eye on Écosse, thank you for the information." France turns away from England and begins to head for the exit that leads to the living room.

"No problem, France, but you do realise that Scotland's not the only one that's had a panic attack, right?"

France stops in her tracks turning back to England.
"What do you mean? Who?" She asks.
"Well... me, I've had panic attacks but I know how to calm myself down." England says.
France looks sadly at England.
"I'm sorry Angleterre, if you ever need to talk about anything I'm always free early in the morning." She says.
"Thanks France, your such a lovely country and I'll see if anything happens again."

They stare silently at each other for a few more minutes. France nods her head slightly and then turns walking out the kitchen in the direction of the living room.

England sighs to himself. He sees himself as being UK that's all he knew how to be, but now he has his independence and he's England. Inside though he doesn't want to be England. He feels as though he doesn't know how to be England. How can he be someone he hasn't been in decades, centuries even? How will he understand that he is not UK and is someone else? England clenches his fists as thoughts spiral through his head until he slouches down sadly at one of the thoughts. When will the feelings UK had for France leave him? The feelings of love... he isn't UK but he has all the same feelings as UK, the same thoughts and they stab at him, hurting him deeply. Why were none of the other kingdoms experiencing the same things? Why was it just him who had to suffer with his identity. England's head was throbbing and he rubbed his temples as he leaned on the kitchen counter, trying to make sense of the situation.
He doesn't even understand how it's possible. He likes someone else... his feelings are telling him two different things and it's such a painful and confusing experience. He just needs to ignore these mixed emotions with UK. He's worked too hard for the other country he likes to just stop trying completely. Way too hard. Everything is too hard. Life is too hard. England takes a deep breath in.
"I just need a break..." he says to himself, as he lets out a long sigh.

He walks to the living room door snooping at what the other countries are doing. They all sit on the sofas huddled together watching the first Harry Potter movie, one of England's favourites, although he would never admit it because it was one of Scotland's favourites too and he made it, so like he would ever say he liked something like that. He stares a little longer slightly distracted by the film. He then slightly shakes his head and slowly and quietly walks away unnoticed by any of the other countries.

He walks down the hall to his shared room. He opens the door with a slight creak and steps into the bedroom. He looks around for something to do. The room is clean so no need to do cleaning. He doesn't have a phone or any other type of electronic device as they were too expensive and unneeded. (*England is not a boomer, he's just too kind and scared to ask France because it's her money they would be using*). He doesn't feel tired so there is no point in taking a quick forty winks. He looks at Scotland's bed and sees a book lying on the duvet. '*He wouldn't mind if I just had a read through the first couple chapters, well he would mind but he doesn't have to know about it*' England thought to himself. He walks up to the bed picking up the book. He looks at the title and turns the book over quickly reading the blurb. Satisfied England goes to his bad and sits carefully soon it shifting until he's in a comfortable enough position. England opens the book and begins quietly reading through the book. No noise could be heard apart from the slight ticking of his watch next to the bed, but England found the sound quite relaxing as he read through the first chapter of the book.

Yay! A short and lazy chapter that doesn't make sense!
I am sorry if this chapter is confusing, I'm not good at writing when a lot of characters are talking and I'm more of the descriptive, poetic type.

French Translations-Nothing New:
•Angleterre, = England,
•Écosse, = Scotland,

Sorry for the slightly short chapter,I say this because I know I can write more but can't think of a good plot or no motivation.

Have a nice life!

Word count; 1496

I will get my revenge...Britain

[image]

Two days ago.... *(It's on Tuesday for those who skip the books or just can't remember. The last chapter was on Thursday. You good now? ...Understand? ...Yes? ... Good. Let's continue shall we?)*

The small human ran through the dark, dimly lit halls. There footsteps echoed off the hard floor throughout the long bending hallways. They slowed down as they neared a dark oak door that stood out from the grey metal floor and walls surrounding it. The small human knocked on the door. Silence. They knock harder on the door with annoyance. There were a couple more seconds of silence before someone grunted "Come in..." from the other side of the dark oak door. The small human twisted the cold silver door handle and in doing so, the oak door eerily creaked open. The Human stepped into the room, their chin high and back straight showing the importance of the situation. In front of him was a country whom sits upon a leather chair, their back turned to the human while they stared down at a map, reading a book as they trace different points changing positions of small plastic objects and string of multiple different colours on the map.

"What pointless news do you bring me this time?" The country grumpily asks the human.
"The United Kingdom." The human yells, a slight nervousness in his voice.
"What about him?" The country asks uninterested. The name of such a kingdom fills him with anger and annoyance.
"He's broken apart."
The country freezes halfway in moving one of the plastic models on the map. He faces the human, an unreadable look upon on his face.
"He's what?" The older country asks almost aggressively.
"He's broken apart, all of his kingdoms have received unrecognised independence." The human responds.
The country smirked a grim smirk. It sent a chill down the humans

spine but they didn't show any evidence of their fear, as they weren't allowed to, since this was their leader and it showed a form of weakness, Something no one whom was in high position and lead by this country was allowed to do in front of them, on strict orders. "This is perfect!" The country shouts out of joy and turns around walking to another map on the wall. This map was much bigger and more detailed. The country carried a thick red marker in his hand.

"For years I have been claiming land that he had already claimed or stolen from me in brutal battles that in some cases were quite pointless and unneeded," As the country said this he pointed to different places on the map, showing exactly where they had fought for the land of the United Kingdom, better known then as The Great British Empire. "I lost many battles against him because of the raw power and cunning tactics that he had learned how to use after conquering one quarter of the world, But now..." The country takes the lid of the thick red marker off and chucks it carelessly to the ground, where it makes clicking sounds as it bounces off the cold metal flooring. "He has split apart into four different countries," The country draws two lines on the mainland of The United Kingdom. "England," he says pointing to the south, and slightly east of the mainland.
"Wales," the country moves their hand west crossing over one of the red borders they had drawn on the map.
"Northern Ireland," the country takes their hand directly up to the north, West Point of the mainland, across the Irish Sea.
"And Scotland," the country says moving their hand right to the north and slightly east point of the mainland. "Now that the United Kingdom has split apart they won't have nearly as much power, at least... not enough to defeat me," the country says with a grin. "I will take the mainland to finally prove my power! To finally prove that I am greater than The Great British Empire!" The country raises their hands up in the air in triumph a broad grin plastered on their face.

"How will you do that?" The human enquires, their hand resting upon their chin.
The country turns and glares at the small human and they shiver as they realise this might of not been the best thing to say out loud. "You said they had unrecognised independence, yes?" Said the

country.
"Yes, apart from five countries, no one has recognised their full independence and still see all the countries as UK." The human confirms.
"Who are these five countries?"
"The family members of UK, France, New Zealand, Australia, Canada and The United States of America and the fifth country is Northern Ireland's older brother Ireland, of course." Said the human.
He receives a grunt of conformation in return.
"Some of those countries could be a problem... but by the time they react to the situation it will most likely be too late. We need to plan this carefully, sneakily and carry it out slowly..." the older country thinks out loud staring at the big detailed map. An idea sparks to his mind and he clicks his fingers, scaring the human in doing so.

"The island nations... We'll go for them first,"
The country then takes the thick red marker to the map once again, this time circling small islands.
"Montserrat...Turks and Caicos...Saint Helena...Bermuda...Anguilla...The Falklands..." the country keeps saying the small island nations circling them on the map, all around the seven continents until the map is filled with small bright red circles. The humans mouth is agape. They are surprised at how the country can remember where all these small islands are on a map.
"Once we have these, we go for the final four," The country says and proceeds to draw a big thick red circle around what was once the land of the United Kingdom. The country loops around the land three times, bulking up the circle. "The weakest of the four is most likely Northern Ireland as the land is not used for as much military equipment as the others, but we will not be able to attack as Ireland will defend his little brothers territory at all costs, it might even cause them to unite which will not be good for my case in getting much land..." the older country says deep in thought staring at the red circled countries.
The human is silently nodding their head agreeing on what their leader is saying.
"So, after taking the islands we will go for the second weakest, Wales." the country practically stabs the red marker on Wales' territory, leaving a red mark resembling a blood splatter.
The human almost jumps with excitement.

"Excellent plan! Truly the work of a genius!" The human exclaims.
"Why thank you, now go inform my soldiers, we shall go for.....Anguilla, first." The older country says, pointing to the island nation on the big map.
"Right away, My Leader." The human runs out the room. They shut the door carefully as they leave though, not wanting to start an argument with the country on how you shouldn't slam doors shut.

The Country walls to a big mahogany desk. They sit down in a black leather office chair. The country looks at a calendar on the desk. There eyes fly to Friday where, highlighted in red, it says 'UN monthly world meeting.'. *I'll wait for that meeting and the day after... that'll be the day we strike.* The countries eyes divert away from the calendar on their mahogany desk, landing on a picture contained in a dark brown marble decorated frame. They look at the picture and deeply laugh, resembling that of an anime villain, picking it up and holding it in their hands. It contained a picture of an annoyed looking Great Britain.
"This time I will get my revenge on you, my old friend."

And they snap the picture in half.

Who's that country?!

It's..... for another chapter!

So this is a slightly shorter chapter because I had an idea for a new plot as the story was getting kind of dry, so I hope this new plot will make it more interesting and feel like an actual story instead of some weird role play script or something like that.

I'm trying to keep this story alive. It's been quite the journey and we've lost some readers along the way, but we shall learn and thrive and continue this story until it is absolute shit and shall be read to the people in hell as punishment and...

I need to stop.

Sorry about that.

Let me know if you like the idea, I'm actually quite proud of it. UwU

Have a nice life!

Word count; 1461

World Meeting

[image]

No ones POV

It was the next day and the countries were all eating waffles for breakfast, courtesy of America. Although Canada didn't seem too satisfied with the texture. He solved the problem by, as always, drenching them in maple syrup. Wales watched him do it, curiously, and decided she wanted to try it too. She put a decent amount of maple syrup on her waffles and took a bite. Her face lit up at the sweetness.
"It's good isn't it?" Canada Said, smiling happily at Wales.
"Mmhmm!" Wales muffles as she shoves more waffle and maple syrup into her mouth.
Canada is happy that someone finally understands his love for maple syrup. Wales does have a sweet tooth after all.

Everyone's plates were empty, apart from Canada's and Wales' which still had some sticky golden syrup stuck to it. France looked in slight disgust thinking about how she was going to have to clean that later. Then her face quickly changed expression as she remembered something.
"Kids, you will not be going to collége today." France begins.
"What! Why?" Asks Canada and England at the same time and they both look at each other and chuckle.
"I almost forgot, but there is a world meeting today." Said France.
America and Australia moan of tiredness and boredom just from hearing the name. The meetings shouldn't be too long but because of the hostility and disagreement of everyone they drag on until your brain wants to practically explode from boredom. Canada had a tame expression on his face but you could tell he wasn't too pleased either. New Zealand was too busy daydreaming and didn't hear what France had said.
"Are we going as well?" Questions North.
"Oui, I have already informed Les Nations Unies about the splitting of your countries and he shall explain to everyone about it when

the meeting starts, to stop any confusion." Said France.

Wales looked excited. She loved making new friends! North looked happy as he knew that since it was a world meeting his brother would be there. England had a butterflies feeling in his stomach and he was slightly panicking inside, but managed to hide this very well developing the same look as Canada. Scotland leaned back in his chair with a sigh. He hates having to listen about other countries problems, but if it means missing school he doesn't really care where they're going.

"When does the meeting start?" Asks Canada.
"It starts at nine and right now it is..." France looks at the clock hanging on the plain white dining room wall. "Seven, So everyone should go get ready. Try to dress as formal as you can." France Says, directing the last part at America and Australia.
"Traditionally, that means I need ta or should wear a kilt or would yer prefer me not ter?" Asks Scotland.
France thinks for a bit before answering.
"Well, it's really up to you Écosse. It's not up to other countries to judge you for your traditions or culture."
England is disappointed by this answer but doesn't say anything.
"That's a very good point," Scotland says and then turns to England. "I'm happy someone finally understands that it is my culture and not fer yer ta judge." He adds on, slightly squinting his eyes at England.
"Okay go get ready now, everyone." Said France.
Everybody started to get up from their seats and New Zealand looked at his mum confused.
"Ready for what?" He asks.
France sighs slightly annoyed.
"You weren't paying attention were you?"
New Zealand looks away guiltily and mutters a quiet "no."
Australia chuckles and France rolls her eyes.
"We have to go to a world meeting, Nouvelle-Zélande, so go and get your nice white polo shirt and your pretty blue tie, okay."
New Zealand looks up at his mother and smiles.
"Ok Mummy!" And he starts to run out the room. As he runs through the door he pauses, turns back and runs back into the dinning room again.

"Sorry for not paying attention." He says and runs out the room again heading to his room and everybody else followed suit.

Time skip

France stood at the front door waiting for everybody to get ready. She wore a black jumpsuit, as she didn't quite feel like wearing a dress, it was tight around her showing her beautiful figure and she had her black beret placed slightly sideways on her head. She wore her hair in a low bun, so she could get her beret on, with curls coming down at both sides of her face. She had a midnight blue handbag with the strap over her shoulder.

Canada and America were the first to appear. Canada wore a burgundy suit with a white tie and his hair combed to the side with his brown raccoon fur hat placed gently on top. America wore a suit with stars and planets on it. You can tell he didn't like wearing suits and whenever he had to, he was going to choose the most ridiculous design. He wore his black sunglasses that hid his eyes, like usual, on his face and they glistened under the light on the ceiling. He had his hair combed like Canada's, minus the hat and slightly gelled to look spiky.
"When I said to dress formal I didn't mean pick one of your silly suits, Amérique." Said France with her arms folded.
"But it's one of my nicest and you have to admit I look cool in it." America protested.

They waited a couple more minutes and all the other countries came through.
Australia wore a beige suit with a silly alligator tie. He still had his savannah hat on but usually he takes it off during the meeting.
New Zealand had his white polo shirt and a light blue tie with some black trousers. His hair was slightly scruffy but it made his outfit look better.
North also wore a white polo shirt but with a red tie and grey trousers. He had his small crown on his head witch had been freshly polished and he was adjusting ever so often not quite sure it was in the right position or angle.
Wales wore a light green knee length skirt, as England would never allow her to wear something shorter, and a long-sleeved white blouse with a black thinly laced bow tie at her collar. Her hair was

down and resting on her shoulders.
Scotland wore a traditional Scottish outfit. A green kilt with a kilt pin, belt and buckle, sporran, black jacket with a white polo shirt, black tie, kilt hose, garter flashes and Ghillie Brogues. There's a lot more to Scottish outfits than most countries would think. He wore his blue and green tartan hat as always and his hair was quite messy as he didn't bother brushing it.
England wore a black suit with a black tie. He had his rectangle glasses polished and was wearing a black fedora on top of his pristinely combed hair.

"You all look gorgeous!" France said cheerfully. "Now, are we all ready to go?" She asks.
Everybody nods their heads.
"Brilliant, Amérique can you take your car as well because mine isn't big enough for all of us." Asks France.
"Yeah sure, who do you want me to take?" America Asks.
"Canada, Écosse and Angleterre, please." France replies.
France then unlocks the door and holds it open while everyone walks out. She steps outside making sure shes got everything and then locks the door. America unlocks his car, climbing into the drivers seat. Canada gets in the passenger seat and Scotland and England get into the back. It's a weird experience for them. They've never physically been in a car before, only when they've been in UK's head which doesn't really count. They get confused with their seatbelts and have to have Canada lean back and explain how their meant to use them, it takes a while but they eventually get it.
France unlocks her car and has to help Wales and North with their seatbelts before climbing into the drivers seat with Australia sitting next to her in the passengers seat and New Zealand sits in the middle seat at the back. She starts the engine. America does the same with his car. France drives off first and America follows behind.

When they arrive

They arrive at a tall, striking, glass building. The windows shine in the sunlight, cleaned to perfection. At the bottom of the building sits a grand carpark with at least 200 parking spaces. There are trees and a variety of flowers outside the building, all are the

different national flowers of the countries of the world. Some new flowers are growing there, a daffodil and a rose and some weeds are growing there too, a shamrock and a thistle.

France drives into the parking lot, America still following behind her and she looks for a parking space. She finds two empty spaces and parks there, with America parking next to her. Everyone gets out the car shutting the doors behind them. Both the cars lock with a click and slight flash of the lights. The countries look around the car park. Other countries were arriving and walking into the building, some stopped to have a conversation with each other and others glared or gave each other the finger before heading in the opposite direction not wanting to see each other.

"Everybody stay close and don't get into any fights with other countries and tell me if your going somewhere where I am not." Says France.
Everyone nods their heads.

They all walk together into the building. Some countries stare, why wouldn't they? There are new countries after all and UK wasn't with France, it was very confusing for them. A country walks up to them almost as soon as they enter the building. It was Brazil.
"Olá everyone!" He says.
He wears a black suit with a yellow tie and has his hair tied into an incredibly bushy ponytail.
"Bonjour Brésil, I assume you've already met the new countries." Says France.
"Sim, I have met England and Scotland but I haven't met these small two." Brazil says, gesturing at Wales and North.
"I'm Northern Ireland, North for short." North slightly adjusts his crown, showing that he's nervous.
"I-I'm Wales." Wales says anxiously.
"It's nice to meet you both! I like your crown North and your wings are awesome Wales!" Brazil says, boosting the confidence of both of the small countries. He's a teacher so he can easily tell when young countries are nervous.
Wales stretches out her wings happily and accidentally knocks Australia in the back the head making him yelp and his hat falls off.
"Oh! Sorry Australia!" Wales says guiltily.

Australia picks his hat up off the floor and dusts it down before putting it back on his head.
"It's okay mate, I've been hit in the head many times before. Easy mistake." He says.

They all continue to conversate and some other countries come over to say hi and be introduced to the new countries. During one of their conversations, though, Scotland gets a weird feeling. He feels as though they're being watched. He elbows England, who at first is annoyed, but after Scotland lip syncs 'I feel we're being watched' England gets the same feeling 'I feel that too, keep an eye out' he lip syncs back. They both nod to each other and turn away slightly looking around the room before joining back in the conversation.

In the background somewhere in the room a country watches them.
So they share a strong enough bond to pass the same feelings to each other. I'll remember that it might come in useful.

Scotland was right. They were being watched.

Another chapter, yay!

We've got a few more translations so I'm sorry if I get any of these wrong.

French Translations:
•collége = school
•"Oui, = "Yes,
•Les Nations Unies = The United Nations
•Écosse = Scotland
•Nouvelle-Zélande, = New Zealand,
•Amérique = America
•Angleterre, = England,
•"Bonjour = "Hello
•Brésil, = Brazil,

Portuguese Translations:
•"Olá = "Hello
•"Sim, = "Yes,

I Wonder who the mystery country is???
Hope you enjoyed the chapter!

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2041

The Evil Little Notebook

[image]

Frances POV

I check the time on my silver watch, a gift Britain had got me on my birthday. It makes me sad when I see it, but it makes me feel close to Britain when I wear it.

8:45

We should really be heading into the meeting room and grabbing our seats now. I look around. Britain's countries are still with me, as they didn't really have anywhere else to go, so is New Zealand and Australia. Canada and America are not here though, they are off talking to their friend Mexico, although it looks like America and Mexico are trying to prove why they are the best country while Canada is just stuck in the middle. I wave my hands slightly and grab Canada's attention. I mouth the words 'we're going to the meeting, now.' while pointing to the meeting room. Canada nods and waves us off mouthing the words 'okay, I'll be there in a second just need to sort theses two out.' I nod my head.
"Okay everyone it's time to get our seats, this way and stay close behind me." I say and start walking to the door with everyone following behind me.

We walk through the door into the meeting room.
Seats are circled around the room on different platforms apart from the back wall where five flags are displayed: NATO flag, EU flag, ASEAN flag, AU flag and the UN flag. In the centre of the room is a big platform with a podium and another five seats off to the side, where the unions sit waiting patiently for all the countries to gather in the room. There were countries already in seats across the room and countries that were only just coming to sit down. Countries stared at us from all around. I can already tell what they're thinking,
Where's Britain?
Who are these new countries?
Why do most of them resemble Britain in some

way?
Why is France with these new countries?
What should I have for dinner tonight?
Okay I think everybody would be thinking the last one but the first four would be the most specific.

I walk down the steps, making sure everyone is following behind me. I get to the third row from the bottom and walk along it. There are nine of us in total, so I count nine seats and then sit down. New Zealand sits down next to me, then Wales, Northern Ireland, Australia, England, Scotland and two empty seats for when Canada and America arrive.

No Ones POV

The seven countries all sat in a row along the seats. France was wondering how long Canada and America were going to be, as the meeting was going to start soon. Wales, New Zealand and North were happily chattering to each other playing I spy. Australia was petting the small lizard he snuck into the meeting so he wouldn't get bored. Scotland was getting very annoyed at England who was unconsciously tapping his foot repeatedly on the ground out of nervousness. He wouldn't stop doing it and now the sound was going straight through Scotland, it being the only thing he could focus on. So Scotland grabbed England's leg harshly, scaring the hell out of England, and Scotland proceeded to give him a glare when England looked at him. England blushes and looks very embarrassed and shoves Scotland's hand away and rests his head in his hands. Scotland rolls his eyes and turns in the opposite direction resting his chin on his hand as he looked at the other countries seeing if he knew any of them.

As Scotland looks something catches his eye. Another country. Staring directly at him. All Scotland can see is the countries eyes staring back at him as a hood covers the rest of their face, a mask they wear covering the bottom, to make sure none of their flag was showing. It's getting slightly unsettling now and they're being awfully rude when you think about it. Scotland turns to France. She sits five seats away from him so he has to speak a bit louder so she can hear.
"An Fhraing," he says grabbing her attention. "Who's that country

sitting over there?" Scotland points over his shoulder, still looking at France.
France sits up straight looking to where Scotland pointed.
"What country? Nobody's there?" She questions.
"What?" Scotland mutters under his breath and he turns to look back at where the country was...
but nobody's there.

Scotland stared at the spot in confusion.
Did he just imagine all that?
How did they move away so quickly?
Why were they watching them?
Scotland wanted to know the last question the most. He cared for the people sitting with him, even if one of them annoys the hell out of him. They are practically his family, even if they're not fully related and even if he acts like he doesn't trust any of them, which is kinda true. They're still the closing thing he's got to family.

Scotland was about to say something to France, when the door to the meeting room got kicked open with a loud bang. It was none other than the loud, obnoxious, surprisingly strategic, United States of America in his silly star and planet suit. Almost all the countries went silent staring at America, who was posing with his hands on his hips as if this was at a photo shoot, with a very embarrassed Canada beside him. The unions all stared disappointedly at America apart from NATO who appeared to be enjoying the show. Canada lip synced a small 'sorry' to them and UN just nodded his head in understanding, as if he was expecting something like this to happen, and pointed them to their two empty seats, where an annoyed France sat with the other countries. They both walked down to their seats. Canada sat next to Scotland, who was again looking at the spot where the mystery country was while trying to figure something out in his head, and America sat next to Canada on the isle seat. France looked at her son.
"Amérique, we will talk about this later." She said slightly glaring at him.
America was in big trouble now.

Canada looked at Scotland who was staring around, but not with curiosity with suspicion. Scotland had concluded that the mystery

country couldn't of just left the room that quick. They were still here. In the room. Somewhere...
"You okay Scotland, you look a little concerned?" Canada asked. Canada always worried about other people's mental states and wanted to make them feel better to the best of his ability, he would make a great psychiatrist or some type of therapist when you think about it.
"Oh...Um, yeah, I'm fine just looking around..." Scotland replied, scratching at his hat.
Canada could tell something was wrong but just assumed it to be out of nervousness. This was Scotland's first world meeting after all.

Chilling in a corner of the room, a country wrote some notes in a notepad. They had four names Written on the notepad: *Wales, Northern Ireland, Scotland, England.*
They each had their own column with notes scribbled underneath. The country took their pen to Scotland's column and wrote,
be careful: observant and cautious of others around him.
Then the country had an idea. A way in which they could use this to their advantage and they wrote it down in their evil little notebook.

Wow! I'm not too sure if I like this chapter, I feel like I'm giving myself extra work. Nah, I'm just lazy, I'll continue doing stuff like this. It's a lot more fun than homework I'll tell you that!

Gaelic Translations:
•"An Fhraing," = "France,"

French Translations:
•"Amérique, = "America,

This chapter is shorter than others because I'm only really ever posting chapters on weekends, but I was bored and didn't want to do homework so I wrote a chapter on here. I guess this just proves that procrastinating and homework are good sometimes.

Have a nice Life!

Word count; 1344

You Don't Trust Me?

[image]

Thank you guys for 2K+ reads on my book!
I really appreciate it and I'm happy you guys are enjoying it and have made it this far in the story!

Let's continue, shall we?

No ones POV

More countries walked into the room as the clock was ticking closer to when the meeting would start. America already looked bored and was slouching down low in his seat. He was itching annoyingly at his suit, which to him was very uncomfortable. England was tapping his foot again but stopped when Scotland kicked him hard on the ankle. France and Australia has joined in playing I spy and they were all smiling happily playing the game. Canada was looking around the room, giving a gentle smile and waving at some of the countries he made eye contact with.

The Unions were discussing things between each other. ASEAN stopped the discussion showing UN the time on his watch. UN then proceeded to stand up and walk to the podium, on the stage. The countries sitting in the seats around the room gradually fell silent as he stood at the podium, waiting patiently for everyone's attention to be on him. Once the room was entirely silent and everyone was paying attention. The meeting finally began.

"Hello, countries of the world!" UN spoke into the microphone and his voice loudly bounced off the walls of the room. UN's voice was quite unusual. He represented most of the countries of the world so he had developed an indescribable accent, although you could understand his English perfectly.
"It is good to see that you all could make it to the meeting, we have much to discuss and I'm sure you have much to say," UN moved his hands about as he spoke, almost like he was the conductor of an orchestra. "The first thing we shall speak about today, and I'm sure

you have all noticed this, is the new faces in the room,"

Almost all the countries turned their heads in the same direction looking at the British countries. England gave a slight nervous smile and straightened his posture. Wales shyly tucked her wings away and was wishing she had something to cover her horns with. North readjusted his crown again, something he always does when he's nervous, but I'm sure you know this by now. Scotland gave a death glare to everyone who dared to make eye contact with him, in this (for the British countries) very awkward situation.

"Where are these new countries from? I can tell your asking," Said UN, trying to make the start of this meeting interesting to the best of his ability. "Well, unfortunately, these are the four kingdoms of The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. To simplify it, the UK has fallen apart."
There was a silence across the room as slight gasps could be heard and everyone tensed. They couldn't believe the United Kingdom has finally fallen apart. He lived such a long life and to such an old age, it was hard to even imagine that such an amazingly successful country like him could ever end. France looked like she was on the verge of crying at the mention of her beloved husband. She managed to keep herself together by taking deep breaths and not wanting to make her children upset too. Her children, however, were all experiencing the very same thing as her at that moment. It's hard talking about a lost loved one, but no matter what; you will one day experience that feeling. If not. Someone else is experiencing it for you.

"It is up to you, however, to decide if you will recognise the independence of these new countries or not, but I'm sure they would appreciate a recognised independence." Said UN, breaking the silence.
Damm right I would mate, fit do yer think I've been doing all ma bloody life. Scotland thought to himself with his arms crossed and a slightly annoyed expression on his face.
Some counties whispered to those around them nodding or shaking their heads in response to each other.
"Our next focus of discussion, which has been heavily requested by the humans, is the issue of Climate Crisis."

As UN said this a handful of countries let out moans and sighs of annoyance and boredom.
"Why the fuck do we even bother with this?" America mumbled under his breath and slouched down lower in his chair.

Time skip-I ain't gonna bore you with a whole meeting description

Countries queued to leave the room talking about the stuff they discussed. The meeting had lasted eight hours! Not including a one hour break they had in between and it was now nine pm. France, her children and the British countries were all waiting for the queue to die down before they were going to leave. They watched all the countries slowly leaving the room. It was taking a while. Scotland was looking in the crowd when he saw them. It was that country that was staring at him and had then disappeared! So he was right they didn't leave the room! The mystery country then saw Scotland looking at him and they made eye contact. The country wasn't wearing a mask anymore but still had their hood up obscuring most of their face. They smiled evilly at Scotland with sharp teeth and then began to run off. Scotland's instincts kicked in and he wasn't really thinking anymore. The only thing he knew was that he had to get to that country before he lost them again and he started to run after them.

Scotland's POV

I ran after the country. I had to know what their problem was and with that evil smile their definitely up to something. I push past America and Canada.
"What the hell man!" America says when I push past him.
Canada looks at me confused and slightly concerned and America looks at me annoyed.
I ignore them and start to make my way through the crowd. It's at times like these that I'm slightly thankful for having my childhood practically taken away from me by my dad, just so he could train me to be an enduring and vigorous country, that knows how to fight. I manage to find gaps in the crowd and slide through them, all while keeping track of the mystery country who seems to be doing the same thing. I begin catching up on the country and they appear to of noticed that and are beginning to panic. They then grab a country that just so happened to be walking by and push

them towards me.

The poor country falls down and I have to stop to catch them.
"Thank you." They say.
"Na toir iomradh air," I reply. The country looks at me confused at what I just said and I roll my eyes, barely anybody knows my language. I glance up to see the mystery country getting further away. "Duilich." I say and I sit the country on the ground and run off after the mystery country yet again.
I'm running faster this time, determined to catch up with them. They notice me and grab another country passing by. This time they are much more violent and punch the country in the face, from where I was, it looked like they got hit directly in the eye. Rookie place to punch but painful enough to make the country nauseous and leave a black eye later on. The country proceeds to, yet again, push them in my direction, with a lot more force this time too. I can't waste any time though and have to jump over the country as they fall. I continue to chase the mystery country.

We're near the entrance to the building, now and there are no other countries around this area. I assumed they all stopped to help that country that got punched in the eye and I don't blame them but I was focused on something else so I couldn't help them like I did the other. We both sprint. They're still ahead and I'm still slightly further behind. If it wasn't for them pushing countries around, I would of caught them by now. I pick up my pace and I gradually get closer to the country. They pick up their pace too. We run closer and closer until we both run out the door practically at the same time. Then I get a huge pain in my head and instinctively cling onto my head waiting for the pain to go. Once it finally leaves I look up and the mystery country is gone.

"Fuck!" I shout out loud. I lost them. After all that effort. I fucking lost them and now I've got a sore ass head and exhausted legs from all that running. Why does my scar just have to hurt at the most inconvenient times, at least I think it was my scar, although I'm not too sure. I walk back inside the building. I walk along the hall, that a couple of seconds ago I was sprinting through. As I walk I then come across a scene of countries looking angrily at me, while they surround the country that got punched in the eye, who is passed

out? He really got knocked unconscious from that? It must of not been his eye then, I guess I miss-judged; easy mistake. The countries surrounding them, though, do not look happy.
"Scotland, Why did you do this?!" England shouts pointing at the unconscious country.

"I did nae dae that! I was chasing the country that did dae that!" I shout angrily at him.
How can he just instantly accuse me of something like that? He doesn't have any evidence that that was me.
"Don't lie to me Scotland." England said.
"Lie?!" I say almost laughing. England knows damm well I hate lying unless it is necessary or personal. "Why in hell would I lie about this?!"
"Écosse s'il vous plaît, the country is really hurt, just admit that you did it."
That shook me. I stare in genuine shock. They all look angry or disappointed. They really think I did this? They really don't trust me? After I trusted them. I've changed since breaking away from UK but I guess I can't escape from myself then. I almost laugh. I practically giggle in front of them and they all look at me like I'm insane, but I couldn't care less at this point.
"Yer really think I did this?" I say with a slight laugh, but I'm trying to keep myself together.
"I knew you getting your independence would be a bad thing. But I didn't expect you to go so low as to hurting other countries." England said.
I laugh out loud. I've never been good with getting the blame on things. Actually screw 'never been good' I absolutely *hate* it. But I was taught not to show weakness or sadness so what else could I do except show utter madness?

It scares almost all the countries in the room otherwise they were looking at me like I was a maniac. I really don't care anymore. They can blame me, I. Don't. Care.

Then I see in the back of the crowd UN. He stares at me with a look I don't quite understand, but it brings me to my senses.

"Feumaidh mi a bhith nam aonar..." I say. I turn around and quickly leave.

"Yr Alban yn aros!" I hear Wales shout but I'm already out the door and running.

I start running along the road back the way we came. I don't care if she's miles away on foot. She's the only thing that ever makes me feel better in situations like these. I just need to get to the forest to see her at the small lake.

(??????)'s POV

I stand at the edge of the building chuckling to myself. That worked better than I could of hoped for. I guess I don't have to stick to what I've planned exactly, plus this is way more fun.

Bzzzzzzzzzzzrrrr

My phone vibrates in my pocket interrupting my thoughts. I look at my recent messages and chuckle with a smile plastered on my face.

'Anguilla has been conquered.'

Thank you for 2K+ reads again! I really appreciate it!

I am sorry if any translations are wrong please tell me if I did get any wrong and I'll make sure to change it.

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•"Na toir iomradh air," = "Don't mention it,"
•"Duilich," = "Sorry."
•"Feumaidh mi a bhith nam aonar..." = "I need to be alone..."

French Tramslations:
•"Écosse s'il vous plaît, = "Scotland please,

Welsh Translations:
•"Yr Alban yn aros!" = "Scotland wait!"

Ooooo I wonder what the mystery country is planning?
Poor Scotland doesn't like being picked on, a bit of childhood trauma for him.

Word count;2151

Prickly like a thistle, lucky like a clover

[image]

Wow that's a long title, just like this chapter!

Wale's POV

"Yr Alban yn aros!" I shout, chasing after Scotland.
He runs outside the door and I'm trying my best to keep up with him but my legs are too damm short. Oops, I didn't mean to swear. Shut up Wales this is more serious, your friend, that feels like family, is hurt and confused about his emotions again.
I feel bad that Scotland can't seem to understand his emotions, no matter how hard he tries. So I need to be there for him. To help him feel better and understand that it's alright to show your emotions and feel these things.

I slam the door open and run outside. Scotland is nearly out the car park already. I'm way too slow to keep up with him. On foot that is. I stretch out my wings and being to flap them up and down, letting them feel the air. I jump while pushing down with my wings beginning to fly off the ground. But before I even get one metre above the ground, Something grabs my wing and pulls me down. I land hard on the tarmac and I can feel a pain beginning to form in my tail bone.
"Owwww" I moan.
"I'm sorry Wales but it's not worth it."
I look up to see England looking down at me. I'm fed up with him at this point. He knows that Scotland hates lying unless he's got a good reason to lie, and I don't see any reason for him to lie about hurting another country. There were a few more countries standing behind him watching the show, North, Kiwi, Australia and France being in between them.

"First of all, that hurt. Please, don't do that again. Second of all, Yr Alban is innocent and you yourself know that!" I clenched my fists. I

didn't mean to shout but I'm getting annoyed. I hate seeing countries upset. I even feel bad when I see upset humans.
"Wales, I know what you mean and I know that you care for Scotland and that's really good. But you know what he was like when we were with Britain. He was hostile and always trying to start a fight. He's dangerous and sometimes, just can't be trusted." England says. He doesn't even sound like he's trying to be sympathetic.
"You really don't trust him? I thought you both changed for the better? Remember that one day at school-I know I wasn't there specifically but Canada was telling me, since I asked him-after PE and when you got hurt with that volleyball, you two seemed to be getting along really well after that?" I looked at England like a puppy dog begging for food. I just want him to see the good in people for once. The good in Scotland. Scotland just doesn't know how to show his good side, that's all.
England looks at me, an unreadable expression on his face and I know I've hit him hard.
"Look, Wales I..." England pauses trying to find the right words to say. "I know that Scotland is practically family and I know that you and North love him like a brother but sometimes we just have to accept the fact that people aren't always who they say or appear to be,"
I look away from England and down at the ground. Is he right? No...he can't be right? I just don't know anymore too much is happening. I can feel myself trembling and my eyes are becoming wet with tears beginning to form.

I guess England sees my pained expression because he decides to say.
"I'm willing to give Scotland a second chance, Wales. After all, I suppose I love him like a brother as well, but I'm not admitting that. We'll give him time to himself and just not mention it. Okay?"
I look up at England with tears slowly rolling down my face. I force a small smile and nod my head. England stretches out his arm in an offer to help me up off the ground. I grab his hand and he pulls me up with more force than expected and because of my wings positioning, I fly off the ground for a couple seconds and then come back down. Once my feet hit the tarmac, I giggle slightly, much happier now.

"Can we possibly go home now?"
Me and England both turn to see an annoyed Northern Ireland looking back at us.
"I thought you were going to try and find your brother?" Questions England.
"I was but I'm too tired and hungry to even bother at this point." North replied.
Me and England chuckle. North is just so lazy sometimes.

"Are you all okay now?" I hear France ask quietly and sweetly.
I look towards her and can almost immediately tell she feels guilty about what she said to Scotland.
"Yeah Ffrainc we're okay and ready to go home now, if you are that is." I say as soothingly as I can.
France looks at me and smiles sweetly but weakly.
"I think I'm ready to go home as well, I just need to go and find Canada and Amérique, wherever them two- or more one troublemaker-are." Said France.
"I saw Kanata chasing after Amerika in the direction of the snack bar." Says Kiwi.
"We'll check there first then," France said, ruffling Kiwi's hair which made him giggle and I couldn't help but smile, I love to see countries happy and smiling and laughing, it always makes me happy.
"Angleterre, you are more than welcome to wait at the car, if you want."
England thinks for a moment before saying.
"Thank you France, I will accept your offer."
"We will go then, see you soon!" France Says and we all walk back into the tall building waving goodbye to England.

No ones POV

The small group of countries walk away from England into the tall, cleanly polished building, in search for the so called American troublemaker and the hockey loving Canadian.

England walks by himself to the car but stops halfway, in the middle of the carpark. He feels eyes looking upon him. The same feeling he had with Scotland when they were waiting for the meeting to begin. England lifts his head up looking around the car

park. He doesn't see anything. Just a few countries leaving the building, getting into their cars, or still having a conversation. England does a full 360° turn. Slowly. Making sure to scan the area for any movement. He spots something.
A strange country looking at him.

The country mostly wears dark black clothing. A hood covers most of their face and they wear a mask to cover up any part that might of showed at the bottom. England can only see their eyes staring back at him. He's frozen with shock and curiosity, staring at the mystery country. The mystery country then lifts up their hand. They wear black leather gloves. Their hand reaches up to their mask. They grasp onto the mask and pull it down. England is too far away to see any of the colours of the countries flag and he's quite annoyed by it. The mystery country then gives him a evil, sharp toothed grin. They then mouths the words 'Watch out...'

England instantly turns his head to see a car coming straight at him. England thinks fast and jumps out of the way, landing hardly on his side, but he's too full of adrenaline to feel any pain at the moment. An angry blue, white and red country sticks their head out the window of the car. (*good luck trying to figure out the country*) "¡Vigilancia los puto autos!" They yell angrily at England.
(Translation below in this sentence ⬇)
England ignores that comment, mostly because he knew Spanish from when Britain fought the Spanish empire, they told him to 'Watch the fucking cars' and to be honest he probably should of been. Good thing that mystery country warned him or he would of been flatter than a pancake...
The Mystery Country!
He looks to where he saw the mystery country, but they're gone.
Dammit!
England thinks to himself. He stands up and brushes himself down, dust particles flying off his neat suit. *I'll need to put this in the laundry and have a shower when we get home.*
England stretches and a pain travels all the way up his spine, causing him to hiss in pain and drop down his arms to a position in which doesn't hurt him. *Who in the bloody hell was that?!* England thinks to himself annoyed.

England walks to America and France's car. He doesn't have the keys so he just leans against America's car. His back and shoulder are aching and he wishes he could get into a hot shower to clean the tarmac dust off him and rest his mind. England then thinks back to when he was shouting at Scotland and he thinks about the country he just saw he remembers Scotland shouting back at him 'I did nae dae that! I was chasing the country that did dae that!' Then he connects the dots.
Damm it I was such an idiot!
England almost punches America's car out of rage but managed to stop himself before he could damage it. England lets out a sigh and brings his hand to his forehead thinking about this new information.
England you idiot! You hurt Scotland and you know he can't handle stuff like that because of his father! I've probably given him huge trauma or something and he has no one else to talk to! He has no family and you have no family, hell! No one United with Britain seems to have family, except North and he can't seem to ever get to talk to his brother because he's always somewhere else in the world!
England takes a deep breath calming himself down. He tastes blood in his mouth. He'd been biting his lip so hard he had bitten into it. He feels his lip with his pale fingers. The cut stings and he takes his hand away. He looks down to see his white fingertips now stained crimson with his blood. He sighs and leans his head against America's car. There is too much going on in his head right now.

Scotland's POV

I reach the edge of the forest completely out of breath. I don't even remember the journey here and my head is throbbing with thoughts, each one nastier than the last. One of the thoughts stand out more than the rest. It's an image of my dad. All I can hear is his voice.

'...Look at you...
...Pathetic...
...I taught you better...
...Weakling...
...You let me down...
...I can't believe you're my son...

...You don't deserve independence...
...I told you to not show weakness and look what you did...'

"Stop!" I lean against one of the trees. "Please...stop..." I can feel tears forming in my eyes. I need to get to Nessie.

I stumble through the forest like a drunk person, tripping over branches and steadying myself against the trees. I was too distracted by the sound of the voices in my head to hear the sound of someone's footsteps close to me in the forest....

I see the small clearing and small lake and I run towards it. I stumble to my knees down by the water. I whistle the sweet tune.....Nothing happens. I whistle the tune again.....Nothing. Not even an air bubble. I begin to breath heavily.
"No...No...No,No,No,No,No," I mutter to myself. I try to whistle the tune but I'm panicking too much and I can't get the notes right. I begin to feel tears well up in my eyes and that just makes the voice of my dad mock me more.
'Not even your closest friend cares for you!'
He laughingly mocks me. I feel hopeless. I slowly drop down onto the ground, sniffling. What am I even feeling? I don't understand what's going on. I need to stop crying but I don't know how. If my dad was here he probably would of smacked me for showing weakness. I really did fail him. All I wanted to do was be like him. More tears fall down my face. I don't understand what is going on with me.
"Albain?"

That voice. There's no way. I sit up within seconds and turn around, and sure enough, he's standing there.

Oooo what a nasty cliffhanger!

Welsh Translations:
•Mewn gwirionedd, mae'n rhy gas = In fact, it's too nasty

French Translations:
•Je t'ai bien = I got you good

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Leanamaid = Let's continue

Also this is where the shipping begins if you do not like then you can stop reading, I will see you in the next chapter!

Well what are you waiting for?
Keep scrolling, you'll get their eventually. (□∀□)

Ireland.

I must be hallucinating or I'm mentally disordered. Probably both with the way I'm feeling right now.
"F-Fit are y-yer doing here?" I ask him. I try my hardest not to cry and it leaves a horrible feeling in my chest. I don't understand why this feeling won't go away. But there's another feeling there and it's confusing me even more.
"Albain, I saw everything that happened at that meeting. I...I wanted to make sure you were alright. So I followed you here. You can run really fast." He says the last part with a bit of a laugh and the other feeling I don't understand goes crazy and it feels like it's fizzing in my chest. I'm so confused by it.

"Well you don't look good at all. In fact. I don't think I've ever seen you cry before." He says.
I instantly have memories of the time my father would hit me when I cried saying
'No son of mine cries like a weakling.' If I'm being honest not even I can remember the last time I cried. The memories of my father hitting me for crying scares me and I think Ireland is about to do the same.
"M-Mas e do thoil e..." I mutter.
Ireland looks at me confused.
"Cad?"
He starts walking towards me and I instinctively flinch.
"Albain..." Ireland stops. *It's his father. He told me how badly he was treated by his father, I have to do this slowly.*
I watch Ireland like a hawk. Getting ready to doge any attempt he makes at hitting me.
"Albain I'm not here to hurt yo-"
"Dae nae lie, yer dae nae trust me so I can nae trust yer." I interrupt him. I just want to be alone. I don't need anyone right now. It always ends with me getting hurt.
"That's not true Albain, just let me talk to you." Ireland begins taking slow steps towards me and my breathing instantly picks up pace.
"Hey, hey calm down." Ireland keeps walking towards me. I dig my fingers into the ground, wanting to take the fear away.
"Èirinn please stop." I slightly beg him and my dads voice instantly

appears in my head.
'Begging? Pathetic.'
Ireland doesn't stop. He keeps on taking steps towards me.
"Èirinn stop!"
He keeps walking towards me.
"Stop!"
He keeps getting closer and I try to move back but my hand goes straight into the water of the small lake.
"No Albain, I just need you to listen."
I'm really starting to panic. He's getting ever so closer and my chest is exploding with all these different emotions that I just don't understand and it's messing with my head. I just need Ireland to go away and the emotions will stop...right? But something inside me wants him to stay...
"Stad!" I shout at him.
He doesn't respond just keeps walking closer. A few more steps and he'll be above me.
"Stad!... Stad!... Stad!...Stad!" I shout over and over but he doesn't stop. I feel tears in my eyes. I don't know what's happening. I've never experienced anything like this before and I'm just so scared.
"Feuch an stad thu!" I shout and hear the water splashing behind me.

Before I know it I'm being lifted up by Nessie's tail away from Ireland. She places me on her back. I put my head on my knees and begin to cry.

Ireland's POV

I watch as the beast raises out the water. The famous Loch Ness Monster is right in front of my face. I blink a couple times not sure if what I'm seeing is quite real. Once the monster puts Scotland on its back, it swings its tail and splashes me with a wave of water. Yep. Definitely real. Oh, I know! What was it that Scotland called The Loch Ness Monster.....Nessie!
"Wow, Albain. I never knew that the crazy story's that you went on about were true," I say.
He stops crying and I can tell I've got his attention. "I must say she's quite a magnificent animal."
"She's more than magnificent, Èirinn," Scotland says slightly looking

up at me. "She's the only family that has nae broken me."

That hit me hard. 'The only family that has nae broken me' I repeat his words in my head. I feel bad for how long he was stuck with Britain. It must of been hard. I remember how sad I was when I left him and Britain but I tried to be close allies with Britain for him, just so that even though I couldn't see him, I knew that he was there, and that was enough to keep my heart beating strong.
"Her names Nessie, isn't it?" I slightly ask.
Scotland now fully looks up at me.
"Aye, just dae nae call her a monster or she'll give yer a trip ta the bottom of the Loch." He says the last bit with a slight smile. It doesn't last long, but it's a beautiful smile nonetheless.
"I see you talk from experience?" I ask smiling at him.
"Aye, except that was actually at Loch Ness n' that is way deeper than this wee lake." He says with a slight chuckle and I can't help but chuckle with him. I forgot what his laugh sounded like it's been so long.
"She must have quite the temper." I joke.
"Yer got that right." He says with a laugh.
I'm happy I've managed to calm him down, but he's still slightly shaking.
"What's it like sitting on her back?" I ask. I want to get up with him so I can comfort him more. I've been longing to do it since the day I saw he got his independence.
"It's quite amazing and she's surprisingly warm even though she's been in the cold water fer so long." He responds.
I stare at Nessie only to find that she's squinting her eyes at me, as though she's judging if I'm worthy. I didn't know she did that and it's quite intimidating, not gonna lie.
"She doesn't seem to trust me." I say quite anxiously.
Almost immediately Scotland and Nessie look at each other. It's almost as if their talking with their eyes. Nessie then leans her head closer to Scotland and he strokes her. They both look cute together and I must admit I'm slightly jealous.
"It's okay lass." I hear Scotland whisper to her.
Nessie hums in return. It's a mystical and mysterious hum, something you would expect from such a magical and rare creature.

Nessie moves her head and looks at me. She slowly brings her tail

out of the water towards me. I am slightly panicking inside.
"Dae nae worry mate, she's very gentle." Scotland must have seen the slight panic on my face.
"I-If you say so..." I slightly stutter.
Nessie then wraps her tail around my waist. I can see what Scotland means about her being so warm even though the lake water is freezing. I should know, she splashed me with the cold water earlier on. Nessie lifts me high up into the air. I look down at the ground, watching as it turns from solid dirt and grass to the midnight blue waters of the small lake. I would of thought Nessie would place me down on her back gently, like she did with Scotland, but that was not the case. I'm still pretty high in the air above her back when she decides to drop me. I fall down. I land on her back, surprisingly, I land on my feet but because of the slippery skin of Nessie, combined with the water, I loose my balance and begin to fall.

I yelp, waving my arms as if I'm going to find something to grab onto. But before I fall any further my hand is quickly grabbed by none other than Scotland himself. We stare at each other and I can feel my face slightly heat up. Scotland then pulls me up. I stand steadily, getting used to being on this new surface. Scotland chuckles at the sight of me and I turn and give him a glare before slightly laughing myself. Scotland then walks to the edge of Nessie's back and sits down. I do have to say. Nessie is absolutely enormous. I walk over to where Scotland is and sit down next to him. We both stare at the rippling water as Nessie's fins push it back keeping us afloat. Scotland let's out a sigh and I look at him, slightly concerned.
"Tapadh leat a charaid." Scotland says.
The fact that he only called me a friend kind of upsets me, I feel like we have a much stronger bond than friends. Or at least I want to be more than friends because that's how I feel when I see or talk or even just think about Scotland.

No ones POV

Ireland puts a smile on his face.
"No problem, Albain."
Scotland looks at him and smiles. They both have a slight shade of pink on their faces.

"I..." Scotland begins to say but he seems hesitant to continue. "I'm sorry about what happened at that dumb meeting. There was too much going on in my head and I didn't know what to do...I guess the voices won this time."
Ireland looks sadly at Scotland. Scotland's head is hanging low with the guilt and sadness at the memories of the meeting.
"Albain, don't you dare say sorry!" Ireland says slightly angrily.
Scotland looks surprised at Ireland's anger.
"None of that was your fault. I know you don't tell lies, I don't think I've ever heard you lie. I also know for a fact that if you were to hurt another country it would be because they hurt someone you cared for, not because you just felt like it!" Ireland grabs Scotland's hand and places his hand on Scotland's cheek, making Scotland look at him. He's being really serious and wants to show Scotland that he cares and has cared all his life.
"And if those voices you're hearing dare to come back you tell me and I swear they will not speak again!"

Scotland and Ireland both stare at each other, their hands intertwined as they look into each other's eyes. Their chests fizz with butterflies neither one of them knowing what to do. The stars dance above them reflecting in both of their eyes making them sparkle. It's almost hypnotic. They both slowly lean closer, barely in control of their body's. Their heartbeats in sync. Their faces are only a few centimetres away from each other. Both lost in trance at the others sea blue and clover green eyes. Ireland uses up all the confidence he has and leans forward. Their lips crash together. At first Scotland's knocked back by the shock, having little to no experience and generally being confused, but he manages to become dominant, putting his hand behind Ireland's head as he pushes back against his sweet lips. They stay together a few more seconds before pulling away for air. Both look at each other dreamily.
"You have no idea how long I've been waiting to do that." Ireland says resting his hand on Scotland's cheek as he, once again, stares deeply into his eyes.
"I didn't know how much I needed to do that." Scotland says leaning into Ireland's hand on his cheek.
Nessie hums and the two love birds see her with an almost smug look on her face. She sprays them with a slight drizzle of water.

Scotland and Ireland both giggle.
"I'm tired now." Scotland says.
Ireland chuckles and takes off his coat.
"Come on then." Ireland says.
Scotland leans on Ireland's shoulder and Ireland places his coat over him.
"But you're going to get cold." Scotland tells Ireland worriedly.
"Don't worry about me." Ireland says and strokes the side of Scotland's face with his hand.
"If you say so, but I'll make sure to hug you extra tight so you don't get cold." Scotland then wraps his arms around Ireland snuggling into his shoulder before closing his eyes. Ireland looks up at the stars one last time, a smile on his face. He then leans his head on top of Scotland.
"I'll protect you no matter what the other countries say." He whispers sweetly.
And he kisses Scotland on the forehead.

Well I tried to write a ship chapter, Hope you enjoyed it and this is not meant to offend anyone.

There's going to be so many translations.

Welsh Translations:
•"Yr Alban yn aros!" = "Scotland wait!"
•Ffrainc = France

French Translations:
•Amérique = America
•Angleterre = England

Maori Translations:
•Kanata = Canada
•Amerika = America

Irish Translations:
•"Albain?" = "Scotland?"
•"Cad?" = "What?"

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•"M-Mas e do thoil e..." = "P-Please..."
•"Èirinn = "Ireland
•"Stad!" = "Stop!"
•"Feuch an stad thu!" = "Please Stop!"
•"Tapadh leat a charaid." = "Thank you friend."

Thank you for reading my book I hope you enjoyed this chapter it's a long one so please tell me if there are any mistakes, thank you!

Have a nice life!

Word count; 4362!

Love and Hatred

[image]

Warning: Scotland and Ireland shipping for the first 14 Paragraphs. If you do not like please skip these paragraphs. There will be small shipping of it throughout the book, though. It is not meant to be offensive in any way.

Enjoy!

No ones POV

The light was dim as the sun was only beginning to rise. The trees in the forest danced in the gentle wind. It was quiet, apart from the occasional call of a bird or trotting of a deer and many other peaceful sounds created by Mother Nature. The water of the small lake rippled smoothly and elegantly, adding to the touch of the mystic clearing. The new couple was still fast asleep laying on top of Nessie. Nessie was also asleep peacefully. She lay at one of the shallowest points of the lake on the soft gold sand. She would usually sleep at the deepest point, but because of Alba and his-In Nessie's opinion-annoying friend, now boyfriend, she had to sleep there so they were both above the water. She didn't mind though, she liked the company. After all, the kelpies can get quite annoying back home.

Just then Ireland began to wake up. (*I couldn't think of a better way to describe this okay.*)

Ireland's POV

I blink my eyes a few times, beginning to wake up. I lift up my head and instantly receive a pain in my neck, which fully wakes me up. Guess that's what I get for having my neck craned over while I was sleeping, I should of seen it coming.

The sound of birds tweeting tells me that I'm still in the forest. Thank god. I almost thought last night was a dream, it was just the

perfect and most happiest moment in my life. Speaking of last night. I look down and sure enough, Scotland is still fast asleep leaning peacefully on my shoulder. I'm surprised we managed to stay in the same position for the whole of the night but that's most likely because of Nessie's great balance and the size of her. She is the best mythical creature I've met so far and I would love to meet more.

My attention falls back onto Scotland. He looks adorable. His favourite hat has managed to stay on his head, although I wouldn't be bothered by it coming off, I already know what happened. His arms are still slightly wrapped around me, clinging to my shirt. The coat I gave him still sits on both of our shoulders. I take the coat off of my shoulder and move it so it sits fully on Scotland's shoulders, acting as a blanket to keep him warm. I stroke my hand down the side of his face. Oh, what a beautiful face. A face that I have longed to kiss for so many years and finally, my wish has been granted, but I still long for more. I replay last night in my mind. I was so nervous but I built up all my courage and leant forward for the kiss. I was worried he would react badly and push me away, but he did the complete opposite and leaned into the kiss as well. His lips tasted as sweet as sugar and when he put his hand behind my head, stroking through my hair, it sent shivers throughout my body. I felt alive. I had been waiting for that moment to happen all my life and I was now experiencing it. It felt unreal, almost too good to be true. Scotland stirs and snuggles his face into my shoulder and it sends my heart racing. I don't want to wake him up. He looks so peaceful, but I can imagine everyone will be worried at Scotland's disappearance.

"Hey," I slightly whisper. "Albain, it's time to get up." Scotland sighs which then turns into a yawn. Oh my god his yawn is cute. He stretches his arms out above his head. The coat falls off his shoulders as he does so. He then stops stretching and looks at me tiredly.
"Madainn mhath." He says and smiles at me, a warm blush on his face.
"Madainn mhath to you too handsome," I say smiling and ruffling his hair, making sure not to knock his hat off. "Did you have a good sleep?" I ask him.

"Definitely with your company, it's the first night in a while that I haven't had a nightmare..." Scotland says the last part quite worriedly and looking down at the ground sadly. I grab a hold of his hand and slightly squeeze it to show that I understand what he's feeling. Scotland needs to be reminded about his feelings a lot. He doesn't quite know how to feel and doesn't really show his emotions unless you're family or a good friend. I'm glad to know that he trusts me so much he's come to love me because I certainly love him.

Scotland looks at our intertwined hands and then looks at me and smiles sweetly.
"That doesn't matter though, did yer have a good sleep?" Scotland asks me.
"I had a surprisingly amazing sleep but I think that's because of you being with me. And Scotland if it's bothering you then it is more than important, it is serious, as it is hurting the one that I love."
I put my hand on Scotland's shoulder as well as squeezing his hand with my other hand and lean my head forward as I say this, giving more meaning to the words I'm saying.
"You're so cheesy," Scotland says and playfully pushes away my face.
Guess I'm not sneaking in another kiss. He must see the slightly sad and longing look on my face because he then leans forward and gives me a small kiss on the cheek.
"But thank yer for being concerned about me, you're about the only one who ever is."

Scotland stands up, picking my coat up as he does.
"Where are you going?" I ask him.
"Well I'm assuming yer woke me up because yer wanted ta get going?" He says looking down at me with a hand on his hip.
"Sea," I say and stand up myself. "Will we go to your place first?" I didn't really want to ask that question because of what happened yesterday evening but it was necessary information that I needed to know.
Scotland looks down slightly and I can see his breathing change to a faster pace. His fists are clenched and his face is blank with his eyes open wide. I don't want him to have a panic attack so I think fast. I walk up to him and put both my hands on his face. We are the same

height so we stare into each other's eyes yet again.
"Albain, I know it can be scary," I begin saying. "But you cannot let fear rule your life, I know your father told you not to show fear but that is not going to benefit you in any way. I'm sorry that you do not understand the way you feel most of the time, but look what you did last night. You listened to your heart and you felt happier and had a good sleep, which as you've been saying, hasn't happened in a while,"
Scotland stares at me with a mix of emotions on his face.
"We will go to where you're staying and if anyone makes you upset or annoyed in the slightest, we will go straight to my house. Do not be scared, it was not your fault and no matter what, I will protect you."
I see tears beginning to form in the corners of Scotland's eyes and it breaks my heart. He drops my coat that he was still holding and hugs me tight. He doesn't make a sound but I can tell he's crying by the fact that my shirt is becoming wet with his tears. I wrap my arms around him hugging him back tightly.
"Tapadh leat." He says quietly.
"Fadhb ar bith." I whisper back to him.

I stroke my hand through his hair, making sure not to knock off his hat.
"We better get going now." I tell him gently.
Scotland let's go and looks me in the eyes again. His face is wet with his tears. I lift up my hands and wipe the tears off his face.
"You're so brave you know that." I say comfortingly. He lets out a slight laughable sigh *(if I described that correctly)* and gives me a small smile.
"Yeah right, yer just want me ta kiss yer." He says raising his eyebrow.
He's right. I do want a kiss but I also am concerned about him and just want him to know that I feel that way.
"I guess you got me on that one." I reply with a slight laugh.
He lets out a small chuckle and we both smile for a little while.
"Come on then, I'll help yer doon," Scotland says and reaches his hand out for me to grab.
I quickly pick up my coat and put it on and zip it up. I then grab Scotland's hand. We both smile at holding the other's hand. It gives me such a nice and warm feeling in my chest.

Scotland whistles a small tune. Gradually Nessie lifts up her head, looking quite annoyed that we woke her up.
"Sorry that I woke yer lass. Just wanted ta get onto dry land." Says Scotland.
Nessie hums and gives a nod of understanding. These two have their own language, and I can already tell I will never get use to it.

Nessie lifts her tail out of the water. I expected her to come and wrap it around me and Scotland, but no. Instead she plumps part of her tail on the dry ground. She's using it as a bridge. I instinctively squeeze Scotland's hand. That does not look safe to me at all.
Scotland turns towards me.
"Looks like it's my turn ta protect yer," he teases. "Dae nae worry I've done this millions of times."
I still don't feel safe but I'll do it for Scotland.

We walk to the beginning of Nessie's tail. Scotland goes first with me following closely behind him. Are hands are still together and I squeeze his hand tightly. I do not want to fall into the water. I like to take my time when getting into the water so I know what is in it and if it's safe. Otherwise I get mass thalassophobia, it's not serious but I just want to be safe in the water. You never know what's lurking beneath the mucky waters of lakes and seas. We make our way ever so gradually. I can tell that Scotland has done this a lot at a much faster pace but is slowing down for me and I'm grateful for that. We reach the end and Scotland jumps down with me following after. I take a few breaths. Feels good to be back on solid ground.
"See that was nae so hard," Scotland says.
I give him a small glare. He knows I didn't enjoy that.
"I'm just joking with yer. Yer did a good job," He says and strokes his hand through my hair.
That little motion always sends shivers of pleasure down my spine.
"Come on then, I'll show yer the way."
He begins to walk off. I jog up next to him and grab his hand.
"Don't want to get lost." I say.

~Time Skip~

No ones POV

The two countries walk along the street, their hands still

intertwined. Both had a warm feeling within their chests. A faint pink blush was present on both of their faces. They walked in silence, each lost in their own thoughts. They pass by a couple more houses before one of them stops, the other country he's with following suit.
"This is it." Scotland says, his head hanging low.
Ireland squeezes Scotland's hand looking at him kindly and lovingly. Scotland smiles gently back at him and they both begin walking to the front door.
"Are we gonna tell them?" Scotland asks.
"Tell them about what?" Ireland reply's.
"Our.....Our relationship." Scotland's face heats up as he says this. He won't ever get use to talking about that.
"Hm I'm not sure," Ireland thinks out loud. He never really thought about how the other countries might react until now. "It's up to you, we can keep it private for as long as you like but they will have to know at some point."
"I guess you're right..." Said Scotland. "I think we'll wait until later on in the day and then tell them." Scotland didn't quite like the idea of telling the other countries but Ireland was right. They couldn't just keep it a secret forever, the other countries would find out eventually.
"I like that idea," Ireland says. "But it means that I won't be able to hold your hand," Ireland says slightly sadly. Ireland let's go of Scotland's hand and they both stare at each other outside the front door to France's house.
"So~" Ireland strokes his hand down the side of Scotland's face, again.
Scotland couldn't deny. He liked it when Ireland did this, it made him feel calm. Ireland brings his other hand behind Scotland's head and slowly closes in. Scotland would of stopped Ireland but he was lost in those mystical green eyes.

Their lips touch each other once again. The butterflies in both of their chests flutter around madly in an amazingly enjoyable feeling. They both pull away, not wanting anyone to see.
"Yer idiot," said Scotland. "I'll let that one slide but yer have ta earn your kisses, mister." He scolds Ireland.
"It's not my fault you're so pretty." Was Ireland's reply and it made Scotland's face quickly heat up. Ireland smirked at the sight of his

love.
"Well, please hold back your urges until we tell everyone." Scotland says.
"Will do."
Scotland then rang the doorbell of the small but cosy house. It took a couple seconds before the door opened with a *click*. Standing in front of Ireland and Scotland was the sweet Canada.

Canada looked at Ireland and then at Scotland. A surprised expression fell upon his face as he looked at him.
"Scotland! Are you okay, you just ran off and didn't come back?" Canada asked. He did it in such a way it wasn't overwhelming or sound as though he was freaking out.
"Aye Canada, I'm...I'm okay. I just needed some time ta get ma thoughts together..." Scotland responded.
Ireland wanted so badly to grab Scotland's hand and comfort him, he knew it was going to be hard for Scotland to explain what he went through. But alas he couldn't until everyone else had been informed that they were in a relationship.
"I understand Scotland we all need time to ourselves in hard and confusing situations," Canada said sweetly and he's instantly earned Irelands respect. "Sorry for ignoring you there Ireland I hope you're doing fine, just got a bit distracted by Scotland's sudden appearance, we've all been slightly panicking, as you can imagine."
Scotland is surprised by Canada's words. He didn't think anyone would care after what happened at the meeting.
"That's okay Ceanada, I entirely understand that you would be worried about Scotland's disappearance. And I'm doing fine thank you." Said Ireland.
"That's good. You can come inside I'm sure everyone will be happy to see you." Canada said smiling brightly. He opened the door widely for the other two countries. Once they were both in the house, Canada closed the door and locked it with the house keys.

Ireland looked around the house curiously. This is the first time he'd been in France's and UK's house, although it was now just France's. The reason for this is whenever Ireland and UK met for discussion it was always somewhere other than their houses, like a café or a park. Ireland doesn't really know the reason why but it never bothered him or UK.

"Everyone's in the living room watching a movie." Said Canada as he stepped in front of Ireland and Scotland, walking towards the living room. Ireland took his chances and grabbed Scotland's hand. They both made eyes contact and Ireland mouthed the words 'you got this' to Scotland. Scotland have him a warm smile which Ireland returned and they both let go of each other's hands as they followed Canada into the living room.
"Hey everyone! Guess who's come back home!" Canada yells happily.
Everyone in the room turns their heads towards the three countries. Scotland's heart instantly drops down at the sight of everyone and he's slightly panicking. Ireland has to stop himself from pulling Scotland into a hug or any type of affection that will calm him down and he's really annoyed by it. Everyone either gasps or stares in slight shock.
"Yr Alban!" Wales shouts and she instantly jumps and glides cross the room using her wings. She lands in front of Scotland and pulls him into a tight hug while she cries. "I'm so, so, so sorry I wanted to comfort you but you were too fast and I didn't want to leave everyone else at the building." Wales slightly extends the truth. She didn't want Scotland to know that England stopped her from chasing after him, as it was not going to help their friendship at all.

Everyone soon followed Wales in saying sorry to Scotland and welcoming him home. Instead of running to Scotland, North ran to his brother, Ireland, and hugged him tight. They had a small conversation in Irish before North went to hug Scotland and say sorry. The last country to talk to Scotland was England. Ireland tensed as he saw England walking towards Scotland. He wanted to punch him in the face for the stuff he accused Scotland of doing at that meeting, but he also feels guilty for the fact that he didn't stand up for Scotland when the argument was happening. Everyone watched the two countries. They both had a cold stare on their faces.
"Scotland," England began. "I have to admit, what I said was harsh and if I could I would take some of those words back. I jumped to conclusions and I didn't think of the consequences. I hope that you can forgive me but if you do not wish to, I understand."
This might of sounded like a sweet apology if it wasn't for the fact that England said it with a blank expression on his face and in a

monotone voice. It was like he wasn't even trying in the slightest to be sympathetic. It was like he was afraid of apologising.
"I thank yer far your apology England. I know how hard that must of been far yer...apologising," Said Scotland. "But I unfortunately can nae accept your apology." Scotland said that with a cold look on his face.
England barely reacted to Scotland's cold glare, he already knew it was coming that's why he barely bothered with the apology. There was a minute of silence.
"You must be hungry Écosse." Said France Breaking the silence.
"Um...Aye I guess I am." Scotland replies.
"Bien because nobody has had breakfast yet, so I will get started on that." France then headed off into the kitchen.

Everyone was yet again standing in silence. The only sound being the tv in the background with the movie still playing.
"Do you want to watch the movie with us? We're watching Over The Hedge" Wales asks sweetly. Scotland would of said yes but he just didn't feel comfortable right now.
"That's sweet A'Chuimrigh and I would love ta watch that with yer all but I'm just nae really feeling like that right noo" Scotland tried to say this as sweetly as he could.
"Okay, I understand." Wales was sad but she knew that Scotland wasn't in the best state of mind right now, after what happened last evening.
"I think I'm gonna head down ta our room, if yer need me." Scotland said to Wales.
Wales nodded her head in a yes motion and then went to sit on the couch again to watch the film.
"I'm going to stick with Albain for now." Ireland said to his little brother.
"Okay." North said and gave his big brother another hug.
England didn't like the fact that Ireland was staying with Scotland but didn't say anything as it would surely lead to fight if he did. Instead England just walked into the kitchen hoping to help France make breakfast.
Scotland and Ireland began walking down the hall and the rest of the countries sat down to watch the film.

Warning: Scotland and Ireland shipping from this paragraph

onward.

Scotland's POV

Me and Ireland walked down the hall to my shared room. I opened the door, letting Ireland walk in before shutting it.
"So this is where you all sleep?" Ireland asked looking at all the beds.
"Aye," I replied, I rummaged around in a suitcase filled with the clothes I got, picking out an outfit to put on. I turned around and looked at Ireland. "Yer did a good job back there."
"Doing What?" Ireland questioned.
I rolled my eyes. "Yer idiot. Yer did a good job at nae holding ma hand or hugging me or just showing any affection."
"Ohhh" Ireland said realising it now. He laughed at his stupidity. Oh god that laugh. It makes butterflies flutter everywhere in my stomach in a warm fuzzy feeling that Ireland told me is love. He's so damm cute.
"Here." I say and I chuck him a plain green shirt and some blue jeans.
"What?" He asks confused.
"We're still in our fancy clothes from last night yer idiot, you're supposed ta get changed." I tell him.
"Right, right makes sense."
He's so clueless sometimes.
"The bathroom is down the hall. It's the last door on your left, okay?" I ask him.
"Why do I need to go to the bathroom?" He asks.
"Ta get changed." I say like it's the most obvious thing in the world.
"Oh, I thought I'd just do it in here." He says and he takes his shirt off in front of me.
My face instantly heats up. His right side is green, his middle is white and his lest is orange, just like his flag. His figure is amazing. Ireland catches the distressed, blushing look on my face.
"Like what you see?" He asks and smiles at me.
"W-What," I quickly divert my eyes to a random spot in the room. "No...I mean, I'm nae trying ta be mean, you have a good figure but it's just... too fast." I can't struggle to use the right words.
"Oh, I understand. I'll try and take it slowly from now on." Ireland says and puts the green shirt on. He picks up the jeans and walks to

the bedroom door.
"Last door on the left, right?" He asks.
"A-Aye." I still can't get the image of him out of my head.
He opens the door and walks out, shutting it behind him. I let out a quick sigh and begin to get dressed.

I put on a plain grey shirt and my black hoodie. I didn't quite fancy wearing a kilt today so I put on some dark navy blue trousers. I sit down on my bed for a bit, just staring at the ceiling. Until there is a knock on the bedroom door.
"Come in." I say while standing up off the bed.
The door opens and Ireland is on the other side.
"I didn't know if you were still getting changed, just wanted to knock first." He says.
"Thanks, I just need some time. It's all new ta me." I reply.
"I understand," Ireland says.
We both smile at each other.
"But I don't think I'll be able to go back out there and pretend I don't love you." Ireland says.
I think about his words for a few seconds.
"Fine, we can tell them after breakfast." I say slightly grumpily but honestly I'd much rather be known as a couple so I could hold Ireland's hand for the rest of the day. It gives me comfort.
"I like that plan better than the first one." Ireland replies.
"Yeah, well you're a lucky clover and always seem ta get your way." I say.
"And your attitude is as prickly as a thistle." Ireland reply's.

~At breakfast because this chapter is getting long~

No ones POV

"Breakfast is ready!" France called throughout the house and all the countries came into the dinning room. On the table were France's famous crêpes. France has also set up a fourth chair for Ireland. All the countries sit in their normal seats and Ireland is sat in a spare seat next to Scotland.
"Tuck in everyone, there are other things to go with the crêpes, if you want them."
Everyone happily eats the crêpes, having small conversations between each other.

~Short time skip, we are at 4189 words~

Everyone had finished the crêpes and were still sitting at the table chatting happily. It wasn't a school day so they all had plenty time for discussion. Then the question came.
"Iwerddon, why were you with Yr Alban when he came home?" Asked Wales.
Scotland and Ireland looked at each other as a silence fell upon the room, waiting for a response.
"Well, I guess I'll explain," Ireland says. "When Albain ran off, I was worried for him so I followed. I found him in the forest upset. He was confused and scared and it pained me to see him that way. I talked to him gently until he fully calmed down. We sat together and watched the stars," Ireland took a deep breath. "Albain and I have always had a strong bond between each other." Some of the countries in the room could already see what was coming while others listened intently. "We have been friends for as long as I can remember and I was beginning to feel something else whenever I saw him. I didn't know that Albain was experiencing the same thing...Until that night... Everything seemed perfect and peaceful and we were finally sitting together. We looked into each other's eyes and before we knew it..."
Ireland pause, thinking about what he was going to say next.
"...We kissed..."
Everyone reacted in different ways.
Wales's let out a high pitched squeal and her eyes sparkled, she was definitely enjoying this.
New Zealand has a slight look of disgust on his face, *ewwwww they kissed,* he thought.
North had a smug look on his face, since he had already known Ireland and Scotland loved each other.
France and Canada both smiled sweetly and Australia and America both made a 'OHHHH' face, if you understand what that face looks like, I don't know how else to describe it but they were surprised nonetheless.
England was infuriated. He already hated Scotland and Ireland's relationship and now they're a *couple?* He wanted to leave the room or have an argument with someone, just something in which he could express his anger, but he didn't. He did nothing. If anything, he could feel a little sadness in his chest but one thing was for sure.

He hated their relationship.

Okay next chapter I will stop focusing on the Ireland and Scotland shipping, sorry it got slightly out of hand, I just really enjoy the ship. ε-('∀ ` ;)

Irish Translations:
•"Albain, = "Scotland,
•"Sea, = "Yes,
•"Fadhb ar bith." = "No problem."
•Ceanada, = Canada,

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Alba = Scotland
•"Madainn mhath." = "Good morning."
•"Tapadh leat." = "Thank you."
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales

Welsh Translations:
•"Yr Alban!" = "Scotland!"
•"Iwerddon, = "Ireland,

French Translations:
•Écosse." = Scotland."
•"Bien = "Good

Great another super long chapter! I hope you enjoyed, even though I've been quite lazy with it. I will try and build up the plot a bit better in the next chapter, so get ready for that!

Have a nice life!

Word count; 4694!

Another Territory Gone

[image] [image]

??????'s POV

I walk across the land of my new territory. Yet another successful mission. My boots crunch in the snow. I walk up to a small country on their knees crying. They are in their military uniform, or what's left of it. They sit in the cold snow of what use to be their land. I stop in front of them and they look up at me with sad eyes.
"Don't worry South Georgia, you're in good hands now," I say. I stick the sharp end of my sword up to the countries throat. Their eyes widen with fear. They go silent at the pressure on their throat but tears still quietly fall down the countries cheeks. What a weakling. She fought but she failed and now she belongs to me.
"I will have mercy on you. As I do not kill children," The country had a look of relief on their face.
"But you will follow my orders and the men and women that live on your land, which is now mine, will be used in my military. Understood?" I ask them coldly.
"Y-Y-Yes." She stutters.
"And we will be changing your flag. The sight of Britain's flag disgusts me." I say and move my blade away from the small countries throat.
"O-Of course." The small country replies.
"Stand up now,"
She slowly stands up, shivering in the wind.
"You will be coming on my ship home. You will pick out some spare clothes and you will not speak unless you are spoken to. You will be accompanied by who I assume to be your twin brother the South Sandwich Islands, who experienced the same fate as you. I will discuss what I am going to do with you when we get back to the island, am I clear?" I ask her sternly.
"Y-Yes." She shakily replies.
"Good, this way."

I walk forward towards my boat, the small country following

shakily behind me. After about 20 minutes, we arrive at the coast but before we can step on the gangway, I'm stopped by one of my men grabbing my arm. I turn around and give them a death glare.
"Why do you grab me with your filthy hands?!" I shout at them.
"S-Sorry... my leader." He quietly stutters shrinking away from me.
"It does not matter now but *never* do it again,"
The human nods his head slightly trembling.
"What news do you bring me then." I ask almost bored.
"Your guest has arrived at the island for the meeting, my leader."
A smile slowly appears on my face.
"Good, we will be going then, I trust that you will be able to sort out this new land with the rules?" I ask while putting my sword away in its scabbard.
"Of course my leader, we already have with all nine of the South Sandwich Islands." He replies with a shaky smile.
"Excellent, contact me when you are done," I say and wave my hand ordering the soldier to go away. I turn back around to look at South Georgia. She wears a classic up to date uniform, although it is ripped from the fighting, with crimson blood splatters around the torn fabric. She shivers whenever the wind blows. Her hair is short and blows gently in the wind, covering her face but she doesn't bother to move it away, she's to busy folding her arms trying to keep warm. I step aside from the gangway, staring at the small country as I say.
"You go first, I can't trust you not to stab me in the back."
She takes small steps to the gangway, still shivering and rubbing her arms trying to warm up. She begins to walk up it and I follow behind her. I'm quite annoyed at the pace she's going but for some reason, I decide to say nothing. We finally make it to the deck and I waste no time and head straight for the helm of the ship. I would of ordered one of my people to steer the ship but there are strict rules that say no humans are allowed on Patriam Island *(I couldn't think of anything better so if you have any ideas please say so for a chance for it to be in this book and to help me, thank you)* unless they have special permission from one of the unions and United Nations himself. Hey, I'm not that evil. I still follow the rules otherwise my rule would be taken away and I would be replaced with my son or daughter-if I had one-or they would have to create another version of me, which I do not like the sound of. I get the boat ready and begin to sail off in the direction of Patriam Island.

I just want to apologise for any mistakes I have made on naming the parts on the ship, as the last time I went on one I was very young and I don't remember any parts and am not an expert, so sorry about that.
(￣▽￣)

No ones POV

While the country-which I cannot name for certain reasons- is steering the boat towards Patriam Island, South Georgia is walking around the rather large ship trying to find spare clothes. She walks through one of the halls of the ship. She no longer shivers because of the ships temperature and protection against the wind. She nervously treads along peaking her head into any rooms. She's honestly surprised with the amount of freedom she has to roam about the boat, however she has a feeling that will change when they get to Patriam Island.

She walks up to the next door and opens it to see none other than her twin brother sitting on an uncomfortable looking metal bed staring out a window at the blue sea. He wears a plain white top and grey leggings, guess the country, whom shall not be named, doesn't have any fancy clothes. He has no shoes just some dark grey socks that have a few holes in them, showing his dark blue skin. He turns his head at the sound of the door opening expecting to see the country that brutally took the nine islands that make him up, but instead he sees his twin sister staring back at him with wide eyes and blood splatters across her shredded uniform. He instantly stands up and runs towards his sister.
"South Georgia!" He slightly shouts as he runs to her.
They both embrace. South Sandwich Islands makes sure not to hug too tightly or he might hurt South Georgias wounds even more.
They pull out of the embrace. South Georgia is older than South Sandwich Islands by a couple minutes, in human time, but he still managed to be taller. He looked at South Georgia's wounds.
"We need to clean those and get you some bandages." He says as he examines how deep they are.
"I'm th-the old-d-der one brother, you d-don't need to l-l-look after me." South Georgia stutters.
South Sandwich Islands looks at his twin sister in the eyes with the

'parent look'.
"First of all, you're only older by a couple minutes, well, for human time at least. Second of all, I know how you feel but you just fought in a war against a country much more advanced than you, and it has left you injured, plus you can barely speak! As your twin brother it is now my duty to look after you until you have recovered." He says, crossing his arms and raising his chin.
"O-Okay then." Says South Georgia.
"Come on, this way." South Sandwich Islands says and walks out the room, South Georgia follows sluggishly behind.

~Time skip, they are arriving at Patriam Island~

??????'s POV

The boat gradually goes over the waves and Patriam Island is in sight. The hard part is making sure that no one notices the fact that I've just took over two small countries, although they're seen as one country in many cases and share the same flag. They are twins after all. So far I've been lucky enough for no countries to notice because they mistake me for the British. I've made the islands look the same way, even though the rules and laws have changed and so far, it's worked perfectly. I need to have this meeting if I want to get the next island, though.

I slowly drive my ship to my private pier *(I'm sorry if I got this wrong, it doesn't sound right to me)*. Every country gets their own space for a boat. It was arranged since every country had a boat so they were able to visit their country whenever they needed or wanted, but fights would break out because there wasn't enough space or 'this country stole my space.' even though it didn't belong to them in the first place and I'm kind of glad for that, otherwise this would of been a lot harder. I steer the boat safely into the pier and dock it. I leave the helm and go to the deck. I stand and wait. Soon enough South Sandwich Islands and South Georgia appear from under the deck. They both wear the same clothes and I wouldn't be able to tell the difference between them if it wasn't for the hair and gender differences. They walk cautiously towards me. I roll my eyes.
"Hurry up I have a meeting to attend." I order them and they immediately pick up pace obviously scared of what I might do if

they were disobedient. We walk down the gangway. While we walk down it, I explain to them the rules of which they must follow.
"You speak to no one unless I allow you to.
You follow my rules with great obedience and no questions.
You will stay in the room I give you.
No fighting and no revolutions, if you are caught planning either of those things; you will be punished"
I tell them a few more rules and explain how they should behave when we get back.
"Any questions?"
"Wh-"
"I said no questions!" I turn around at shout at them. The terror on their faces pleases me and I smile wickedly. "Is that understood?"
"Yes." They both say in sync.
"Good."
We turn and walk for about ten more minutes and then my house is in sight.

It's a simple house not like some of the other rich countries like Qatar and Switzerland and others with their mansions, although some rich countries decided to live in small cottages. It all depends on the countries taste. We all enter the house and I lock the door with the many locks that I have on it. On the inside the house is just a normal building with all the ordinary things you would find in a house, but in the office room is a bookcase. You have to pull a certain order of books off the shelves and the bookcase opens like a door to-what I call-my secret lair. Y'know, like the movies. The two small countries watch with curiosity as I pull books off the shelves. I put the last book down and the bookcase opens, swinging to the side. The twins look on surprised. I roll my eyes and walk down one of the many metal halls of the house. This one being a slope that leads down, underneath the house.

The metal clanks after each step we take. We take a left, a right and another left before I stop at a door. I open it wide.
"This is where you two will be staying. I will bring you food later on in the day, don't expect it to be anything special like UK would give you." I say.
They both nod their heads in a 'yes' motion before walking into the room. The room has two metal beds, one on either side of the wall.

The beds consist of a sleeping bag on top of the metal with a small pillow, nothing else.There are no windows since this metal base is underneath the house so there wouldn't be much of a view anyway, but to try and make up for that is a picture of a lake and meadow, only cheap nothing special. To make sure the room isn't completely dark there is a small light on the ceiling with just enough power to light up the majority of the room with a faint glow. It almost resembles a prison cell but since I am a generous country, they have a deck of cards to entertain themselves.

The twins look at the room. There look is as disappointed and depressed as the others, but they'll get use to it.
"It's a lovely room isn't it," I smile at my own sarcasm.
The twins look at me with an annoyed look but they know they couldn't do anything if they tried so they clench their fists and stay silent.
"You do not leave this room unless I have given you permission to. And I know you're thinking 'what if I need the toilet and you don't get here on time.' Well there is a buzzer on the wall next to the door here," I point to the red buzzer on the wall. "You only push it if you need the toilet or are in a state of emergency,"
not that I would care if one of them was dying. I think to myself. "Am I clear?"
"Yes..." They say in sync again, both as equally depressed and annoyed.
"Amazing, have fun!" I say cheerfully and slam the cold metal door and it closes with a *BANG!* That echos throughout all the halls. I give a low growl and slightly twitch. That always seems to happen when I get a new piece of land. I'm not too sure why, but I'm sure it's a normal thing. I'll read about it later. Right now though, I need to go to my office for that meeting.

I walk through the maze of metal halls. One of the reasons why it's so maze like is because I'm not killing the countries that I'm invading, as I am no monster and would much rather torture them. They might attempt to escape, but they don't know this place like I do and will most likely get lost in the winding halls and once I catch them oh, once I catch them they are getting to speak face to face with my Khopesh.

I make it to my office. I grab the cold handle of the large metal door and open it wide. Sitting in a leather chair by my desk is the country I have been expecting. I quickly close the door and lock it, we don't need anyone disturbing us right now. I walk up towards the country, a greeting smile on my face. As I get closer the country stands up and puts out their hand.
"Sorry I'm slightly late." I say and grab the countries hand, shaking it.
They return my smile.
"It's no problem, after all, you're helping me get something I've wanted for a very long time." They say in a mixed accent of Spanish and what sounds like Italian. (*If I got that right*)
I give a small chuckle.
"I'm glad you could come...

Argentina..."

As I promised no Ireland and Scotland shipping just building the plot of the story.

I also have to thank you all for something incredible!

3K reads!! I mean, how?? I didn't think the book was that good! But thank you! It makes me happy to see all the support I get from you guys and seeing your comments brightens up my day!
(even though I can't seem to think of a reply to some of them and end up feeling guilty)
Thank you all for reading my book and I'll see you in the next chapter!!

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2697

It's a deal?

[image]

I'm sorry this chapter is late!
I couldn't decide on what I was going to write. Ended up writing a chapter, regretting what I wrote, deleting that, and writing the cringe thing you are about to happily read. Sorry again.

Enjoy

No ones POV

"Please, take a seat." The-country that cannot be named said, extending their hand towards the leather chair.
Argentina, yet again, slowly sits down in the leather chair. His back is straight as he sits with elegant posture. The other country walks around the desk sitting down in their chair. They put their hands out and lock them together, laying them down on the desk in front of them, as they slightly lean forward staring at Argentina.
"So, I believe you know what I contacted you for?" The country asks already knowing the answer.
"Yes I do. From what I read you've been successful in your other operations?" Argentina responds.
"Yes I have." The country says proudly.
"Whom have you obtained so far?" Argentina asks raising an eyebrow.
"So far I have obtained: Anguilla, Montserrat, Turks and Caicos, British Virgin Islands, South Georgia and The South Sandwich Islands." The country says with a mix of evil and smug on his face.
"So that is six British oversea territories so far. Out of 18?" Argentina inquires.

He wants to know if he's making the right decision. Britain's been known for his power. Who knows maybe the countries that made him have a lot of power as well, and if this task fails then a lot of countries will get angry at him and the insane country that sits in front of him. Although, the country in front of him has had a lot of

experience in fighting, power and colonialism them self. Or at least in their past.

"Yes, and as you know I would like your help with the next one." The country said.
"And I am willing to help you but I'm assuming there will be a catch?" Argentina says putting his hands together and once again raising his eyebrow.
"You guessed it." The country sad with a wide grin. "Well, tell me then."
"You will be given the west and I will take the south, technically dividing the territory *equally* between us," The country pauses for a slight second as they twitch yet again. "And when I invade the mainland of Great Britain you will assist me in doing so. Any problems?"

Argentina thinks about the deal.
"I request more territory than that." He says rising his chin slightly.
The country growls. They don't want to give more land away but they need the assistance.
"Fine. You can have the west and any islands surrounding the main South Island and other small islands, if you so desire. Happy?" The country asks quite coldly.
Argentina yet again thinks to himself. He smiles at the country in front of him.
"Yes I'm happy."
"Good. It's a deal then?" The country asks extending out his hand.
"As long as I get just as much glory and recognition for taking Great Britain and Northern Ireland as you do." Argentina says sternly.
"I can assure you we will go down in history as the two countries that conquered an unconquerable country." The other country says with a serious tone in their voice.
"Si, it's a deal." Argentina says with a slight grin on his face.
The two countries both shake hands with a smile upon their faces.
"It will be official when you sign this." The other country slides a piece of paper in front of Argentina and hands him an ink pen. The paper already has the signature of the other country on it with an empty space next to it.

Argentina quickly skims through the paper reading the information.

He knows to read the paper fully, you never know what you could be agreeing to, and for you technology geeks, basically that means he's fully and carefully reading the privacy terms and policies.

After reading the paper Argentina brings the ink pen to the piece of paper. The ink imprints on the paper as Argentina signs it. The other country watches with a wide and cruel grin on his face. Argentina finishes and looks up at the country.
"When do we start?" He says with a cold smile.
"Soon my friend, soon," the other country says as he takes the paper and puts it away in his desk. He picks up a phone on his desk. "Hello...Yes it is me you idiot...You better be sorry...Anyway, get the soldiers prepared and ready. We head for The Falklands in two days..." the country slightly slams the phone down on the table.

Okay, I'm very sorry. This is depressingly short. I'll make sure the other one is long to make up for this train wreck.

If you didn't notice there was a bit of Spanish so...
•"Si, = "Yes,

Welp. I have nothing to say on this. I tried and failed twice. Then wrote this and here we are.

Have a nice life!

Word count; 855-I hate how small this number is.

Love causes pain

[image]

Warning: This chapter will contain Ireland x Scotland shipping although if you really don't like that I'm not too sure why you're still reading at this point because whenever they are together: there will be shipping.

And please do not kill me for this next Warning: this chapter will have suggestions of Scotland x England

And this chapter will contain a few more swears than a usual swear chapter.

I am sorry about how long this introduction is! Let's get on with the story now!

Enjoy!

Wales' POV

I don't believe it! This must be one of the best days ever! Scotland is finally all grown up and got a boyfriend! I'm so proud of him. He's finally come out of his shell. Although I have to admit it took a while... but I'm still super happy for him!

"An Bhreatain Bheag your wings." North said annoyed. I look to see my wings are fully stretched out because of my excitement and are slightly smacking North and New Zealand in the face.
"Oops Sorry, just excited that's all." I apologise and then bring my wings back to their usual position resting on my back. Then I realise something and have to ask.
"Wait," I say earning everyone's attention. "Have you two even been on a date yet?" I ask while staring directly at Ireland and Scotland.
"No, we haven't." Ireland says, almost surprised at that fact himself.
Scotland looks at Ireland with a look almost saying 'what the hell have you done'
I on the other hand, am getting really excited.

"We need to get you two on a date then!!" I almost jump out of my chair with excitement. "I will help you plan it and set it up!"
Scotland has a general look of fear on his face while Ireland looks as though curious of how this will unfold. I was about to continue only to be interrupted by the loud squealing of England's chair on the wooden floor. He then leaves the room not saying another word.

Everyone is silent at what just happened.
"Give me a second." Scotland says and gets up from his seat. Ireland is about to follow him but Scotland stops him.
"No, yer stay here," he says. "Maybe yer can talk with A'Chuimrigh about that date. Make it a surprise for me if yer like."
Ireland nods his head and Scotland then leaves the room.

No ones POV

Scotland walks through the hall of the house trying to figure out which room England walked into. Surprisingly enough England was not in the spare bedroom. *He really wants to be left alone then.* Thinks Scotland. He continues looking for England anyway.

He soon finds England in UK's office. He stares at two of the flags on the wall. One was the old flag of the United Kingdom and the one next to it was the most recent with it including Saint Patrick's cross Within the design. England seemed to be focused on the old one, lost in his thoughts an almost longing look was plastered on his face.
"Sasainn, fit are ye doing in here?" Scotland asks.
England flinches slightly then turns around.
"S-Scotland..." He stutters attempting to say something but he trails off.
"Sasainn. Ye are acting really strange, yer realise that right?" Scotland says and walks up closer to England.
"I..." England isn't quite sure how to respond.
"Sasainn, just tell me what's wrong." Scotland says a little more gently.
Tears can be seen forming in England's eyes. Scotland isn't quite sure why and he's slightly panicking. He's never had to deal with a crying England before. Well. That's a slight lie. They were quite close one point in their lives and helped each other quite a lot, but

then one day it all went downhill.
"I don't know what is wrong with me, Scotland." England says tears beginning to slowly roll down his cheeks.
"Fit do yer mean by that?" Scotland asks, unsure of what might happen.

"I have given you hints time and time again in the past but you always focused on *him*," England says with venom in his voice. "I should of ended him when he was weak, but I couldn't bare to see how that would effect you..." England pauses for a bit as he begins to break down even more. "...I grew cold and harsh as you wanted to leave. I didn't understand why you wanted to leave. I was too dumb to understand. Too weak. I couldn't let you leave. I...i..." England couldn't muster anymore words.

Scotland stared at England unable to say anything. He felt..... He didn't know how he felt honestly. Mad? Probably. Sad? A little I guess. Guilty? Most likely. Confused? Damm right was he confused.
"Sasainn, please din nae tell me yer feel...like *that*."
England looked Scotland in the eyes. England's eyes were filling with tears. It pained Scotland to see him like that but he's never felt *that way* for England. How could England expect him to feel like that after all the torture he put him through. All the pain and sleepless nights filled with nightmares and demons, Lurking in the shadow of his mind waiting to stab him with an aching memory filled with discomfort and fear. It almost angered Scotland at how he could feel that way.
"I don't know how I feel anymore, Scotland. I mean, you've got someone else in your life but... Not me..." England Said depressingly.
"Sasainn, I din nae know how yer can feel like that but I've *never* felt that way and I'm sorry but I can nae see anything ta dae with us." Scotland said this quite harshly. He didn't fully mean to but he still was angry at the fact of most of his torture was the fact that England felt something for him.

"...I understand..." England says so quietly it's almost inaudible and he quickly walks out the room.

Scotland watches him leave saying nothing more. He doesn't know how to process the information that was just thrown at him. He sits

on Britain's desk trying to think through it all. He rests his head in his hands only for them to become wet. He was crying? Only slightly but he still didn't understand why. He let out a long sigh. "Well ma life just went ta shit..." he mutters to himself.

He slowly stands up and walks out the room and down the hall. Nobody is in the dinning room and so he heads into the living room finding everyone there instead. A movie plays on the TV. Ireland looks towards Scotland and instantly becomes worried. He pats next to him on the sofa. Scotland gives him a small smile and slowly walks over. He falls down onto the couch and feeling the way he feels with the current situation, shuffles closer to Ireland and snuggles up against his shoulder. Ireland just smiles and wraps an arm around his boyfriend.
"Me and An Bhreatain Bheag planned a date." He whispers to him.
"Sounds nice." Scotland whispers back tiredly.
"You wanna talk about what happened?" Ireland asks.
"No. Nae right noo at least."
"Ok." Ireland says and strokes his hand through Scotland's hair as the movie continues to play.

Ireland is worried about what happened.
If England has said or done anything to Scotland, I swear I'll beat the shit out of him. Ireland hugs Scotland slightly tighter as he thinks about the things England might of done. He knows he shouldn't jump to conclusions but with England's short temper, it can be really easy to do so.

England's POV- ***A whole lot of swears coming up (sorry)***

I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot!I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot!

I am a fucking idiot

Ok, ok, calm down, calm down...Calm down. I take deep breaths. I hate panic attacks and they seem to be happening more often for no reason. And this weird twitching too. Every time it happens I feel...smaller? If that's the right way of describing it. Like I'm losing

my land, and if I'm being honest it's not giving me a good feeling with how much it's happening. But now isn't the time for that. Why the hell did I just do what I did? Said what I said? I want to curl up into a ball on the floor and sleep for the rest of my life at this point. Never waking up. What does he think of me? That I'm absolutely insane? He'll almost definitely think that. Probably because I fucking am. Calm down. Oh who am I kidding? I can't fucking calm down. Calm down. Calm down...Everything just seems to turn upside-down and inside-out in my life. Did I really say I should of killed Ireland? Seriously what the fuck is wrong with me? Am I a fucking... What was it that Japan called them..... Yandere? I don't know what I am at this point. I don't know what to think, what to say, what to do, hell, I don't know how to do anything except mess shit up. Calm down England!!

I slam my fists against the wall. Dammit! I just need a break. I walk up to my bed on the floor. I slip under the covers, not bothering to change my clothes. I take of my glasses and close my eyes. I imagine the past times. The times where me and Scotland were friends. It didn't last long at all but it was some of the best moments I've ever experienced.

These memories play in my head before they go away and I drift off to sleep.

Time skip

No ones POV

Nobody has went to check on England. They asked Scotland what happened and if England was okay but he would only quietly reply with 'He just needs a small break and I advise you leave him alone until he's ready to come out of that room himself.'
The other countries couldn't help but feel like there was more to the story and they obviously weren't wrong, there was a WHOLE lot more, but Scotland didn't say anything else and just ignored the countries that did try. Ireland tried, thinking he'd be able to get something out of Scotland because of their relationship, but all he got was the same response as everyone else. This did surprise him but he knew that Scotland wasn't someone to argue with and so he left it at that.

The day continues on swiftly. It was quite uneventful as it was the weekend and weekends are for having a bit of free time and relaxation before heading back into the real world again. A few board games were played. Twister was brought out again and Ireland came out victorious with a super disappointed American and a proud but still very much disappointed Scotsman. They all watched the Star Wars films, with Ireland quietly bragging about how his island was used in the Star Wars The Last Jedi film, with Scotland rolling his eyes each time knowing that he had islands and isles very similar to that and so will many other countries.
One thing was apparent with Ireland: he liked to show off. Especially in front of his younger brother and Scotland. Any chance he'd get he'd do it. And who could really blame him? It is nice to show off every once in a while.

It was getting a bit later into the day and France was cooking dinner with help from America. Frances sons take it in turns to help her with cooking. Because it's a good deed and because it teaches them how to cook for when they eventually have or are looking after small countries. It's a very important life skill but can be a difficult and annoying one at that.

The rest of the countries were sitting in the living room having a conversation with the tv playing in the background. Wales looks at the clock placed on one of the walls and she instantly jumps up excitedly. Her wings spread out as she does so grabbing the attention of everyone in the room, yet again.
"Iwerddon, Yr Alban, it's time to get ready!" She says jumping on the spot with energy.
"So it is." Ireland says and stands up.
Scotland hesitantly stands up only to be instantly grabbed on the arm by Wales. She drags him down the hallway.
"Wait A'Chuimrigh, England's still in the room." Scotland slightly shouts with a small hint of panic in his voice.

Wales stops and looks confused and worriedly at Scotland.
"Is that a big problem?" She asks not fully understanding.
"Right noo, Aye. It's a very big problem and I'd think it would be better for the both us if we did nae see each other right noo." Scotland says not wanting to talk any more on the subject.

"Okay, I'll go in and make sure Lloegr is okay while picking an outfit for you and that way you won't see each other," Wales Says proud of her plan. "Sound good?"
"Aye, deagh bheachd." Said Scotland and with that Wales happily skipped into their shared room.
Scotland wasn't too happy that Wales was picking his outfit but he already knew it would happen as Wales would never let him leave the house for a date in an outfit that wasn't to her satisfaction.

Wales enters the room to see England sitting on his bed reading through Scotland's book. Again.
"Hello Lloegr." Wales says cheerfully to England.
He turns around a little surprised but turns back to the book when he sees it's just Wales. Wales isn't bothered by the fact of not getting a reply. She's used to being ignored by many countries because of her age and specifically her size. People often misjudge Wales. Which is a big mistake as she's a lot more fun, surprising, kind and thoughtful than you think. A good friend.

Wales rummaged through Scotland's clothes. She picked out one of his favourite kilts and tried to find a fancy top. She eventually found one at the very bottom of his pile of clothes. *Seriously Scotland?* She thought to herself. She was then able to find a jacket to go with the shirt, with a lot of effort. *He really needs to start folding his clothes* she thought to herself as she rummaged through the pile making sure there was nothing better than what shes got. She looked at the clothes she had chosen and closed her eyes as she pictured Scotland in the outfit. *Perfect* she thought to herself and picked up the clothes as she left the room.
"I'll see you soon Lloegr." Wales said cheerfully again before shutting the bedroom door.
A small smile developed on England's face.
"I wish I could be as happy as you are all the time, Wales," He said with a sigh. "When did I even become this depressing?" He asks himself and continues to read Scotland's book.

Wales hands Scotland the outfit. He looks at it curiously. He slowly nods his head.
"This will work, even though I'm nae a big fan of being fancy, but thank you A'Chuimrigh."

"You can thank me when you and Iwerddon get married." Wales said cheekily.
"A'Chuimrigh!" Scotland yelled as he blushed and slightly covered his face.
"Woah Yr Alban. I was only joking." *I was not joking one single bit.* Wales thought after she said that.
"Well, din nae. I can nae handle that A'Chuimrigh and yer know that." Scotland said.
Wales looked a little guilty but was already picturing what the wedding would like in her head.
"I promise not to do it again." Wales said.
"A'Chuimrigh, your hand is hidden behind your back, yer obviously crossing your fingers." Scotland responded.
Wales widened her eyes surprised. She was indeed crossing her fingers behind her back.
"Why do you have to be so smart at catching liars?" She asks annoyed.
Scotland just gave her a smile and rolled his eyes.
"Am I going on this date or not?" He asks.
"Yes, yes you are going on this date no matter what now go get changed!" Wales quickly says remembering how they only have a certain amount of time. She pushes Scotland down the hall to the bathroom where she opens the door and pushes him in.
"Get changed and do it quickly." She tells him before shutting the door.
Scotland just yet again rolls his eyes and starts to get changed.

A wee time skip

As soon as Scotland was finished and stepped out the bathroom he was handed a hairbrush by Wales and told to brush his hair. He did that but it still looked quite frizzy but that's how Scotland likes his hair. Plus it's always going to be messy since he has to close his eyes so he doesn't see the scar under his hat, which he has to take off before brushing his hair obviously. But he's been doing it for a long time so he's pretty good at it now. As soon as he's done that Wales asked if he brushed his teeth. Scotland then brushes his teeth feeling a bit fed up of being told what to do by a nine year old. Once that's done Wales seems satisfied. *Finally* Scotland thinks to himself as they head to the front door.

"Wait, where is Èirinn?" Scotland asked Wales.
"He left to get changed at his house since that was where all his clothes were." Wales says like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Don't worry he's coming back to pick you up because that's how dates work in the movies."
"Uh-huh." Scotland muttered.
"That's why we had to get ready quickly so you would be able to go as soon as he got here." Wales added on.
"Aye, I wish yer would of told me that earlier." Scotland said.
Wales just gave one of those awkward laughs while they stood by the front door. A few more minutes and there was a knock.
"That will be him." Wales teased Scotland.
Scotland had a faint pink blush on his face.
"Don't worry you are amazing Scotland and one of the most incredible countries out there." Wales said encouragingly.
"Tapadh leibh A'Chuimrigh." Scotland says and he opens the front door.

I feel like this chapter has a terrible ending but I want to write the date in a different chapter at the same time as another one so the next two chapters might be shorter in words and take longer to release I also have a lot of homework and I know you guys will be experiencing the same thing. So sorry about that.

And ahhhhhhhh I shouldn't of started writing about Scotland and Ireland!! I love the ship too much and it's not going to end!!! But I did notice the ship Scotland x England and so that's how I came up with this horrible chapter. Hope it was a slightly entertaining plot twist.
(¯ ^ ¯)

Irish Translations:
•An Bhreatain Bheag = Wales

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•"Sasainn = "England

•deagh bheachd." = good idea."
•Èirinn?" = Ireland?"
•Tapadh leibh = Thank you
(Sorry If I got this wrong, I'm still learning)

Welsh Translations:
•"Iwerddon, = "Ireland,
•Yr Alban, = Scotland,
•Lloegr = England

This chapter is a slight disaster but I hope you enjoyed it nonetheless.

Have a nice life!

Word count; 3283

The Date

[image] [image]

So this chapter is all about Scotland and Ireland shipping. The More you know.

And if you don't like kissing you're too young to be on TikTok so stop. But why do you think I'm talking about kissing? Oh I don't know why but this is a chapter where two countries go on a date, do you know why I'm talking about kissing? Cause I don't. but whatever it is, it will be descriptive and unsettling to some, I guess, it's not really well written.

This chapter will have a lot of emotions in it and slightly depressing topics to talk about but they are all about things that have already been talked about in this book just in a more depressing and emotional way, so may the tears fall. Don't worry this is still a date it's gonna be happy, like, why would I ever end such a good ship in such a depressing way? The ship is never ending By The Way. It's 1am so this may suck but oh well this book is already a mess. I'll stop talking/writing/ typing now...

Enjoy!

No ones POV

Scotland opens the front door wide. Ireland stands outside of the door, a slight nervous feeling in his stomach. He wears almost an identical outfit to Scotland but with a green kilt and a darker suit jacket. He also wears his normal Irish cap with a small clover on it for decoration.
"I see A'Chuimrigh wanted us ta match." Scotland says as he looks back at a very happy Wales.
"Well, I thought it would be nice as our traditional clothing is quite similar." Ireland said.
"Well I think it was a nice idea." Scotland says with a smile, hoping for a good reaction. He's still getting used to showing affection and

saying affectionate things. Ireland gives him a smile in return.
"Yr Alban, Iwerddon will be driving you to the special date spot, have fun, but not *too* much fun," As Wales said this, with one eyebrow raised, Ireland blushed while Scotland just looked a bit confused.
"And I'll leave you to it!" She says happily and gives Scotland a short hug before skipping off to the living room, planning to talk to everyone about how cute the couple is.
Scotland turns back to Ireland who is still standing outside the house.
"Ready to go?" Ireland asks him.
"Aye." Scotland replied and shuts the door as he steps out the house.

Ireland reaches out his hand and Scotland holds on to it as they walk to Ireland's car.
"I was thinking of driving but we can walk if you want. It's not that far away." Ireland says.
"Well I'd like ta walk if that's okay with yer." Scotland says.
"I'm more than fine with that," said Ireland. "It means I get to hold your hand for longer~"
Scotland's face heats up.
"You're cheesy as hell, yer know that?" He says with a sharp look towards Ireland.
Ireland hums in response knowing that even though it's cheesy, it still flusters Scotland.

As the two walk to the date spot, they make conversation with each other. They've traveled a decent length towards their destination when Ireland gets a little curious. *We're a couple now so...I should be able to ask this question right? We need to open up and be honest to each other if we're going to be in a relationship anyways. And might as well as we've got privacy. Oh I hope I don't mess this up...* He thinks to himself.
"Albain?" Ireland begins to ask.
Scotland hums waiting for Ireland's question.
"What do you think of your dad?"
Ireland didn't feel like this question would come with a good reaction but he doesn't know much about Scotland's dad apart from the fact that he was harsh on making him cold hearted. Scotland looks slightly surprised and thinks about it for a second.

"Why dae yer ask?" He asks, quieter than usual.
"Um well, I just never really knew your dad," Said Ireland. "And I only really know the bad things and...And I thought that there would be more to him than that."
Scotland slightly nods his head.
"Your not wrong. He did do...b-ba...um" Scotland stumbles on his words. "Dona things,"
Ireland understands that this is a hard subject for Scotland and that he can mix his words up with his own language instead of English by accident, but that happens with a lot of countries.
"And he was strict and got a-ang...crosta a lot but I think he was strict with me because he did nae want other people ta h-hu...goirteachadh me... duilich that was a long aon..." Scotland apologised as he mixes up his language again.
"It's okay and how do you mean?" Ireland asks curiously as he holds Scotland's hand tighter.
"Well, I think in his mindset he thought that if I grew up with a strict and harsh life as a ch-ch...Leanabh that I would be able ta deal with it better as an a-a...inbheach but..." Scotland sighs and becomes tense. "...noo when it happens I kind of just shut doon and become pretty defensive and practically in-in...gealtach.Although, I would nae hurt anyone unless they hurt me or someone I loved," Scotland clutches Ireland's hand a little tighter as he opens up.
"But even though this sounds b-ba..dona I loved ma F-Fa...Athair. The moments in which he was nae persistent on training or building walls on ma emotions. They are some of the best moments I had with ma Athair...and...and then he d-disa...à sealladh..." Scotland falls silent.
Ireland then proceeds to pull Scotland into a tight hug.
"Tá brón orm Albain." Ireland says.
"I was gonna have ta tell yer some time Èirinn." Scotland says as he hugs Ireland back.
"I suppose that's true," Ireland says as they release from the hug.
"Let's talk about something happy now."
Scotland rolls his eyes.
"Aye we should yer amadan."
"Ha, jokes on you that doesn't mean idiot," Ireland said.
"Yeah but it still directly translates to 'a fool' which is exactly what you are." Scotland reply's with a smirk.
"Smartass." Ireland grumbles.

"Come on then, amadan." Scotland says and grabs Ireland's hand and they continue to walk towards the 'special date spot' as Wales called it.

-Time skip-

wonder how many times you had to break your finger scrolling down to the bottom of the page to find out what Scotland was talking about...hmmm... Apart from the people that can speak Scots Gaelic. The people probably smugly reading this book to themselves as I get their language wrong. Okay, I'll shut up now...

"Hey look we're almost there!" Ireland says happily to Scotland as he points towards their destination. Scotland looks towards the direction. It's night time but with there being no clouds in the sky, the bright moon and stars illuminated the scene in a dark indigo blue. Up ahead grassy sand dunes could be seen, sand particles blowing gently off the top of them in the cool breeze as the grass swayed.
"A beach?" He asks.
"Well, you like the ocean water," Ireland explained. "Not necessarily swimming in it, but it's calming isn't it and I thought that would be a nice setting for the date and with the help of An Bhreatain Bheag, she found this one that doesn't get a lot of visitors."
Scotland nodded his head, impressed with the amount of thought that was put into the date. He did indeed like the ocean water and the beach sand had always been a nice touch to the calming feeling the scene brings.

They were now standing at the bottom of the sand dunes.
"Come on then." Ireland said and began to climb up the sand dunes, slightly slipping on the sand as it crumbled under his feet.
Scotland followed after Ireland, using Ireland's foot steps as a way to climb up as they had made a dent in the sandy hill.
"That's cheating." Ireland huffed as he watched Scotland climb up.
"Well I did nae pick this spot for a date." Scotland said looking directly into Ireland's eyes when he got to the top of the hill. If he could, he would stare into those green eyes forever. He's always felt something for Ireland but never really knew what it was until now. He always just thought he was sick most of the time although he doesn't know how he could only get sick when seeing Ireland, so it

was a stupid thing to assume really. But he was only young I suppose.

Scotland's able to slowly pull his eyes away from Ireland and get a look at the beach. It was a decently large beach but definitely not the largest. It almost had a crescent shape and was blocked off at either end by massive rocks spiking up into the air but thick with a flat surface, perfect for climbing on. The beach's sand was golden but not quite it's usual bright colour because of the blue haze the night brought with it. The ocean was calm and the tide was far enough out to leave a good ten metres of open sand before you reached the small crashing waves on the shore. The crystal blue ocean water sparkles in the moonlight releasing the fresh salty smell that almost instantly put a calming feeling within the atmosphere. It was quite a beautiful sight on this peaceful and empty night.
(Rhyming skills on point though-)

"A'Chuimrigh has amazing taste." Scotland said as he looked at the crystal waters.
"She certainly does." Agreed Ireland.
"Come on then." Scotland mocked Ireland's voice from when he said that sentence and grabbed his hand tightly as he dragged him quickly down the sand dune.
Ireland held onto his hat and wondered how it was physically possible for Scotland's hat to stay on his head the way it does. Dudes got some magic or something. They reach the bottom of the sand dune and keep on running because of the speed they went down the hill at. They both realise the mistake they've made and soon both fall into the sand. Ireland plummets on top of Scotland. Oh you thought this was some ship stuff? Nope. They both fell face first meaning that Ireland fell on top of Scotland's back, take that. They both start spitting out sand and laughing.
"Clover, you're crushing me," Scotland says out of breath from having laughed while someone is practically crushing his lungs. Ireland blushes at the nickname even though they've used it frequently throughout their lifetime, I suppose it just means a lot more to him now.
"Sorry, Thistle." Ireland rolls off of Scotland and onto his back. Scotland also rolls onto his back and takes a few deep breaths. They

both look at the stars as they lay on their backs. Both had a smile on their face. They lay there in silence staring at the stars, both thinking about each other, not realising as they get closer to each other and join hands. Too focused on the stars as if they were hypnotic and had put them under a trance.

As Scotland lays in the sand he gets an overwhelming feeling of guilt. He holds tighter onto Ireland's hand. Of course Ireland notices the sudden grip and looks to his partner to see a distraught look on his face.
"Thistle, are you okay?" He asks.
Scotland's head turns to Ireland but he doesn't make full eye contact with him.
"Thistle..." Ireland strokes his hand down the side of Scotland's face getting Scotland's eyes to meet his. "Le do thoil, tell me what's wrong."
Scotland's stomach goes into a knot as he thinks about today.
"S-Sasainn..." Scotland says quietly.
Ireland gets an overwhelming feeling of rage in his chest.
"I swear if he did anything bad to you I will-"
"No, no...Well, aye, but.....I.....I dae nae know Clover..." Scotland splutters as he sits up.
"Thistle. What did you two talk about?" Ireland says more seriously wanting an honest answer from Scotland and he sits up as well.
"All the pain. All the torture. The betrayal. The executions. The scars. He killed ma people for almost little to no reason..."
Scotland's eyes started to become watery and Ireland would be lying if he said that the sight of his love didn't want to make him cry too and he held on tightly to Scotland. "And he marched oot of the dinning room because he was *jealous.*"
Ireland was slightly confused. "Jealous?"
Scotland looked at Ireland in the eyes.
"I did nae want ta have ta tell yer but fit I'm assuming is my guilt, is too overwhelming. Sasainn, he said he cared for me he...he...he *loves* me and he did all of that pian ta me because he did nae want me ta leave him and be neo-eisimeileach." Scotland said this with a shaky voice.
Ireland was burning with a fire of rage inside of him. How could he make Scotland feel this way and then claim to have feelings for him?! Scotland almost never shows his weak feelings and here he is

with tears running down his face. England officially broke him.

"Thistle, don't let what that bitch said get to you." Ireland said as soothingly and calmingly as he could. Scotland just let out a cry as he remembered England's words.
"Clover, yer don't understand...He said he should of killed yer...he said he'd fucking kill yer...and...and...agus...agus..." Scotland began breathing heavy and shaking and Ireland knew he was beginning to have a panic attack.
"Thistle," he Said while trying to get Scotland's attention. *I'm actually going to fucking kill Sasana for this.* Ireland thought as he tried to calm Scotland down.
"I...I..." Scotland began to talk.
Ireland listened intently. Scotland held onto Ireland and looked at him in the eyes.
"I dae nae want ta loose yer." He said wistfully. "Yer helped me learn how ta love. How ta show ma emotions and I love yer with all of ma heart, Clover. I can nae loose yer."
Ireland felt his eyes getting watery as well but his heart was racing. Ireland lifted his hands up and rested them on Scotland's cheeks as they looked deeply into each other's eyes. As if they were deep pools that they had both fallen into, as deep as the ocean next to them. Ireland leaned closely to Scotland.
"I will never leave you and you will never loose me." He says.

-This is the kiss part, and I'm sorry it is most likely terrible-

Their faces come closer together. Scotland's hand raises to the back of Ireland's head and he strokes his hand through his hair, giving Ireland pleasant chills down his spine. Their faces finally come together and their lips touch. They melt into the kiss, this time not planning on wasting any time. They explore each other. Covering every area. Scotland strokes Ireland's hair and Ireland pulls Scotlands body closer to his. Unfortunately, they have to pull away from each other not being able to hold their breathes any longer. They hold on tightly to each other. Neither wanting to come away.
"That was amazing," Ireland whispered.
"Yer never cease ta amaze me." Scotland replies.
"You taste so sweet," Ireland says as he hugs Scotland tightly.
Scotland lets out a small chuckle

"I'm guessing you feel better now, my Thistle?" Said Ireland.
"More than I ever could, ma Clover." Scotland says and lays on Ireland's chest.

They both look at the calming ocean. Ireland's arms wrapped comfortingly around Scotland as if he was a young child he needed to protect from the cold. But even though it was a cold night, they were both warmed by the others heat and the feeling of love rushing through their blood. They sit and stare at the ocean in silence thinking about each other dreamily. Half an hour passes before Ireland begins to shiver from the cold. Scotland looked at Ireland and Ireland gave him a smile but was shivering in the wind. I guess the rush of love has died down and the cold is finally getting to them.
"I think it's time ta head home noo, Clover." Scotland says to Ireland.
"Noooo," Ireland whines and hugs tightly onto Scotland so he can't leave.
"Hey," Scotland slightly shouts. He looks directly up at Ireland not being able to move away.
"You've fallen into my trap~" Ireland playfully says and gives Scotland a shorter kiss on the forehead. Scotland gives him a serious look and doesn't blink. Eventually Ireland is becoming unsettled by the unblinking eyes looking upon him.
"Fine." Ireland says sadly and lets go of Scotland.
"Tha thu nad amadan." Scotland says as he stands up and dusts some of the beach sand off of his clothing.
"True but I'm your leathcheann~" Ireland teases Scotland as he blushes.

Ireland stands up and dusts himself off as well when a strong gust of wind catches him off guard and he shivers and grits his teeth. Scotland walks up to Ireland and hugs him tightly and begins to rub his hands up and down Ireland producing warmth. Ireland blushes a bright red as Scotland does so. He lets out a slight whimper and Scotland stops wondering what the noise was for.
"Please keep going," Ireland said. "I'm still cold."
Scotland thinks about the way Ireland said this and his face slowly goes from blue to red as he realises.
"How aboot instead we begin ta walk home and get yer into a warm

blanket with some hot chocolate?" Scotland asks hoping for Ireland to agree on the hot chocolate as he himself wanted some and thought it would be better than this situation, of course.
"Hmmmmm," Ireland thinks for a while and Scotland becomes slightly nervous and impatient.
"Okay, but only because I'm hungry." He finally answers and Scotland lets out a small sigh of relief. He was not ready for the next step in which Ireland was ready for. Ireland certainly likes to go quickly in a relationship.

They both walk up the sand dunes. Ireland hugs Scotland tightly for warmth and to also keep his balance on the crumbling sand. *He must of done this many times before.* Ireland thinks to himself.
"How come you never slip or fall?" Ireland asks Scotland as they get further up the dunes.
"Well, I like the ocean as yer said so I use ta go ta the beach a lot," Scotland said. "And there are some really good sand dunes ta go along like at Gairloch for example, if yer remember that place. Not ta mention Skara Brae, a whole entire prehistoric village just hidden under a sand dune. Yer know I had ta check the others after that."
They've made it over the sand dunes now and are beginning to go back along the path they took here.
Ireland nodded his head. It did make a little more sense to him now but he also thought that Scotland must just have good balance, unlike him who was shaking with the cold. He snuggled his face into Scotland's shoulder. Scotland brings his hand up and strokes it through Ireland's hair.
"You certainly like to do that a lot." Ireland comments as he takes pleasure in the feeling of Scotland's touch.
"Aye, well I know yer enjoy it a lot." Scotland replies happily.
Ireland smiles at the reply. He certainly does enjoy it.

-Time skip to when they're closer to the house-

"Almost back noo." Scotland says to Ireland as he sees the house in the distance.
"I enjoyed the date." Ireland said giving Scotland a tight hug.
"So did I." Scotland said as he hugged back.
They continued to walk to the house in silence. They get to the garden of the house.

"Enjoy the quiet while yer can shes already sensed our presence." Scotland said.
Ireland is very confused until the front door is practically kicked down only just staying on its hinges and Wales rushed out. *How does she have that much strength?* Ireland thinks to himself then remembers that her being part dragon might help.
"You're finally back!" Wales shouts happily and runs towards them. *That's what Scotland meant.* Ireland thinks to himself.

Wales runs up to Scotland and hugs him as if they were siblings and no one can really blame her for that. She then turns and also gives Ireland a hug. Ireland and Scotland both chuckle.
"What happened? How did it go? Did you like the beach? Did you kiss? Did you-"
"Pays de Galles, they only just got back give them some space and time to breathe." France said. She was standing at the front door smiling sweetly.
"It's okay, she's just excited." Ireland says and shivers. Scotland proceeds to hug Ireland to try and warm him. Wales squeals with happiness. *I wish I had a camera.* She thinks to herself happily.
"We came back because Èirinn was getting quite cold and it was also getting quite late oot." Scotland said, still hugging Ireland.
"Well come on inside then I'll get you some blankets." France Says kindly and walks into the house. Ireland and Scotland walk to the front door and into the house holding hands with Wales excitedly following behind.

They head into the living room, no one else being present in the room. Scotland wondered why and looked at the clock on the wall. It was past midnight? *We really stayed out for that long?* He thinks. He then turns to Wales.
"It's way past your bedtime missy," he says crossing his arms.
Oh no I've been caught. Thinks Wales.
Ireland chuckles.
"Care ta explain why?" Scotland questions her.
"Well, I wanted to wait until you two got back, I didn't expect you to be out for so long did you two fuck or something?"
Scotland's eyes widen in shock.
"A'Chuimrigh!!" He shouts his face now mostly red with blush."Who told yer what that meant?!"

Ireland bursts out laughing and falls down on to the couch he's laughing so hard.

"America said it when he stubbed his toe and I was fed up of not knowing what it meant so I asked him and he told me with no arguments as to me being 'too young' and I wonder why you use it so much when it means...*that*."
Scotland doesn't quite know what to say and Ireland is practically dying of laughter. France walks into the room with some blankets in hand.
"You all need to quieten down before everyone else wakes up." She slightly scolds them. She then puts the blankets down in the room before leaving again, presumably to get something else.
Ireland pulls himself together and stops laughing with a few deep breaths.
"Was it really that funny?" Scotland asks him with a disapproving look but there is still a faint pink blush present on his cheeks.
"Absolutely," Ireland says with a huge smile and Scotland ends up blushing harder. "Seems someone's embarrassed~" Ireland teases Scotland and playfully ruffles his hair.
"You amadan." Scotland says and pushes Ireland's hand away.
Wales is enjoying this but she never got an answer to her question.
"Well," She begins. "Did you two?"
Scotland lets out a sigh as his face becomes red again.
"No we did not An Bhreatain Bheag." Ireland answers.
"Awww," Wales says disappointed.
"What do you mean Awww?" Scotland questions Wales almost angrily.
"I should be getting to bed now," Wales says quickly. "Goodnight!" She says before sprinting silently out of the room.
Ireland snickers as he holds in another laughing fit and Scotland gives him a small glare and crosses his arms angrily.
"Awww, don't be that way Thistle." Ireland says and hugs him.
Scotland gives a small growl and returns the embrace. Ireland gives Scotland another kiss on the forehead but this time accompanied by the sound of a camera.
"Who-" Scotland asks and stops when he sees France standing in the living room doorway holding a camera. She giggles and quickly walks off.

Okay that's enough for today.

Hope this was good I was just trying to clear some things up with Scotland because of things I said in the past chapters that wouldn't make sense with the claims I'm making now, so I hope that slightly helped.

There is going to be so many translations and I'm sorry if I messed them up-
Welsh Translations:
•Yr Alban = Scotland
•Iwerddon = Ireland

Scots Gaelic Translations-There are so many:
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•Dona = Bad
•Crosta = Cross/Angry
•Goirteachadh = Hurt
•Duilich = Sorry
•Aon = one
•Leanabh = Child
•Inbheach = Adult
•Gealtach = Insane
•Athair = Father
•À Sealladh = Disappear
•Èirinn = Ireland
•Amadan = A Fool/Idiot
•Sasainn = England
•Pian = Pain (how creative)
•Neo-eisimeileach = Independent
•Agus = And
•Tha thu nad amadan = You are a Fool/idiot
-Finally done. I'm sorry if any of these are wrong-

Irish Translations:
•Albain = Scotland
•Tá brón orm Albain = I'm Sorry Scotland
•An Bhreatain Bheag = Wales
•Le do thoil = Please
•Sasana = England

•Leathcheann = Idiot

Wow another super long chapter lucky you there's another one I literally just posted after this, your welcome. That is why this chapter came super late.

Also I'm dumb and forgot to thank you for 4K reads in the last chapter and now we've actually gotten to...

5K reads!! Why are you guys reading this horrible book? It doesn't even make sense... Well I really appreciate it, thank you.

Have a nice life!

Word count; 4286!

The Falklands; Part 1

[image]

?????????'s POV

Having freedom is weird. Well I'm not exactly free. I now belong to England apparently but I'm not too sure England actually realises that, as I haven't got a letter from him. I know that he'll be on Patriam island and I would go there to have discussion with him but it's harder for smaller nations to look after their people and land from far away.

I sit at the top of one of my many grassy hills as the cold wind blows my hair. I sketch out the beautiful landscape in front of me. I love the beauty of my land and my favourite thing to do is sit down and capture its beauty within my sketchbook. I could sit here for hours. I look out at the ocean...wait...What is that?

I squint my eyes, as if it will help me see better. It just looks like a grey blob in the ocean. Possibly a whale? Although that would be odd for the distance of which I can see it at. Soon more begin to appear. They seem to be heading in this direction and they're definitely no sea animal, they would of gone under the water at least once by now. That means they are ships. I close my sketchbook and put the pencil and rubber in my coat pocket. I need to know what type of ships those are, incase they could be an enemy.

I run down the hill quickly. I'm use to the rough terrain by now. I sprint along the grass until I get to my small house. I quickly swing the door open. I don't usually lock the door because there aren't many people living nearby and it's not a big population on my island anyway. I run to my room. I dump the sketchbook on my small bed and run back out the house, this time locking the door behind me. I shove the key into my pocket, realising I forgot to take the pencil and rubber out but I just sigh. I can't be bothered to put them in the house now.

I begin to run again. I should consider entering the olympics at this point. I get to the top of one of my hills to look at the grey blobs again. They're making progress and it's obvious now that they are ships. Where are they planning to dock? I have a lot of pockets on my big jacket which is so long it acts like a dress on me and goes past my kneecaps. I like to use the pockets a lot for holding useful stuff. I pull out a mini telescope from my pocket, extending it out like a pirate would in a child's movie because real life pirates are entirely different and a whole lot more violent. I look at the ships. They're military ships. It's obvious by now they are most likely unfriendly. I follow along with my telescope estimating in which way they are going. Crap. They're heading for Stanley. That is where most of my population lives.

I look back at the ships with my telescope. They have a flag. I can identify what country they are from.

...No...

...Not again...

"...Argentina..." I say softly to myself.

There is another flag that I do not recognise but it's mostly red with some symbol in white. I slightly panic at the sight of it from the stories I heard about WW2 but then I calm myself as there isn't a black swastika present. I wonder what they could want, well I don't know about that other country but I can almost certainly tell Argentina will be there. He may be my family. Well. Britain owned me before he did, but I've grown much closer to Britain, although I can't really make a choice between the two. If he comes here for the reason of taking me back, I will simply tell him I wish to be my own country under no ones rule. That way there shouldn't be any fighting as I don't think Argentina would forcefully take me...right? We are slightly family after all... but he most certainly will still hold a grudge with me. Even if in reality it was Britain who refused to let me go. I guess I saw that as him caring for me and is why I never left in the first place but now I would like to stick with England until I am ready to fully be my own country.

Although, I shouldn't focus on that right now.

I start to once again run, this time going to Mount Pleasant. It is vital that Stanley is protected, as it contains most of the population that makes up my small nation.
(*Rhyming skills on point again though)*
I reach Mount Pleasant, pretty exhausted from the running now. I get to the RAF base. Yes I said RAF base. My protection is reliant on the UK's military but now the UK is gone and it's England I'm reliant on and I'm not even sure he knows of my existence.

Disclaimer: I only have a VERY tiny idea of how military bases work so I'm slightly making this up for story purposes. I'm sorry any RAF military fans, workers or future workers. I'm too lazy to search it up, my apologies.

The soldiers greet me with warm smiles before turning back to their serious state. The people in my small nation have gotten use to me

now and treat me as if I was a normal human being and it really warms my heart. I can't let my people loose their lives because of another country. I can't. Not again at least. I run towards the main building hoping to find the human in charge. I enter the building and walk through the halls with the loud thumping of my snow boots. They're comfy but loud on the floor.
"Falklands," someone shouts from behind me. I turn around to see a human.
"Yes?" I ask.
"I am the person in charge of this base-although you rank higher authority- and I assumed you need something?" He explains to me.
I smile at him and then return to a slightly more serious face as I explain.
"Argentina is planning to arrive at Stanley. I do not expect him to act nicely and I would order for any people that aren't fit for military to be moved to Goose Green Settlement for their safety." I tell him with a commanding voice.
"But Falklands, that's where Argentina and Britain fought quite heavily." The soldier says Unsurely.
"Yes I know, but Argentina isn't landing there is he? I did not come here for you to doubt my orders. It is for their safety now and if that does not work then take them to Port Howard."
He nods his head.
"We can move the people but we also need orders of recognition from England if you plan to make the first move of attack on Argentina."
"I do not wish to attack Argentina without having a full understanding of what he wishes to do but I certainly wish for my people to be safe. I care for them and do not want a repeat of history." I say.
"We understand. Do you wish to send a message to England?" The man asks me.
"Yes I do," I reply. "Please explain to him the current situation of Argentina; that we might need military back up. Could you please also mention that South Georgia and The South Sandwich Islands-another one of his unknown territories-is not responding to any messages given to them and I fear the worst." I say.
The soldier nods his head.
"We will get started then."
"That is good. I will be heading to Stanley." I say.

The soldiers facial expression turns to that of worry.
"Are you sure that's a good idea, Falklands?"
I am slightly annoyed by his comment.
"What do you mean by that." I ask him with a hint of anger in my voice.
"Argentina's landing there he might take you away or kill you almost instantly."
My anger goes away as I now understand his worry.
"You don't need to worry about me, for now. But If something like that happens please, I beg of you. Take my people somewhere safe, a country that will look after them." I tell him.
He gives me a nod.
He's acting like a chicken I think to myself.
"In fact," I say. "Add that to England's message. I'm sure there is enough room in his country for..." I close my eyes and think for a couple seconds. "3,459 people."
"Done. I wish you luck Falklands, you are a great leader." He smiles before walking off with a more determined and serious look upon his face.
I smile as well at the kind comment.

I begin to walk out the way I came. Stanley is far away, about 27 miles at a quick guess but I'm sure I'll be able to make it on time. That was a quick conversation after all. I wave goodbye to some of the soldiers as I pass by and begin running once I get to the grassy mountain terrain. Planes fly overhead of me towards the direction I'm going in and I assume it's to pick up the people living in Stanley. Why didn't they give me a plane? Too late for that now and I guess but I don't mind running.

Halfway there the planes cross overhead again. I breathe a sigh of relief as I know people are safe. I just hope it stays that way for a long time.

I finally see Stanley ahead and the ships are gradually getting closer only a few more miles to go. I need to stop at my house first and it's close to Stanley anyway so it shouldn't take long.

Once at my house, I unlock the door and race into my kitchen. I grab all the things I need. This is Argentina after all and I don't know the other country he's partnered up with but they could be

hostile. I grab a small handgun, just in case. The other stuff I grabbed was just useful bits and bobs for when I get stuck in a sticky situation. I carry my stuff as if it wasn't a obvious threat to be used against my enemy. I put the hair clips, that I could use to pick locks, in my hair. I put a rope, that I could use for building, around my waste like a belt. I hide other useful things like this as well. I was not taking any chances.

I leave my small house lingering in the doorway a bit before closing the door and locking it. I take out my small telescope and look towards the ships. They're almost there by the time I get to Stanley I would imagine them to be docking.

England's POV

I sit in the living room with France. We were both up early as usual and it was Monday so we're meant to be going to school. When Scotland and Ireland came home last and after having their photo taken by France, night they found me asleep with Scotland's book on my chest. Scotland then picked the book off my chest and slapped me in the face with it leaving a red bruise visible on my face. He glared at me and then proceeded to read the last chapter in the book and chuck it at me again and told me I could keep it. I guess I still have feelings for him but I know I'm going to have to let go. I think about it sadly until my thoughts are interrupted by a knock at the door and the sound of post falling on the ground.

France looked slightly confused.
"It's far too early for post to be coming, must be something important." She said and put down the cup of tea she had and proceeded to walk to the door.
I also put my cup down and followed after her, my curiosity getting the best of me. When she looked at the letter an even more confused expression appeared on her face as she looked at me.
"It's for you." She said handing me the letter.
I looked at it. It was indeed addressed to me. I walk back into the living room and sit down on the couch as I read the letter aloud.

Dear England.

Hello, England. This message is sent from The Falklands, one of your

now many territories. You may remember me from your time United with The United Kingdom. I was one of your colonies, if that's what you call them. After the Falklands War, I was at peace and you had set up military bases ready for my protection. I need that protection again. Argentina is approaching my land with many military equipped ships and I fear that he has come back to finish what he started in 1770. He's very close to my land and I need assistance as soon as I can get it. Please England, if I am to remain part of your territory and one day hopefully fulfil my wish of being an independent country: I need your help.

I also bring news that another one of your territories—South Georgia and The South Sandwich Islands—are not responding to any messages and I feel the worst has already happened to them. I do not know the situation very well but I do know that I won't be able to beat Argentina without any assistance. Please help save my land and my people.

Sincerely
The Falklands

"The Falklands..." I finished reading the letter out loud to France and looked up from the letter.
She had a look of concern on her face and seemed to be thinking about something.
"I...I have UK's old territories..." I think out loud. This still comes as a surprise to me. I never thought about what would happen to the British overseas territories.
"So you do," says France. "And one of them needs your help. What are you going to do, Angleterre?" She looks at me seriously, as if she was a teacher looking to see if you were cheating during an exam.
I think to myself.

I know as UK we were harsh on our colonies and we regretted it as we got older so maybe I should change that and help.
"I will help them." I say.
France smiles at me.
"The good choice. I'm happy for you Angleterre but it is a lot of responsibility so be careful with how you look after your territories they will need assistance a lot, as most of the time they are very young." France speaks with experience. "But I do not decide what you do with your territories." She finishes.

I think about her words and nod my head.
"I'll need to send some soldiers there right now," I say confidently. "They need my assistance as soon as they can get it."
France nods her head and sips her tea.
"You need to go to the Patriam Island Communication Centre to give a message to your army telling them to go there," France said. "Or you can leave the island and got to Angleterre yourself but that is a bit unnecessary in this situation. At least I would say so."
I nod my head thinking.
"I'll go to the Communication Centre like you say."
"You should go now by the sounds of it they need your help quickly."
"Thank you, France."
"Don't worry about it."

I run out the house. I can't believe I've got my own territories! Although I feel pretty dumb for not realising sooner. It takes about ten minutes before I get to the centre. I walk inside. The building stretches down far. It contains plant decorations and is mostly made out glass with the windows curving up attatching to the top of the wall on my left. The wall on my left stretches down with many rooms. Each room represents a country or territory with their flag placed on the door. It goes in alphabetical order. I walk down until I get to the 'E' section. I mutter the names of the countries as I go along.
"East Timor (Timor-Leste)...Ecuador...Egypt... El Salvador...England!"

I walk into the room. It is a small, mostly wooden room with no windows and only a dim ceiling light illuminating the different furniture. There is a desk with different writing equipment and paper for writing letters and opposite is another desk but with a telephone. In two corners of the room sits some comfy looking sofa chairs. It's quite a cosy room and gives of a nice relaxing feeling.

I walk up to the telephone and dial the number in which it says to dial. I sit down on the desk chair and I put the phone to my ear waiting for someone to respond.
"Good day, this call has reached England from the Patriam Island line. Which country calls and What can we do for you?" A male

voice says.
"Hello, this is England and I have a request for my military." I say. I hope I'm doing this right.
"Hello England, we just need some orders to be given to your military so fire away-no pun intended." The voice responds.
"I wish for a handful of well-equipped soldiers to be sent to The Falkland Islands for a defence mission. They should already know about The Falklands and the possibility of needing to protect them."
England could hear typing on the other end of the line and he adjusted his glasses as he waited for the man to finish.
"Okay England, I shall tell that to them now. Is there anything else you need?" The man asks.
"No that's it, thank you for your help."
"You're most welcome. Have a lovely day." And the man hangs up.
That was a lot more simple than it would of been years back. How technology has improved.

England walks back to the house thinking about his choice. He does hope The Falklands will be okay and help will get to them on time.

Falklands POV

I stand at the dock. I was right about my estimate. They lower the gangway and I watch as Argentina appears at the top of it. I give him a harsh glare. He smiles at me and begins walking down the gangway. He reaches the bottom and I instinctively stand in a fighting pose. My hand above the pocket in which holds my handgun.

"Hola, my child!" He says happily.
I just scowl at him with a low growl.
He doesn't change expression an almost malicious smile on his face. It makes me feel unsettled.
"Why do you come here." I ask him.
He lets out a small hum.
"I thought you would at least say hello to your father-"
"First of all: France was the first country to discover me, making her the mother like figure in my life. Second of all: Britain then owned me, making him the father like figure in my life. Then you came and my life went downhill and my people lost their lives in a dumb war over the territory you were warned not to take. That doesn't

sound like a very father like thing to do." I say angrily at him.

Argentina has a look of anger in his eyes as he still holds the same malicious smile and lets out a small chuckle.
"When will you realise that I am your true father and that Bretaña was the "Father" that decided to fight for the land and not just let me have it, meaning he was in the wrong just as much as I was."
I know I've pushed him to utter rage and he does a good job of covering it up but his eyes give it away.
"I suppose that is true. But I still want to know why you're here." I say.
"I want you back." Argentina simply says.
"And what if I don't want to come back?"
"You don't have a choice."
I suddenly become quite nervous. What does he mean by that?
"Well, I wish to remain with England until I am ready to become my own country." I say making sure not to show my nervousness.
Argentina lets out a small chuckle.
"What's so funny?" I ask him, my hand getting ever so closer to grabbing the gun in my coat.
"I will give you two options: join me right now with no arguments or don't join me." Argentina states it like a simple everyday choice.
"And be honest." He adds on.
"I am sorry but I do not belong to anyone but myself," I say. I may belong to England right now but I'm already getting ready to request my independence from him.
"Okay then." Argentina says. He turns around and begins to walk up the gangway.
I watch him confused. He walks onto the deck and I cannot see him anymore.

I'm so confused. I move out of my fighting stance and cross my arms as I look at the boat. Shouldn't they be moving the gangway by now? I hear footsteps move quickly behind. Before I can move two hands grip tightly onto my throat. The red and white country begins to strangle me as they lift me slightly off the ground. I begin coughing for air. My hands claw at his wrists but he doesn't flinch. I stop clawing as my body goes limp and I can't feel anything. The light slowly disappears as I black out falling into a deep sleep, at least I think I'm sleeping. That's all I want to do right now. Sleep.

Then a voice almost screams in my head.

"GRAB THE GUN!!"

I don't do anything. I can't see anything. Then with that thought echoing loudly in my head a different noise becomes present with a loud.

BANG!!

A yelp of pain can be heard as I begin to gasp for air. The darkness surrounding my vision begins to fade away and I slowly see the light form around me. I look at my hands which are extended out in front of me holding the gun with my finger on the trigger. The red and white country lays down in front of me clasping onto their bleeding leg. I have no memory of moving but I can't focus on that right now.

I begin to run in between the houses of Stanley. Hiding in an alleyway, that doesn't have a dead end. I lean against the wall taking deep breaths. What just happened? I have no idea but I'm alive. I hear a plane overhead. I suddenly panic. Did Argentina bring Air Force as well? I see one of the planes pass over me. It's my military plane.

It hovers over the building before moving away and landing on one of the buildings which had a flat roof. Soldiers come out of the plane before it takes off again. The soldiers climb down the building and quickly run towards me.
"Falklands are you hurt?!" One of the soldiers asks who looks to be the leader of the group. By the sound of their voice it appears to be a female.
"I-I'm f-f-fine...just a bit out of breath..." I say tiredly.
The soldier appears to notice something.
"They chocked you." She says and takes out a flask she hands it to me.
"What is it and how did you know?" I ask her still not in the right mindset to realise my surroundings and I can only guess I'm acting and look like I'm drunk.
"It's fresh water, should make you feel better,"
I take a sip and instantly begin to drink more as it eases my throat.

"And I could tell because you have some pretty bad markings on your throat."
I nod my head. At least when people ask what the markings are for I'll have a fun story to tell.
"I shot one of them." I state blankly.
"Pardon?" The soldier asks me.
I grumble again.
"I shot the red and white one."
The soldier looks impressed but then turns to one of the other soldiers.
"From what I've gathered she was choked and blacked out and is not in the right state of mind. Make sure she doesn't fall asleep."
I slightly grumble.
"Well now I want to sleep." My mind feels really foggy right now.
"Well, you mustn't." The soldier tells me.
I nod my head drowsily.

I think we then just stand there for half an hour. I slowly become aware of what's happening and am now quite embarrassed with how I acted before.
"Can you fill me in?" I ask the female soldier who's been giving orders to everyone this whole time.
"Of course," She says sweetly.
I've noticed that she's super strict with the other Soldiers but acts quite sweetly when talking to me.
"England got your message and sent us about 1,400 soldiers, as promised when he was still united with the UK, with some on the back up just incase to help and has given us permission to attack in defence not in offence."
I wonder why we can't attack in offence. Is that why we've just been sitting here the whole time? I'm not sitting here, that red and white country tried to kill me and I'm just expected to stand by and wait for them to attempt to kill me again? No way.

I stand up straight no longer leaning against the wall and begin to walk away from the soldiers sitting and waiting.
"Falklands, where are you going?!" The female soldier asks me.
"To protect my land and people of course." I say like it's the most obvious thing.
"Falklands, you almost died last time." She says worriedly.

I turn back to look at her, a serious look on my face.
"This is my nation and I will defend it at all costs. If I die, that doesn't matter but if my people can safely get away from those two psycho countries, then I do not matter." I say confidently and with full meaning in my voice.
The soldiers stare at me speechless, not knowing the correct way to respond. I walk off.

My hand is in my coat pocket clutching tightly onto the handgun as I walk through the small city. I glance at every spot making sure to be aware of what's going on around me; staying hidden wherever I can. Argentina is obviously too distracted with the injury in which I gave the other country but he will of healed the wound soon and he'll now have a reason to fully attack me. I never fought in The Falkland war I had to watch painfully as everything unfolded and crumbled before my eyes. I watched from Argentina and UK's side. from what I gathered, they both tried to protect me but it was their greed that caused my pain, but when thought about it long enough, greed is the cause of Most of not all wars.

I continue to walk through the buildings. It's quiet. And then I hear a footstep. I turn in the direction of the noise. Argentina stands out in the open looking at me.
"I'm not scared of you." I declare, getting a tighter grip on my gun.
"I know and I'm quite proud of that,"
I'm a little surprised at his response but stay focused.
"I'm impressed you shot my colleague while on the brink of death. It's crazy what the fear of death can bring out in someone,"
Argentina steps closer and I step back.
He raises an eyebrow as if summing me up.
"However," he says this with a cold voice that sends chills down my spine. "It was a dumb move."
He pulls out a gun and points it at me. I do the same with mine.
Argentina smiles.

I then feel the pressure of another gun at the back of my head.

Sorry but I have to stop there as it's getting quite long now.

What an interesting chapter, am I right?

Welp-
French Translations:
•Angleterre = England

Spanish Translations:
•Hola = Hello
•Bretaña = Britain
—Who would of thought.

Hope you enjoyed the two chapters at the same time thingy that I just did, future readers will not understand what I'm talking about.
If you did I'll do it again sometime but it does take a lot longer than a usual single chapter to publish.

Thank you for reading this mess.

Have a nice life!

Word count; 4816!

The Falklands; Part 2

[image]

I also just want to say that this is not meant to offend anyone and is just for the purpose of the story. I am sorry if it seems slightly biased to a countries perspective which you do not agree with.

Falklands POV

Dammit! I'm an idiot! How could I let my guard down like that? This other country is really annoying me right now.
"Put your gun down, Malvinas," Argentina says.
Like I'm gonna do that.
"Malvinas, don't push your luck..."
The country pushes the gun harder against the back of my head. I growl and begin to put the gun back into one of my pockets.
"Nah ah ahh~" Argentina shakes his head. "Put it on the ground. Preferably far out of your reach."
I glare at him and give another growl before I chuck the handgun away to the side.
"Happy now?" I ask him coldly.
He smiles. "Very. Now I was thinking, this city's pretty empty when it's meant to hold most of your population." He says and gives me a malicious look.
"I think we just might have to search the whole island to find them-"
"Don't get my people involved in this!" I shout.
Argentina almost looks surprised.
"You can easily take my land without anyone getting hurt! I'd rather die than watch my innocent people suffer." I say harshly.
Argentina smiles at me again. I'm fed up of his sick smile by now.
"I have to admit Malvinas I'm impressed at your passion," he begins to speak. "but if you haven't noticed we may be fighting here but both our military's will be fighting their own battle,"
Argentina was right. My military will be trying their hardest to prevent Argentina and this over countries soldiers from conquering this land. This is mostly because of a strict rule of humans not being

allowed to hurt countries, otherwise they get serious charges.
Argentina appears to be thinking on what to do next, his facial expression changing on each thought. He stops thinking, his face showing that of something quite horrible planned for me.
"You say you would die?"
The way he says this makes me want to take back how I worded that sentence.
"I might as well grant your wish, who cares if one country's life is lost?"
Argentina aims the gun at me. He's actually going to shoot me.

Adrenaline rushes through me and I go into a fight or flight response. Argentina is hesitant and I almost think he's not going to do it but then he pulls the trigger; I duck down. The country behind me would of been shot but I pulled them down with me. I don't want to witness a death right now. They look at me slightly shocked and then I kick them away from me.
"How the-" Argentina begins to question but then stops at the sound of a gun behind him. He turns around and the same female soldier from before stands there.
"You dumb soldier, you realise that you can't legally hurt a country?" He says angrily.
"I know but we can distract them." The soldier simply responds before running off.
Argentina swiftly turns around but I'm already running away to the cover of a building.
"That little Sh-"
I run behind a building, blocking out the sound of Argentina's voice.

I don't have a gun anymore. Dammit.

I reach into my right chest pocket. I pull out a small blade. It has a protective leather cover over it. I take it off. The blade is deadly sharp. Even though it's small, it can do a lot of damage if dug into the skin deep enough. I would usually always have a blade on me because of the rocky cliffs that I like to sometimes draw carvings into. Although this blade isn't exactly the right type but it's still sharp enough so who really cares. That's a rhetorical question by the way. I could also use it for protection like right now.

I let out a small sigh.

"Looks like I'm bringing a knife to a gun fight..."

The odds aren't exactly in my favour and with it being two countries vs one, I definitely don't have that much of a chance. But I would never forgive myself if I just gave up. Hiding between the buildings is great but it's also great for them two countries. If we were out in the open we wouldn't be able to sneak up on each other as easily and simply as we can between these buildings. I decide that I'm going to lead them away from the city.

I run through the buildings heading towards the grassy hills again. I'm almost out when at the end of one of the buildings that country comes round the corner and smacks me in the head with his gun. I yelp and fall down clutching my head. I feel that same dizzy feeling before when I was getting chocked. I feel warm blood running down my hands and I slowly fall onto my back with my eyes just barely open. Don't fall asleep. I feel a hand grab my leg and begin to drag me. Don't fall asleep. I can't focus they hit my head to hard. I'm about to fall asleep. Then I have an idea. It's going to hurt but I don't think anything else will keep me more awake than this. I slowly and hesitantly take the blade to my hand and slice my palm a little bit. I yelp in pain again and my eyes widen in shock. It worked at least.

(Physics and other sciences do not have a place in this book so please don't get mad if that makes no sense I'm just writing this horrible thing for entertainment.)

Seems like I was dizzy enough for the country to think I was fully knocked out but My yelp made them look at me and now we stare at each other.
"Argentina!" They call.
That's my cue to leave. I kick the country in a certain place and they yelp before grabbing the gun from their holster and aiming it at me.
"Little bitch ain't got nothing on me with a knife so I suggest you listen to me or I'll easily end you." He says angrily.
"It's not nice to swear you know." I say shrugging my shoulders as I stay laying on the floor. I shuffle a little closer to the country getting ready for my next move.
Silence.

The country looks at me.
"You're not gonna fight back?" They ask confused but just as harsh as before.
"Oh I'm gonna fight back alright." I say.
I swing my legs quickly and fiercely to the side and directly hit the country's legs making them fall over.

I stand up and run to the grassy hills but my arm is grabbed on tightly to. I turn around and see Argentina with a knife slightly raised. My eyes widen in shock and I try to yank my arm away but he stabs me in the arm and I let out a scream of pain. He lets go and looks at me, a slight look of guilt shows before his face goes blank. I clutch onto my arm as it bleeds. I reach into one of my pockets and pull out a small scarf I had and I wrap it quickly around my arm, as tight as it will go in an attempt to stop the bleeding.
"I'm giving you one more chance, Malvinas, as I do not like seeing you in pain. You are my daughter after all," Argentina says.
I was able to wrap my arm up with no interruptions as Argentina was helping his colleague up, but now he looks me dead in the eyes as I still clutch onto my arm.
"You either surrender now and live, or fight back and have the possibility of your death."
I barely think about it.
"I will not surrender." I say confidently but I'm shaking with fear inside. These countries are both a lot bigger than me.
"I'll give you a head start then." Argentina says. He then begins to load his gun with ammunition. I'm guessing that his way of counting down is waiting until the gun is full, and so I begin running to the hills.

No ones POV

The small nation runs towards her hills while Argentina loads his gun the country standing next to him thinking angrily to himself. *Why can't I seem to fight today?! This little nation keeps on escaping! I don't know what's wrong with my performance today...I must just be tired but it's really annoying me...* they continuing complaining angrily in their head until Argentina gives them a tap on the shoulder signalling he's done and ready to go. The other country pulls out a pistol similar to Argentina's but with less space to hold

ammunition. The country curses in frustration. Their gun was broken. Argentina shook his head and gave the country his gun as he pulled out a blade of his own. They only brought small guns that weren't the best quality, this is because they didn't think The Falklands would show this much resistance, it's almost been a full day after all and all the other island nations just needed a little bit of force before surrendering or passing out on the brink of death. But not The Falklands.

Speaking of The Falklands...

She proceeds to run up one of her many hills, this one being close to the sea and the edge of her small island. It seemed to be a deadly cliff drop ending at the bottom with some sharp rocks where the cold ocean crashes violently. It would surely end a life in seconds. Foreshadowing? No I would never...

She stops at a high point on the hill and looks back. She sees Argentina and the other country making their way out of the small city.
"Are they even going to bother at hiding themselves," I mumble to myself.
I guess it gives me time. In the distance I can see smoke from the fighting that the humans are doing. England's assistance seems to be really helping although it looks to be at a standstill. I will make sure to send him a thank you letter or something like that although now that I think about it that sounds kind of cheesy. Oh well.

Oops just realised I started writing in Falklands POV, my mistake.

She looks back to where Argentina and the other country were but they're not there. *Dammit! I seem to be making the most idiotic choices of my life right now*. She thinks to herself as she grabs her blade and gets into a fighting stance and stares at the earth around her...Silence...

...A gun fires...

Falklands ducks down and rolls along the ground as soon as she heard the sound of the gun. She wasn't hit but the ground from

where she was standing has a small hole from where the bullet hit. Argentina sees an opportunity and runs at her with his blade ready to swing. The Falklands jumps back up just in time to notice and their blades crash together in a loud ear piercing ring as they push the blades against the others; hoping to swing at the other and land a fatal hit. Argentina's blade is a lot bigger than The Falklands and she has to put a lot more effort into making sure Argentina doesn't stab her.
"Why are you trying to stab me when you loaded your gun?" She asks him.
"Because I don't want to kill you but I will if I have to." He responds not telling her that the other country's gun broke because of her pesky escaping abilities.
The other country gets his pistol ready and goes to help his colleague. He runs up to the Falklands and aims at her thigh, they weren't trying to kill the Falklands just take her hostage like the other island nations. Well, once taken over that country technically belongs to them. The Falklands hears him coming and she moves out of the way. The fast movement causes the country to shoot out of panic and just barely miss her. He curses in frustration but Falklands doesn't want to hear no no words so I'm having to censor it.

The country does not stop though. After his little curse he runs up to Falklands. Falklands swipes at him with her knife but she misses and the country pounds the gun directly into her ribs that knocks the wind out of her. She clutched onto her ribs but then quickly moves her hands down to the rope still tied around her waist. She undoes the knot holding the rope there and grabs either end of it. She proceeds to wrap the rope around the attacking countries throat and pull tightly. The country chokes and their eyes widen at the sudden loss of air.
"Yeah, it's not nice is it?" Falklands says getting more and more angry and her hold getting more and more tighter.

Argentina, who had spent his time waiting for a distraction not being big on assistance in fighting, now walks up behind the Falklands as she chokes the other country. Argentina is hesitant thinking about what he's about to do to his 'daughter' but shakes his head and raises his sword.

Falklands lets out a pain filled scream as Argentina slices the sword down her back.

If it was a different country, Argentina probably would of attempted to end them by a stab to the head but he couldn't bring himself to do that to Falklands. He looks in slight horror at the blood now appearing in the fabric of Falklands coat.
Shit what have I done! Argentina panics to himself as he watches Falklands stumble.

Luckily for him, the cut wasn't as deep as it looks and Falklands won't bleed to death and physics or any other science does not apply in this book so, yeah, lucky him.

Falklands now seeing no choice makes an effort to try and gain a distance from the two countries and tries to walk away. It's a depressing attempt and Argentina looks on sadly, the other country slowly recovering from the loss of air.
"Malvinas, please just give up I don't want to hurt you anymore." Argentina slightly begs Falklands.
She weekly turns back to him with tears running down her face in pain. She glares at him.
"Never." She says coldly.
Argentina sighs.
"Very well then..."

He walks up to Falklands and an overwhelming feeling of fear and regret begins to swirl in her chest. She backs away but trips and falls backwards, letting out a small yelp. Argentina picks her up by her coat and begins to drag her along the floor. She pries onto the grass ripping it out trying to grip onto something as Argentina drags her along. She begins to shout in a hope to annoy Argentina or guilt trip him into letting her go. The other country catches up with the two and sees what Falklands is attempting to do and so they begin to kick her whenever she makes a sound or attempts to attack Argentina.

Falklands feels hopeless and her back aches with pain; uncomfortable with the feeling of the blood running down her clothes. She turns her head to look at where she is being taking to and her stomach drops. She makes another attempt of breaking free

but gets kicked hard by the other country. Argentina stops. He pulls Falklands forward and holds onto her as he dangled her over the edge of the cliff.

Okay, so maybe I did foreshadow...

Falklands yelps and swings her legs as she dangles in the air.
"I can hold you here for a while because of how small you are," Argentina begins to speak to her. "But I won't be able to do it forever so I suggest you listen to your options," He says fiercely.
Falklands stares at Argentina with fearful yet angry eyes.
"You either surrender and let me have your land, or you don't and I drop you. You may be a country meaning you can take a few hits but I can tell you now, you will not survive that. Please Malvinas, I don't want to kill you. Make the right choice."

Falklands thinks about the choice carefully.
I don't want my land to go to him but...maybe if I surrender he'll let me have some say in what happens to my land? I don't want to let my people down... but I can't help them if I'm dead...and I can't deny it, death is a scary thing to think about...
Argentina is fed up of waiting and loosens his grip and Falklands yelps as she slips a few more inches down. She grasps tightly onto Argentina's arm fear pumping through her blood.
"O-okay..." She says whispers sadly, almost embarrassed of the words about to come out of her mouth.

"*...I surrender...*"

Wow... don't let me write a chapter about fighting again...that was so bad I'm sorry.

Spanish Translations:
•Malvinas = Falklands

Well, I hope you enjoyed this at least a little bit. I suppose I'll see you all in the next chapter...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2919

Okay what happened to my 4000 word chapters...My lazy ass, seriously...

...Break Him...

[image] [image]

Look at me, the person who is terrible at languages and only just realised that Argentina speaks Spanish and so he should be saying "Falklands" in Spanish!
Wow I can be stupid.
Welp, he's going to be calling 'The Falklands' 'Las Malvinas' now or "Malvinas" for short. I might go back and edit it too so...yep.

Oh and the mystery country will not speak their language because that will give it away completely so you can imagine that they're saying other countries names in their language until the chapter where we find out who this country is! Exciting, huh?

Enjoy!

No ones POV

Argentina pulls Falklands away from the edge of the cliff. He has the urge to pull her into a hug and say how sorry he was but resists. Falklands has tears running down her cheeks. She's not sure if it's from the fact that she surrendered or how scary it was to be dangled over that cliff. The other country just stands there in silence. They all do that for a while. The silence is soon interrupted by the low growl of the other country and their head twitches but a lot more violent than the other times. It seems to trigger something in Argentina as he does the same and after this is done Falklands feels like she lost any power she had felt before her land was taken. She feels smaller. Weaker. Very sad too.

"We're done here." The other country says.
Argentina nods and he holds a tight grip on to Falklands wrist as they begin to walk back to the ships. Falklands tried her best not to cry at the sight of Stanley and her soldiers. They stopped fighting as soon as Falklands surrendered. Once the country is gone there isn't

much you can do. Except a revolution in later time of course. There were quite a few cases in which humans have stood up to countries despite the fact of how much stronger a country is compared to a human. But almost all the time, a lot of blood will be spilled. But that seems to be a natural thing in anger.

Falklands head hangs low as she's dragged to the ship. She doesn't want to see the sad, angry or disappointed look on her soldiers faces. She doesn't want to see anything. She just wants to close her eyes and listen to the waves crashing on her land, or what was her land. She just wants to have peace. But that's seems to be an impossible thing to achieve in this world.

They walk up the gangway as everyone watches. They make it onto the dock and the country that cannot be named, goes to the helm of the ship and begins to get everything ready to leave. It took a day for them to get Falklands to surrender where as with the other nations the other country managed to claim them in less than a day because of how small they were. Falklands was one of the bigger Overseas British Territories and so would be harder for them to obtain; Falklands would be a lot stronger too.

Argentina takes Falklands through the ship. They make it to a room halfway through one of the hallways. Argentina opens the door and walks in. Falklands just stands in the doorway. Argentina sits down on a bed. It has a mattress and blankets on it, it even has a white towel along the end of it like many hotels would; although this is far from a holiday cruise ship. There's even a bedside table.

Argentina looks at Falklands. They hold an awkward stare for a few seconds before Falklands looks away at the small glass window in the room.
"I um..."
Falklands looks towards Argentina as he speaks
"I need to change out of my military clothes,"
Falklands gets the idea. She steps out of the room and shuts the door. She leans against the wall and looks down the hallway. She contemplated running away but doesn't as she knows she'll get caught.

A little bit later Argentina opens the door. Falklands moves into the

doorway but is hesitant when thinking of walking into the room. Argentina walks up to the bedside table and rummages through the top draw.
"I thought I put some in here..." he mumbles to himself. He kneels down and begins to search through the second draw instead.
"Ah-Hah!" He exclaims as he finds and pulls out some bandages.
Argentina looks towards Falklands. "I need to clean and bandage your wounds."
Falklands just stares. She eventually nods her head. She walks over to the bed and sits down.
"I hope this isn't awkward for you but I need you to take off your coat and shirt." Argentina says slightly nervous himself. *It shouldn't be that awkward I'm her father after all,* He reassures himself.
Falklands is hesitant but undoes the wooden pins on her coat and takes it off. A thin blood stained hole on the arm of the coat and a longer diagonal blood stained cut on the back. The blood is harder to see on Falklands long-sleeved, plain black shirt but when touched you can feel just how much Falklands has bled. She has such a strong will power it's hard to imagine how she never passed out. She removed the shirt to reveal the knife wounds. The one on her arm is very deep and looks like it would be easy for infection. The one on her back may be bigger but is certainly not as deep making it at least a bit more bearable.

(I am not a medical expert so if you end up suffering from a knife wound, I recommend taking information from a proper, reliable and non-made-up source)

Argentina feels guilty but doesn't dare to show it. He grabs his water bottle and the small towel that was laid on the bed.
"I just want to apologise as I'm no professional." Argentina says awkwardly.
Falklands just stares in silence not helping Argentina's confidence in any way. He focuses on her arm first. He holds her hand and extends it out so he can look at the wound better. He unscrews the lid to his bottle and proceeds to wet the towel. *God I hope I'm doing this right.*
"Soap." Falklands says.
Argentina looks up at her slightly confused.
Falklands roles her eyes. "You need soap."

"Ah right, my bad."
Argentina quickly runs out the room on the search for some soap.

He comes back a few minutes later with some normal soap.
"Um, it's all I could really find." He says as he goes back to Falklands who was still sitting quietly on the bed.
She looks at the soap knowing fine well it will be painful. "It will do."
Argentina stares guiltily at her for a little bit before going back to looking at her arm.
He applies the water and soap and rubs the wound carefully with the towel. Falklands slightly hisses and bites her tongue.
"Sorry." Argentina says.
"Just get it over with, please."
Argentina continues to clean the wound as best as he can. Once satisfied he grabs the rolled up bandage. He wraps it around Falklands wound tightly and layers it many times before stopping. He attempts to tear the bandage but ends up failing.
Falklands rolls her eyes again.
"You need to go to a medical or survival school sometime." She states and reaches for her coat folded on the bed. She searches through the pockets trying to find the right one. She finds the pocket she's looking for. Argentina watches as she pulls out a pair of scissors.
"Do you have everything in that coat or something?" Argentina slightly jokes and takes the scissors. He cuts the bandage leaving a decent length left over which he ties into a knot securing the bandage.
"Tight enough?" He asks Falklands.
She moves her arm a bit, testing the strength of the bandage. She looks back to Argentina and nods her head. He smiles, happy to of gotten it right.
"Time for the back." He says picking up the towel again.

He proceeds to clean the wound. This time Falklands is in a lot more pain as the wound stretches right across her back but she manages to cope better than most countries would. Argentina takes the bandages and tries to bandage the cut as best as he can but it is a proven difficulty with the angle And where it's at. He finishes with the bandage, cutting it with the scissors and tying another

knot. This bandage covers most of Falklands torso. She looks slightly unamused but is happy that at least something has been done. She decided to not say thanks though. Although the guilty Argentinian managed to tug at her heart enough for her to give a thankful smile before returning to a blank expression as she begins to put her shirt back on.
"Hey, wait," Argentina stops her.
She gives him an annoyed look.
"You need a fresh shirt and coat."
Falklands thinks about for a few seconds.
"A shirt, yes. But I keep the coat."
Argentina nods and takes her to find another shirt.

-Tiny Time Skip-

They soon make it back to the island. No words being shared between the three of them as they once again walk down the gangway. The other country had also changed out of his military uniform. This was to not cause suspicion if they were spotted by another country. They walk along the island trying not be spot by any country but as they turn around a corner they bump into none other than Chile. He wears his star eyepatch as always. He has a normal blue and white hoodie on and some black leggings. He has his lizard like tail out and it gently swings as he stands there.

Chile looks at Argentina and the other country, also not too sure of their name.
"Hola Argentina!" He says with a small smile showing his sharp, pointed teeth. His eyes travel down towards Falklands.
She looks at him with a pleading expression but doesn't say anything as Argentina grips tightly onto her wrist. So tight it feels like the blood is leaving the top of her fingers and hand altogether.
Chile then looks back to Argentina, a serious look on his face.
"Argentina... Please don't tell me you did what I think you did..."
Argentina grows tense and nervous but manages to keep a blank stare.
"No I did not, Chile. I'm actually kind of hurt that you thought that of me," Argentina says putting on his best acting skills. "As you know, this is my daughter and once I heard that she was a free nation I wanted to see her and make sure she was getting on okay."

Chile raises one eyebrow.
"I thought that UK owned Malvinas and I know he fell apart but I thought he was made up of other countries, wouldn't Malvinas belong to one of them?"
Argentina almost has a panic attack. *Can't he just leave me alone for once.* He thinks to himself as he searches for an excuse.
"Nope. Apparently not." That was all he managed to say.
Chile didn't look too convinced but eventually smiled.
"Okay, I must be behind on the rules then." He says and rubs the back of his neck slightly embarrassed. "Well, I have to go now it was nice seeing you. ¡Adiós!" He then proceeds to walk off in the opposite direction of which the other three countries were heading.

Argentina lets out a sigh of relief.
"My hand." Falklands says almost inaudible.
Argentina turns to face Falklands. "What did you say?"
Falklands lifts her other hand and points at her wrists where Argentina still holds his tight grip. "My hand." She repeats.
"Oh! Lo siento," Argentina says and loosens his grip but still holds onto Falklands wrist.
Falklands lets out a weak sigh.

They continue to walk along the edge of Patriam Island, taking any hidden path as much as possible. They eventually make it to the other country's house.

Falkland's POV

A house?

I'm getting taken to a normal house?

I thought they were gonna bring me to some military base or lab to torture me or make me do hard labour. I mean, it could be that inside the house is completely different to the outside but I don't know. Depends on how much technology has improved over the years as well.

We walk up to the front door of the house. My wrist aches from Argentina's strong grip. The country that I still don't know the name of goes up to the door and unlocks *four* locks before opening the

door. Paranoid much?

We walk into the house, or more like they walk in while I'm dragged in by the wrist. To my surprise it looks just like a normal house. Living room, kitchen, staircase, hallway with more rooms along it-all of that stuff. It's a big change to my little cosy house where everything was connected in one big room except for the bathroom so you had some privacy.

We walk into the red and white country's office and me and Argentina both watch as they pull books off the shelves of their big bookshelf.

I'm slightly confused. What are they- the bookshelf swings open revealing a secret passage leading down under the house. Ah, so we're in a movie are we?

Argentina drags me down the passage. I'm really fed up of him dragging me around. I can walk just fine myself. Besides, I guess I belong to him now—as much as I hate it and I don't really stand that much of a chance at escaping. Not right now at least.

The metal clanks loudly with each step we take. It's really confusing these hallways. We take a few turns and I already feel disoriented. The halls are all metal so they all look the exact same, almost exactly like a maze. We get to one hallway and I instantly get a bad feeling.

The hallway is long and dotted with, what looks to be, cell doors. We walk down this hall and I look at the cell doors. Within some of them I see other British Overseas Territories. I feel so guilty at their sad or scared faces. Speaking of their faces, some of them are grey with no flag. I can only assume it's because their flags are being redesigned for the other countries desire. I really don't want my flag to change or become grey for years as another is being designed.

We stop at a door and the red and white country unlocks it. My heart picks up speed and my instincts tell me to run but Argentina's grip stops me. He stares at me struggling to back away from them and try to escape. He only chuckles and grabs a tighter grip on me and pushes me into the cell.

"If you need anyone, Malvinas, press this button or buzzer, same thing really." He points to a red buzzer next to the door.
I don't say anything, just let out a low growl. I don't want to speak to them.
"I'm guessing that means you understand," Argentina says. "Well, I hope you understand why we also need to take that long coat of yours."
Argentina walks up to me with his hand out ready to take my coat.
"No!" I say harshly and back away from him. "I keep the coat..."
Argentina looks on slightly annoyed.
"Fine..." he says. "We're gonna search the pockets and take away any weapons though. No. Other. Options."
I nod in agreement. I just want to keep the coat. It's the closest thing I have to home right now and was a gift my people gave me to celebrate the discovery of me... I really let them down...

The two countries search through my coat pockets as I stand still. They take my scissors, my knife and it's leather cover, a very small wooden spear, my lighter, a small vile of poison (don't get any funny ideas, that's for the animals that keep eating my food) and my multitool. I have to say, they took my deadly stuff for sure but I still have plenty of stuff that could be harmful if used in a certain way.
"Okay, that's all." The red and white country says. We make eye contact and I give him a cold glare. He replies with a sharp toothed grin. He better stop being so annoying or I'm gonna curse word him.

I watch as they walk out the room and shut the door. I look around the room. It really does look and feel like a prison. I stand up and walk towards the door. I look through the small barred window on it. I may not be able to see Argentina and that other country but I can hear them. I decide to eavesdrop.

"They had the RAF supporting them and many of England's troops meaning he knows about the Overseas Territories..."
"That doesn't mean he knows that we're behind this..."

I'm too far away to recognise the accents and tell who's who but I try my best.

"I guess you're right..."

"Write a fake letter..."
"Good idea..."
"Make Malvinas write it to make sure the handwriting is the same as the one she already sent him..."

I didn't know they knew that I sent England a letter.

"This is good and all but won't England get suspicious as more of his territory disappears?"
"That is a valid point too..."
"Break him."

That sent a chill down my spine. Whoever said that did it cold and harshly.

"How would we do that..."
"He's got a bad history,. One even I would regret. Use that against him...Break him..."
"Well, seems like we've got another job to do..."

Then the conversation ended as footsteps approach my door. I back away. The door opens and Argentina stands there.
"I know you listened to all of that now come and write this letter..."
I stand up and follow behind him.

...I should of been stronger...
...Now England's being targeted...

I feel as though I'm going to regret this twist with the extra work it gives me. Welp, just means this book isn't going to end anytime soon... hooray!
(for you lot at least)

Sorry this chapter took longer to come out than usual. Writers block sucks big time.

I also want to say thank you for

6K reads!! Holy cheese on a cracker dudes why are you reading this? It really makes my day that you all are enjoying this crappy book and most of your comments make me laugh and

I'm sorry if I don't reply but I read them all nonetheless! Thank you once again!

Spanish Translations:
•"Hola = "Hello
•¡Adiós!" = Goodbye!"
•Lo siento," = Sorry,"

Sorry for any incorrect translations, as always.

Anyway, stay safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 3190

Losing My Mind

[image] [image]

Okay so, I just want to explain something and this will most likely be lengthy so sorry about that. I don't think you could consider this as a spoiler but if you hate them THAT much then go ahead and read on but don't blame me if you get super confused. Okay then, so if you haven't noticed all ready we got some weird twitching happening to countries whenever a territory has been taken over. This is to show that they are either loosing or gaining land. I have said that this has been happening to the 'Mystery' country and England (and Argentina last chapter). Well, it will take longer for the twitching to effect the country loosing the land. So England will not twitch until later on in the timeline of the 'mystery' country taking The Overseas British Territories, since they belong to England. This is because the territory has to be FULLY conquered before it effects the country that originally owned the land. So it will not effect the original country until the new owner of the land has for example: Set up laws, chosen the human in charge of the land, set up the military, taxes, deciding what happens to the people already living there, etcetera. I hope this was easy to understand if not feel free to ask a question in the comments and I'll explain as best as I can...

I also may be picking on England in this chapter so I'm very sorry if it offends you but it is for the purpose of this story...

Now let's continue...

Enjoy!

England's POV

I don't quite understand what is happening...Everyone just seems to... *hate me?* I suppose... well, not everyone I still have Wales and North and the original 6 countries America and Canada introduced me and Scotland to on our first day...Oh Scotland... I don't know what he feels about me. We haven't really talked unless needed and my heart still flutters when near him and it's starting to piss me off. Why does my love have to be to the one country who probably

despises me the most! Well... maybe not the most. Ireland seems to hate me a lot as well. That's who Scotland's been hanging out with at school now. He still hangs out with us for sure and it's painful to see him but know that I can't have what I desire. It's even more painful that Japan and South Korea have caught up on their relationship and talks about how cute they are. Nobody else knows about what I told Scotland, although I'm guessing Scotland told Ireland with how he acts towards me. But that's a little off subject I guess. These past school days have just gone... *horrible...*

I don't know how the rumours started or who started them but once that one little lie was said, that one little sentence that was whispered into someone's ear was heard; it spread like wild fire. About how I was the one that started UK's colonisation of most of the world and how I was planning to do it again... and not to mention people started to talk about the horrible torture done to the colonised countries and the people living there. How I was a cold hearted, blood-thirsty country that hated all and wanted to rule the world. I can't deny this. There was a time in which this was my mindset and I cannot begin to explain... *how much I regret it...* I wish if I had known what the hell I was doing, if I just had some slight bit of common sense and had known just how much it was going to effect me in the future, I wish I could take it all back... I dearly wish I could.

I hate walking through the dreaded school halls and to see fear in some countries eyes at the sight of me. Some countries look as though they want to beat me to a pulp and I have to admit: that's a scary thing to think about. I'm not the strong country I used to be as The UK. I got knocked out from a volleyball for goodness sake! What do they think I'm gonna do to them?! The rumours keep on spreading and some of them are fake and only make me seem worse. Guess anybody will believe anything even though they don't have solid evidence of me ever doing some of those fake rumours. But some are all to familiar... Things I had forgotten only to be cursed with having to see and hear them again...

My head aches with the sound and stress of the whispering of rumours. Nobody really talks to me apart from the countries I mentioned earlier of course but even some of them seem to be

doubtful of talking to me. If I get pared with another country(s) in a project they either make me do all the work because I "Deserve it after all the horrible labour I put countries and their people through" or they do all the work themselves without saying a single word to me just giving me a slight nervous glance before continuing to work, refusing my offers to help.

...I hate this...

I want it to stop. I'm not who they picture me as. This has been going on for days and my head is going to explode and I want to punch anyone who so dares to whisper something as I walk by. I resist after having already done it, gotten in trouble with UN after my claims of rumours being spread were denied because "I'm sorry but, Majority rules" yeah right UN, and then the rumours proceeded to become worse saying how hostile and violent I was to have hurt another country. All I did was leave a non-fatal punch in the back of the head but the country acted like it had given them a concussion. What people will do for attention, huh? And they don't think about how it will affect the people around them do they? Oh, no, no, no.....
...I'm loosing my fucking mind...

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is taking a break from conquering other territories and is planning how he's going to invade Great Britain and Northern Ireland and it does not sound good. Apparently the plan of "Breaking England" is slowly proving successful. I feel so guilty about it. It's my fault he's going through that if I just didn't send that damm note...

Speaking of notes, they made me write one to England about how everything went smoothly and I was okay. I kept on ripping the paper and scribbling over it refusing to write anything down until the red and white country went and grabbed poor little Montserrat and dragged her all the way to his office. He kneeled her in front of the table I was meant to write the letter on and aimed a gun to her head. He told me to write the letter or he'll shoot. Of course I wrote the letter. Montserrat never flinched, though I could tell she was scared by the look in her eyes. She was brave and I had to hug her afterwards, that would of been so scary especially with how young and small she is. This red and white country is a psychopath and needs to at least have some anger management classes.

...I hope this will all end soon...

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Northern Ireland. They share a big bed separated by a divider of pillows. There were meant to be four countries in the room but the fourth one left a while ago due to nightmares that they had once again developed. That would be Scotland. He's obtained these nightmares again most likely because of having no one there to comfort him, one country in particular, I bet, could take his nightmares away instantly.

The silence is broken by the slight yawn of Wales. She sits up in the bed and stretches out her wings just barely missing smacking Northern Ireland in the face, although sometimes she would do that on purpose and act like it was accidental then snicker about it later. Wales finishes stretching and rubs her eyes before looking tiredly around the room to see if anyone else was awake. She sees England sitting at the edge of his air bed sadly. She frowns. She hates seeing other upset countries. Seeing them like that makes her upset.

She gently crawls off the bed, trying not to disturb North. Her feet hit the floor and she walks over to England. He has a hoodie on him with the hood up like a true depressed teenager. As that's what he is at the end of the day. A young country being bullied for the mistakes that many, many other countries have done as well. It just doesn't seem to be fair but that's how life is. Unfair.

Wales sits down next to England on the air bed. She's a lot shorter next to him.
"Lloegr..."
England looks at Wales but doesn't say anything. He has bags under his eyes and his glasses sit wonkily on his face.
"I'm worried about you, Lloegr. You are not acting like yourself at all. And I hate seeing you upset like this..... it's about the rumours isn't it?" Wales sits waiting for a response.
England slowly nods his head and adjusts his glasses to a straighter angle. Wales looks at England sadly. She wraps her right wing around him. England seems pretty surprised at the sudden warmth and comfort but still doesn't say anything.
"Lloegr, some of those rumours aren't even true! I know words are damaging sometimes more than other people can comprehend but you are more than those rubbish words... You've changed so much England that was past you and you've made mistakes, sure, but

haven't we all? Every single country, heck, even every *human* has stuff they wish they could so dearly take back. But please, Lloegr, be strong. That's who you are, smart strong and passionate please don't make other people change you..."

England looks at Wales. Wales could of sworn he was on the verge of crying but no tears came out of his eyes.
"T-Thank You, Wales. You always know what to say and how to make others happy..."

'It's just too bad it didn't work for me...'

Wales smiles at England.
"Well, come on grumpy you need to eat some breakfast." She says putting on her best mother acting skills.
England gives a small smile and they both stand up. Wales goes up to North and wakes him up.
"What do you want..." He says tiredly
"For you to get up and eat breakfast. We've got school to get ready for as well." Said Wales.
North let's out a sigh before clambering off the bed. The trio of countries then walks down the hallway towards the dinning room.

-Time skip-

The countries were once again walking to school. England dreaded every step. Wales cheerfully stretched out her wings. Northern Ireland was trying to push Wales's wings out of his face. America was begging Canada for math homework answers. Australia and New Zealand we're naming all the animals they could spot. Scotland walked along quickly with the thought of seeing his boyfriend soon. What a weird looking bunch.

They eventually got to the school. The Primary's split away from the High-schoolers as they went to meet their friends in the playground. England got a few fearful or nasty looks but he ignored them even though he could feel their eyes burning into the back of his head. The High-Schoolers eventually made it to their part of the school and went to meet their friend group in the canteen, even thought there was no food waiting there.

"Hey everyone!" America yelled and ran up to the lot, the others slowly following behind.
England could already here the whispering of others. They may seem quiet to everyone else but to him they were as loud as ever. He tries his best to shut them out and just focus on those who haven't left him yet.
"You okay Angleterre?"
England turns his head to look at who spoke. It was Canada.
"Um yeah, Canada, Just feeling a bit sick I suppose..." England responds.
Canada gives a concerned expression. "Do you want to tell a teacher? Maybe ask them to go home?"
England gives Canada a smile but shakes his head. "It's fine... I'll be...fine." He says quietly.
Canada nods his head but isn't convinced. He decides he's going to watch England today and make sure he's okay.

The group chat together until.
"Dia duit gach duine."
Everyone turns to see Ireland. Scotland instantly goes up to Ireland and hugs him with Ireland hugging tightly back. This was the usual greeting they would give each other so no one found it strange. Japan and South Korea both smile and slightly squeal at the scene. They think it's cute when two people love each other. They always find it fascinating how two countries can have such a strong bond. England, however, was dealing with the pain of having his heart shattered...again. He wanted to hurt somebody. *Calm down...* he managed to get over it but he still felt an annoying pain tugging at his stomach.

They all continue to talk with Canada trying to bring England into the conversation a couple times but he only answered in short replies. The school bell eventually rang and they all headed to their classes.

Hey, guess what I'm doing.
That's right.
-Time skip-

Rumours are horrible things aren't they?
One person says one thing, another says another and you've got a

whole bucket full appearing almost every day. But... Does anyone actually think about the things they say? Do they think of the consequences? Or do they just want that little bit of attention? Do they just want to bond with their friends on something they don't know will effect someone else dearly?...
Or do they want to cause the *pain*... do they want to see the *suffering* of another for their own *enjoyment*...
...*Think about the things you say before you say it*...

The day went smoothly for most countries. School isn't always the most enjoyable thing and can be pretty tiring too. It was now the second last class of the day in high school and the Primary countries were almost allowed to leave. For this next part in the story we'll follow England and Scotland's class. Which would be good old Science. Chemistry to be specific.

England sat in the class watching as Yemen did most of the experiment they were meant to be working on together. Yemen slightly confused England. Yemen was a bright and happy country and got on quite well with his bordering countries but... Yemen's country seems to be in ruins. You can see it through him. He's skinny from not eating, he doesn't always have enough money to buy things and his country always seems to be at war and random bruisers appear on him. It's a sad sight but talking about it just seems to make Yemen sadder than he already looks. He still manages to be a happy country though and I think everyone could learn about happiness from him.

"Are you sure you don't need any help?" England asks Yemen.
Yemen looks towards him slightly nervous.
"You could... write some notes on how the experiments going?" Yemen asks as though it's one of the worlds hardest quiz questions.
England looks slightly surprised. Usually he would just be dismissed but Yemen actually suggested a proper job that he could do.
England nods his head and begins to scribble down notes into his science jotter. Yemen sighs and continues with the experiment.

"Ah!" Yemen yelps.
England looks up quickly. "Are you okay?"
Yemen looks at England slightly surprised at the concern after all the rumours being spread about England being cold hearted.

"Um, Y-Yeah I'm fine, it was just...um...*nothing important...*" Yemen replies, saying the last part so quietly England probably wouldn't of heard it if he wasn't so used to hearing people whispering around him.
England can already guess Yemen yelped because of something happening in his country and decides not to question it for Yemen's sanity. He continues to write in the jotter quite bored of it. He looks up for a little bit and looks at the other countries helping each other on the experiments and having fun watching the chemical reactions taking place. England sighs. Yemen watches this and sighs himself.
Come on Yemen he seemed generally concerned about you. Sure UK owned part of you before but that was UK not England specifically I suppose... Be the happy country you are...
"H-Hey um إنكلترا," Yemen begins.
England looks towards Yemen. Arabic confuses him but he at least understands how his name sounds when it's spoken.
"You...You wanna help me with this next one?"
England's eyes widen and he smiles.
"Sure. What do I do?" He asks.
"Well, First you need to get your safety goggles on and then we can start,"
"Ah right, safety first." England says and slips down his safety goggles to cover his eyes as they sit awkwardly on his glasses. It's so annoying having to wear glasses and safety goggles at the same time.
"So first we need to..."

Haha, you thought I was gonna write the actual experiment, nope. I'm trying to make sure chapters don't get so long now and we're already above 3300 words so that's totally working... anyway...

Haha, me from the future when I finished this chapter. It actually turned out to be the longest chapter I've written so far... So great job Jazz...

-Small Time Skip-

England and Yemen finished their experiment and began to both summarise what happened and what they learnt in their science jotters. England helped get Yemen started with the notes he already

had when he started to feel slightly sick. He ignored it and just held onto his stomach for a bit hoping that it would pass but he started to feel dizzy as well. Of course Yemen noticed as England began to sway from the dizziness.

"?are you okay ,إنكلترا" Yemen asks concerned.
This caused countries in the room to stare as they were surprised to hear someone concerned for England after all the things that he had done that everyone was talking about. England shakes his head no and Yemen puts his hand up in the air.
"Yes, Yemen?" Asked the teacher (*I don't know what country to put as the teacher so yeah*)
"England is not feeling too well, could he possibly have a break?" Yemen asks for England who does not look in shape for asking the question himself.
"You can head to the toilet England and see if you feel better but try not to take *too* long, remember it might all just be something in your country." The teacher says.
England nods his head and walks out the classroom swiftly, shutting the door behind him as he leaves.
"Probably faking it..." the teacher mutters before going back to marking papers.

England's POV

I walk through the corridors swiftly heading to the closest bathroom. I enter into the males and head into a stall and lock the door. I lean against the wall and take deep breaths. What the hell is going on with me? I feel so sick. I lean other the toilet and begin to cough. I eventually cough out a small amount of...

...Black liquid...

Holy shit... what the hell?! I suddenly let out a harsh growl before violently twitching. What is it with this damm twitching?! And why the hell am I coughing up this black liquid if I'm not a union like UK? And I'm not being invaded I would of known if this was an invasion...

I sit on the floor not caring for the possible bacteria. I hold my hand on my head and breath heavy. I think about everything that's been

said about me... I think about everything that's happening right now... I think about Scotland... I think about North... and I think about what Wales said... I'm sorry Wales but I'm not the strong country you think I am...
...I begin to cry...

I don't know why but that's all I can do. I let the tears flow as my head throbs with the pain of my experiences. Of my mistakes. Of the sickness I feel right now. I cry for a while. The sickness slightly surpasses but the pain certainly doesn't. I cry until I hear the bathroom door open.

"Sasainn?"

-A couple minutes ago-

Scotland's POV

I look towards the clock in the room. The class is almost about to end and England still hasn't come back yet. I can't help but feel a bit worried. I've heard the rumours. People have walked up to me and said "Be careful, Scotland, England's dangerous and could invade you at any time..." I usually stop them at that point fed up of their inaccurate claims. I tap my pencil on the desk thinking of what to do. I sigh before raising my hand.

"Yes, Scotland?" The teacher asks annoyed.
"England has nae been back fer a while noo, dae yer want me ta go check on him?"
The teacher looks confused. I sighed annoyed and clear my throat trying to put on my best English accent. "England hasn't been back for a while now do you want me to go check on him?"
The teacher finally catches on. I didn't think it was that hard to understand.
"Um, someone should go check on him but how about someone other than you, Scotland?" The teacher says.
I'm confused at his words at first before I understand why he said that. It fuels me with a slight burning anger. I stand up from my seat letting it screech loudly on the floor. I walk round my shared desk and towards the door.
"Scotland, what do you think you're doing?" The teacher asks me

angrily.
I turn around to him annoyed. I clear my throat again and put on the dumb english accent. "I'm assuming you said someone other then me because the rumours have gotten to you too, correct?"
The teacher almost looks guilty at the way I say it.
"I'll take your expression as a yes. Well, I know our history isn't the greatest and we fight a lot but it's just how we are. Sorta like... a love, hate relationship I suppose. And some of these dumb rumours are fake and very damaging to England's self esteem which I can tell you right now is very sensitive. So please excuse me but I am leaving to make sure that the country I have lived with for most of my life and hasn't done anything wrong for years, is ok..." I finish on that note and leave the room.

I think about my words as I walk through the corridors. Did I really just say that? It probably wouldn't of been awkward if I hadn't of known that England actually has a crush on me but oh well. I reach a bathroom and open the door.

"Sasainn?" I ask.

-No ones POV-
Lots of No no words coming up

England is silent as he processes what he heard.
"S-Scotland?" He whispers to himself. He thought he did it quietly but Scotland heard him and the bathroom door shuts behind him as he fully walks in to the room.
"Sasainn, I know you're in here. Fit's going on with yer?" Scotland said as he began walking towards the stalls.
England lets out a small cry before slowly standing up. Scotland hears this and Walks towards the stall where he heard England. He knocks on the stall.
"Sasainn, I heard fit's happening with the rumours..."
England lets out a sigh. "It's horrible, Scotland. I don't know what the fuck is happening with me but my world is falling apart and I'm so sad and mad and... sick-"
"Fit dae yer mean by sick?" Scotland instantly asks. One thing Scotland was good at was spotting countries emotions. He may not be good with his own feelings but one of his training methods was learning how other countries act and how to tell their emotions.

This is so he could find their weak spot and use it against them. By the way England said this he could tell it was bothering him the most.
"I-I.....The black Liquid..." England says quietly.
Scotland instantly feels a feeling building in his chest. He thinks about it before identifying it as worry.
"Sasainn, please open the stall door. This is serious noo."
England hesitantly unlocks the stall and opens it. Scotland looks at England's distraught and weak state. England, one of the most polite, posh and well-dressed countries Scotland has ever met, stands in front of him looking like a sick tramp.
"Sasainn what the fuck happened?" He asks seriously.
England looks up at Scotland staring into his eyes and his heart flutters before he painfully shoves the emotion away. He tries to say something but nothing but a whimper comes out.
"Sasainn, I will nae know how ta help until yer tell me." Scotland says becoming inpatient at the silence.
England is surprised at his words. *Scotland? Help me?* "But I thought you hated me..." he looks up quickly realising he said the last part out loud and he begins to tear up. He feels so emotional today and it's really effecting him.
Scotland shakes his head and crosses his arms. "I know I act like it but I dae nae *hate* yer just... *dislike?* Yer..." he's not sure if that helped.
England begins to have more tears flow down his cheeks. "But you do hate me!" He shouts, surprising Scotland in the sudden raise of volume. "I did so many horrible things to you and everyone else and you act like you forgive me but I know you hate me... everyone hates me and no one ever thought about how I feel about it... no one ever thought that I might regret it, that I might *hate myself* for it. But no. Nobody cares everyone just hates me!" England puts his head into his hands as he begins to cry more.

Scotland stares at him feeling a bit awkward at his words and reaction. He eventually covers up this feeling with a bit of annoyance as his usual defence. He thinks of something he can do to calm this distressed country down. He thinks of something, not too fond of doing it.
"I cannae believe I'm doing this..." he says.
England wiped away a few of his tears as he looks up confused.

"W-wha-" Is all he can get out before Scotland pulls him into a light hug. England doesn't know how to react at first but soon hugs on tighter to Scotland as the tears start flowing from his eyes once again.
"I-I'm Sorry S-Scotland I-I really a-am," he speaks in between sobs. Scotland nods his head feeling slightly awkward. 'If Ireland saw me right now...' he thought to himself.
"We dae nae all hate yer, Sasainn. There are many countries oot there that care for yer. As family, as friends, as partners, hey! Yer even made pals with Yemen in science today," Scotland begins to say as he pats England's back. He feels so awkward but ignores it and tries his best to comfort this unstable country. "I know what you're experiencing can be confusing an' upsetting but that is something yer are meant ta experience in life. That is how life works. Sometimes it's amazing and sometimes it's utter shite and yer just want ta give up. But when yer overcome those moments yer feel so much better and yer realise how amazing the journey yer took ta get there was. How strong yer were, how hard yer tried and yer did it. Some countries are cruel and will want ta see your failure but just imagine fit it will be like when yer prove them wrong. If yer dae nae try there is no way yer will succeed. So Sasainn, I want yer ta try your hardest and tell all those dumbass countries ta fuck off because we all make mistakes but I'm the only aon that gets ta make fun of yer for them." Scotland finishes hoping for a good result. He really just through in any inspirational talk he could think of.
This just about makes England feel a ton of a lot better and he smiles with a slight choked laugh as he embraces Scotland tighter. This just makes Scotland feel a little bit more awkward.
"Come off when yer feel like it, but please dae it soon," he says. England soon lets go and gives a gentle smile to Scotland.
"Thanks Scotland..." he says quietly but much happier now...
"Nae bother," Scotland replies with a smile. "Yer wanna just head home?"
England nods his head fed up of being in school for today.

Holy guacamole, I was literally thanking you guys for 6K reads in the last chapter and you're gonna come back and get it to

7K reads! You're all insane for reading this mess and for the people that have gotten this far— +Respect

Welsh Translations:
•"Lloegr..." = "England..."

French Translations:
•Angleterre = England

Irish Translations:
•Dia duit gach duine = Hello Everybody/Everyone

Arabic Translations:
• إنكلترا = England
(It won't let me switch them around because Arabic is written from the right to left, I think. Sorry if I got this wrong)

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Sasainn = England
•Aon = One

Welp, hope you enjoyed this chapter! Stay safe and

Have a nice life!

Word count; 5302
Holy llamas, that's a lot of words

...Prepare for Attack...

[image]

I have no ideas— sorry if this chapter sucks because of that. Writers block is making me suffer again...This is what happens when you don't leave chapters on cliffhangers... I just wrote whatever I really could, I just wanted to post something otherwise I feel lazy as heck and that makes me achieve less motivation than before and why does my brain work like this —

...I seriously need to stop...

Enjoy!

Scotland's POV

I was disappointed at how much England was affected (*effected? My brain does not understand which one to use right now*) by these rumours and how they reminded him of his past. I hate lying. If you don't have a good reason, then you shouldn't do it. But what I want to know is: whom started these rumours?
Why did they start them?
And when will I get to beat them up?
As I said before; I don't take hurting of people I'm close to lightly. I might not ever act like I appreciate or like England, which would be true, but we know each other like the back of our hands and have had to deal with each other for years on end. I do get fed up of his dumb face sometimes but only I get to make fun of him for his stupidity.

We finally made it back to the house. We never told any of the teachers that we left the school and our bags are still there but I would imagine Canada or America would be told to take them home with them for us.
We were silent the whole way back, it was quite awkward considering on how we see each other but it wasn't as bad as dealing with school nonetheless. I wish I could of said goodbye to

Ireland though...

I knock on the front door of the house and wait for someone to open it. Wales, North, Australia and New Zealand will be home already by the length of our conversation in the bath room and how we had to sort of sneak out of the school. Eventually the door opens and we are greeted by France. I give an awkward smile while England stares gloomily ahead in a world of his own.
France crosses her arms. "Care to explain why you duex are home so early?"
I take a glance towards England but he still appears to be daydreaming or distracted by something. I look back to France and take a breath.
"Sasainn is experiencing bullying. I found him crying in the bathrooms after the *teacher* told me not to go check on him, as even the teachers are believing these dumb rumours that are being spread around the school about England and his pay even though *every* country has done most of the things they're bullying him for... I managed to calm Sasainn down through a very awkward experience but in the end I didn't think he could last the few hours left of school so I asked if he wanted to go home and he agreed." I took a breath and waited for France's response.
"I'm not happy about you duex missing school but that is horrible Angleterre," She says sympathetically. "I would understand why you wanted to come home and I'm fine with that but I'm gonna have to go to the school and have a word with UN about this. No country should have bad things said about them no matter what they have done, that is certainly not how you make someone learn from their mistakes."

I watch as England looks up to France and gives a small smile and he appears to look a lot less duller now.
"Come on inside then you duex." France says as she opens the door fully to let us walk in.
France shuts the door as we walk in and we all head to the living room. The younger countries all sit on the floor doing a big puzzle. They all look up at us and give us a confused expression.
"Why are you back so early?" Australia asks.
"The dumb bullying and rumours." Is all I say.
They all nod their heads and continue with the puzzle. Wales, on

the other hand, stands up quickly and practically glides across the room. She probably did with those wings of hers. She wraps her arms and wings around England in a big double hug. A special hug that Wales does when she feels it's necessary and it certainly does cheer any country up. England is quick to hug back, probably because Wales has always been his comforter. She's really everyone's comforter to be honest. Family, friend or even a stranger, she's there to make you feel better. Seeing that hug makes me think of Ireland and I long to be in his arms. His soft touch and beautiful eyes, I can't believe I had to wait 98 years (*if you picture this story happening in the year of 2020, otherwise it is a different amount of years, obviously*) before I could see him face to face again. Now we are together, I don't see how on Earth that was possible for me to deal with, probably because I was still a dumbass and didn't actually know what I felt when I saw him.

(I should just stop with the Ireland and Scotland... I'm sorry but it's too damm good. I'm gonna have to write another book about their relationship at some point in my absolute joke of a life)

Wales finally stops hugging England. "Lloegr, I told you not to let those rumours get to you." she says quite angrily.
England is about to say something but she cuts him off.
"And there is no point in saying sorry because I already forgive you."
England gives Wales a smile. "Thanks, Wales."

Well, I suppose I'm happy that England feels better now but I still want to know who started this mess...

???????? Islands POV *(it's not the Falklands)*

I stand on one of my beaches enjoying the sun and sand. I have been keeping an eye on the sky and the sea. Myself and my few people have spotted ships and planes fly overhead occasionally as if examining the area. These sightings have made me nervous as I am not exactly the biggest nation out there. Far from it. I am made up of five small but decently large islands: Oeno Island, Pitcairn Island, Henderson Island, Acadia island and Ducie Island, the last two

being very close to each other. Right now I stand on Pitcairn island. It is on this Island that the planes and ships seem to be so interested in although the others still get the occasional sighting. What scares me the most is, with the technology we have, we have identified which country the ships belong to and they are an old enemy of Britain, although they went by a different name at the time of their main conflicts. I am not sure what they want specifically but I can only imagine the worst. I have spread word around my fellow British Overseas Territories and so far only 10 have written back to me, saying that they are doing well and will keep an eye out for any foreign ships or planes. I am also very worried of the fact that two of the biggest Oversea Territories never responded to my letters. Another thing I worry about- yes, I am quite a paranoid nation, although I should be in this situation. Ha ha that rhymed- Is the fact that none of them have said that they too have been seeing these ships and planes, it makes me feel very much targeted. I have informed my few people and they have been very helpful in building our defences and being calm about the situation.
I may be jumping to conclusions though. But it's better to be safe than sorry, in my opinion.

I hear the low hum of a plane. Here comes another one... I look up at the sky putting my hand above my eyes in attempt to block out some of the sunlight shinning down. I look in the direction that the sound is coming from and I soon spot it. It hangs low in the sky as it comes ever so closer. I keep my eye on it as it does a loop around my island. It soon leaves the island, flying further off into the distance until it is no longer visible. Yep that plane definitely belongs to-
"Pitcairn! Pitcairn!" I hear someone shout.

I turn around to be greeted by one of my people.
"Yes?" I ask them as they run up to me clearly out of breath.
"The plane that just flew other head!" The human says quite distressed. "We identified it as a bomber plane!"
I look back out to where the plane was and think about this new information. Bomber planes aren't very common for inspection of other places unless they're planning a course of action in which they are going to use their bombs... but that's really just an assumption of mine.

With the thought of possibly being invaded, I put together the puzzle pieces in which might lead to the plan this country is going for... Inspection of my islands... Specifically Pitcairn... A bomber plane... I think I've got something.
"The country..." I begin to say, unaware that I'm speaking out loud. "They're going to bomb my islands except Pitcairn, then proceed to invade Pitcairn and take Adamstown..."
"W-What." The human says now very much scared of what I said.
"Shoot," I say and turn around to see their worried face. "I said that out loud didn't I?"
The human nods their head slowly.
"Well, can you please go back and tell the main defence or whatever you call them, that we need to put up bomb defences on any houses, which shouldn't be many given our population of only 54 people, and that because of that we need to get back-up from really any British Overseas Territory willing to help and the RAF itself." I say confident and serious.
The human quickly nods their head before jogging away.

I let out a small sigh and look back at the waves crashing on the beach. I know that if this country wants to have my territory that it will depend on me. What else am I supposed to do with my population only being 54 people, some of whom won't be able to fight...

...All I can do is wait...

What's this I see?

A short chapter?!

Unheard of!!

Well guys, I tried with the motivation I had so have this small chapter
(for my standards at least)
while I sort out my life and school work :)

No Translations so I will take this time to apologise for my horrible language skills and I missed a Duolingo lesson so lord help me.

Haha, Old Memes...

Stay safe everyone and...

Have a nice life!

Word count;1853
Holy cannoli!
That's short compared to last chapter!

Bully

[image] [image]

No ones POV

Wow... Pitcairn Islands is really in trouble isn't he?

How is he gonna fight off- oh wait I can't say it... the *Mystery* Country with a population of 54 and a little bit of back up? He's gonna have to do something crazy if he's gonna remain independent...

Anyway... While Pitcairn was watching that plane...

The Brits all tried their best to cheer England and each other up through, the amazing family favourite activity, board games!

They were now playing cards. A simple game of Cheat, which is the censored version of Bullshit for those wondering... Everyone was enjoying it, apart from the ones that just can't seem to get away with lying and cheating. That would be Canada and Scotland. Neither of them were fond of lying, even in a card game, so after a while of many losses in the game because they just couldn't seem to get rid of their cards in time, they both sit the next round out.

The two of them leaned against the living room wall watching the others play.
Scotland let out a slight chuckle."Nae the lying type either ah see."
Canada smiled. "Caught me red handed."
They watched as North took his turn. By the look on his face once the turn had moved on, it was obvious he got away with cheating.
"Hey Scotland," Canada began.
Scotland hummed in response.
"Another rumour started when you two left the school..."
Scotland looked towards Canada with a serious look. "And that would be?"
"Well, as you could guess some country began to talk about how you and England disappeared because when you shouted at the

teacher and left class to find England, he somehow took over your land again and then left to find the other UK countries, which would be Wales and North... Basically countries were saying how England was going to go on a colonising spree..."
Scotland sighed and put his hand on his head. He held back a laugh at the fact people thought he would ever get colonised again. Plus the reason he united with England was because his king was running three countries at the same time England, Ireland and Scotland himself, well there were actually a few more reasons as well but that seemed to be the main one.
"I'm actually surprised countries think Sasainn could do that to me," Scotland lets out a small chuckle. "I would like to see what An Eadailt thinks of that."
Canada looks confused. "What do you mean by that?"
Scotland looks towards Canada as he speaks. "In the past ìmporeachd na Ròimhe had conquered Sasainn, A'Chuimrigh too but A'Chuimrigh was nae really recognised back then, he tried many times ta try and conquer ma land or ma athairs at that time but he could nae and he resorted ta building a wall across Breatainn and paid ma athair and the people of Alba nae ta raid him..."
Canada looks wide eyed. "Your dad sounds really strong."
"Well, ma athair new how ta outsmart someone, scare them and find their weakness but it was also the people of Alba that helped, brave people they were... Anyway."
Scotland thinks about something else to say but he may of thought too deep.
"The country that started the rumours..." he began.
Canada looked towards him expectantly.
"That rumour was way ta specific. Yer said about me shouting at the tidsear and then leaving ta find him, the rumour starter would nae of known about that specific detail unless they were in the class! Oh someone's about to get a fucking black eye-"
"Scotland, please calm down."

Scotland stopped talking and looked towards Canada. He realised what Canada was saying and looked towards the other countries playing the card game but they were still playing happily unaware of the current conversation.
Scotland sighed. "Duilich Canada, I just hate it when countries I'm closed ta get hurt by others. In fact I'm surprised I didn't go full on

psychotic right there." Scotland said with a bit of laugh.
Canada just looked on. "So whom do you think it could be?"
Scotland thinks. "Hm, I din nae know yet but I will find out and when I do-"
"Scotland." Canada interrupted, not wanting him to talk about beating another country up.
"Oh, duilich."

"I WIN!!!!"
A country shouted so loud it pierced through the others ears.
"Amérique, please!" France slightly yelled to her son.
"Oops, sorry mom just a got a bit excited."
France just sighed and continued to pick up the cards putting them into one deck.
"Are you wanting to play again or do something else?" France asked as she shuffled the cards.
"Can we do something else?" Wales asked.
"Of course and what would that be?"
"Umm, I'm not too sure anyone got any ideas?" Wales said, looking at everyone in the room.
Everyone thought of what they could do.

Drawing?
Too boring.
Karaoke?
Too embarrassing.
Baking?
Too many people in one kitchen.
Reading?
Not everyone is a book worm.
Act out a play?
I ain't no actor.
Wrestle a crocodile?
WTF Australia...
Movies?
Done that too many times.
Dancing?
Pfft- yeah, like I'd do that.
Another board game?
Not feeling like it.

(*There's a quarantine list for ya-*
Well, maybe skip wrestling a crocodile-)

"Argh, we just can't agree on anything!" New Zealand complained.
"Everyone has their own opinions, l'amoureux," France said as she ruffled New Zealand's hair. "I need to start dinner now, I hope you lot find something to do." France then leaves the room.
Everyone is silent in their own thoughts.
"We could do charades?" North says.
"I cannot do that after you decided to do it that one time." England said with chills at the memory.
Scotland had to hold back a laugh at the remembrance of it.

It was eventually silent again.

(Okay, I generally don't know what to put here anymore so, I suppose we're changing this with a, you guessed it!)

-Time Skip-

It was almost the end of the day now and the countries had just finished their dinner. They never did find anything to do in the end and so they had been doing their own things until France had told them she had finished dinner, but she had really tricked them into setting the table while she added some finishing touches to the meal. The motherly thing to do.

The countries were now all watching a comedy show on the TV before bed because it's a school night. The show had finished and France had asked everyone to go to their rooms and at least try to sleep, although she knows some won't. Let's get into a more descriptive type of narrating for this next scene...

The countries were all heading to their rooms.
"Écosse, May I talk to you." France said to Scotland.
The other countries continued down the hall while Scotland stopped.
"Um, aye, sure." He said slightly, unaware if he had done something wrong.
France waited until a specific country had headed into their room.
"I talked to UN on the phone about the situation and he says he's

going to hold an assembly at school about it," France said. "He also said that Angleterre can stay home if he needs to. To calm himself down after the PTSD he's probably obtained from these menories and rumours. I thought that would be a good idea and was wondering if you think that would be best for him as well since I'm no expert on him."
Scotland nodded his head. "I dae hink he could use a break, he's quick ta anger and stress so having a calm day of daeing nothing would help him a lot. At least I'd assume it would."
France nods and smiles. "It's settled then. Angleterre can stay home tomorrow and recover,"
The conversation feels like it's come to an end but France asks one more thing.
"I was also wondering if you were gonna stay home with Angleterre at all?"
"Nah, I din nae hink I'm the right aon for that job," Scotland said, not making eye contact with France. "I'm also trying ta figure oot whom started these rumours and going to school would help."
"It's great that you seem to be determined on finding the culprit of the rumours but that isn't fully necessary. Only as long as the rumours stop, then you don't need to do anything else."
"Well... they have nae stopped." Scotland says before walking down the hallway to his shared room.
France just shakes her head and begins to do a few late house chores before heading to bed herself.

So, let's make this go faster since I don't want to bore you with uneventful descriptive chapters, so I shall summarise Wednesday until we get to some action in Thursday. \ (' ω ') /

…Be prepared for Thursday…

Wednesday:

England gladly stayed home. This would of been good if it weren't for the fact that England would never gladly miss a day of school. He enjoys learning and being smug when he's smarter than someone else at a certain subject, so he wasn't being himself that's for sure. These rumours really got to him, huh.

The other countries went to school but it was far from a normal day. UN held an assembly like he said he would and in this assembly he addressed the situation keeping any countries he needed to talk about anonymous and then he proceeded to go through history and name every bad thing done and naming the countries that had done it. It was a looooooooong assembly and everyone was practically dying from boredom and the fact that their pasts were being talked about again. It took most of the day but UN eventually finished telling the countries that if anymore rumours are spread it's detention for that country, and if they don't stop; they shall consider suspension. Most countries raced out of the assembly hall to start lunch since it had taken that long. Others stayed in their seats thinking about the things that UN had said probably regretting their past, others had fallen asleep and others had stayed to chat. Once everyone had left though, Wales, Northern Ireland and Scotland had stayed behind to say their thanks in UN's help to try and fully stop these rumours.
No more words were whispered about the English country for the rest of that school day.

They all got home that day and told England about the meeting and how they were positive in the rumours stopping soon. That made England give one of the brightest smiles they've seen in a while and it was quite a contagious smile that cheered everyone up.

?????????

"From our current flight it looks like Pitcairn Islands shall be an easy target."

"Good."

????????

The RAF have been sent a letter they should be speaking to England soon... I really hope so because if not; I'm not going to be a British Overseas Territory for long...

Thursday:

No ones POV

England's rumours had died down a whole bunch and almost everyone seemed to be on agreeable terms of keeping their mouths shut. *Almost everyone.* Some held a grudge against England for the embarrassing trauma filled assembly and are taking it out on people that are close to England because he isn't there right now and why not?

Who is close to England and would be a good targeting for bullying?

Who is *different* to the others and basically England's therapist at this point?

Yep... Wales was bullied.

And it went like (dammit TikTok-)...

Wales stood in the playground talking with her friends when some of them went inside the school for the bathroom. That just left Wales, New Zealand and Papua New Guinea. They were walking while chatting and had reached one of the far more hidden corners of the playground where only they were. They were gonna walk back to the centre playground when Wales suddenly got violently pulled back with a yelp. A country pulled on her wing and was extending it and fiddling with it while Wales whined. It wasn't clear if it was because she was in pain or uncomfortable.
"Please don't touch my wings!" She said quickly and gave her wing a swift flap to make the country let go. This country would be...

(Okay so I'm sorry, I know there are tons of counties in the world but I literally couldn't think of any so I searched the meanest countries and what do you know France was number one. Interesting. I went down the

list and I decided on Spain and then my dumbass was like "but you put Spain in the high school"
Well, shut up old me because I didn't know this was gonna happen back then and so for the sake of this story... I am making more things up! Spain has been put in the younger primary kids outdoor section to look after them as punishment for being one of the countries that spread a lot of rumours about England and it fits because they don't have the best past together so yeah. Obviously he doesn't care about the job he's been given and so this is happening.
I apologise for my idiotic self and hope you still enjoy the rest of the story.)

Spain. He dramatically stepped back like Wales had forcefully shoved him.
"That wasn't cool man." Papua New Guinea says to Spain.
Spain looks up and glare at Papua New Guinea. "Neither was that assembly that this little weird dragon demons friend set up because he couldn't cope with some rumours."
(*I also forgot to say, I am REALLY sorry if this is offensive to anyone that lives in Spain. This bullying will all make sense in a future chapter so sit tight until then.*)
Wales eyes widen with sadness. *Little weird dragon demon... Is that really how I look... that doesn't matter right now, he was just mean to England...*
"Hey!" Wales yells. "Everyone has done bad things but it's not right for countries to be bullied because of it and what Mr UN did was the right thing to do."
Spain glares at Wales. "And what makes England so important to you?"
Wales takes a breath to think before giving an answer. "He's accepted me for who I am and my appearance. He took me in and helped to build my country even if some things he did were harsh it shaped my land and my people."
Spain doesn't quite know how to respond to that. It was a general answer that you couldn't bend to your own use.
"Yeah, well I'm surprised he accepted you." Spain said hoping to play on the countries emotions now that it was confirmed Wales was sensitive about her unique look. "I mean... look at you. A dragon? Seriously, you're something from some fairytale. Are you a baby or something? How childish... oh wait, I know. You're an alien

with that language you speak, can you say that one town in your country? What was it? Lan... fair... something something alien gibberish go go goch?" Spain laughed to himself.
Wales clenched her fists as the anger built.
Wales you can't get angry... you can't get angry or this school will go up in flames... channel it through another emotion... tears began to fall from Wales's eyes as she cried. She never whimpered just let the tears fall as she stares deeply at Spain.
"Spain you're being a total jerk right now." Papua New Guinea said.
"Yeah! Wales doesn't even have the longest town name, I do!" New Zealand yelled.
"Stepping up to me I see... well I'm a bigger country than all of you." Spain walks up to New Zealand as he says this. New Zealand gets nervous but stands his ground. Spain isn't far from New Zealand when he raises his hand and strikes it down fast. New Zealand covers his face but as the sound of a slap can be heard, he felt nothing.
New Zealand opens his eyes to see Wales holding a hand up to her face in front of him.
"Wales-"
"Please go get someone..." She whispers to him.

New Zealand runs off, hoping to find his brother in one of the more open parts of the playground.
"Brave little dragon are we?" Spain says towards Wales who is still holding her cheek. "Well, I would like to have a look at these hideous horns of yours." Spain proceeds to grab Wales by the horns and sort of spin her around. He takes out the hair bobble that held her hair in a ponytail and throws her down. Papua New Guinea runs and catches Wales before she falls all the way down on the gravel but Wales scruffs her knees on the floor leaving small red grazes on both her knees. Spain then pulls the hair bobble back and pings into the back of Wales's head. More tears fall as Wales channels her anger but it's becoming harder to do so and Papua New Guinea lets out a quick gasp as his hands heat up extremely quickly leaving him with burns. Spain watches this happen with great interest.
"You're part dragon so you work like a dragon. When you get mad you make fire. Well I want to see this."
Spain walks up to Wales and grabs her by the hair and pulls her up

so she's facing him.
"Show me then." He says.
"Show you what?" Wales asks.
This comment annoys Spain. "Fire. I know you can do it you're part dragon. Now do it."
"Ohhhhh, I thought you meant do what Yr Alban taught me to do." Wales says with a slight evil sparkle in her eyes.
Spain looks at her confused.
"You seem confused so I'll demonstrate. It goes a little bit like this." Wales says and proceeds to kick Spain exactly where it hurts the most as hard as she can. Which is hard with the fact that Scotland taught her it.

Spain yells in pure pain before falling down and curling up on the floor. Wales looked at him.
"It's rude to swear and I never do but you get the special pass because you are an absolute bitch." With that Wales stretches her wing out and slaps Spain in the face with it before going to Papua New Guinea.
"I'm sorry for the Burns but lucky for you I saw some treatment for it in the nurse office one time so I'll take you there now... be ready."
Papua New Guinea nods and Wales wraps her arms around his waist. She stretches her wings out making sure to check if Spain had damaged them at all. Luckily he hadn't and so she took off holding onto Papua New Guinea as they fly.
"I just want to say this is my first time flying and holding onto another country so I'm sorry if I drop you." Wales says with a nervous laugh.
Papua New Guinea seems to accept his fate. If he falls he falls if he doesn't... he has to deal with it. He also seems to be enjoying the feeling of flying, though. Wales glides down to the school door and lands in front of it dropping Papua New Guinea gently before landing herself.
"That was awesome." Papua New Guinea says.
"I know right." Wales happily agrees. She feels proud of herself for overcoming that bully and showing that she can be just as strong.

They go to the nurses office to get something to help Papua New Guineas Burns and to get Wales two plasters for her knees.

Meanwhile New Zealand was running back to where Spain was bullying the three countries with Australia and one of the teachers behind him. They find Spain exactly where Wales left him and he gets taken to UN's office where he proceeds to get suspended.

Karma.

Or was it not?

Ahhhhhhh- I'm so sorry I just needed some drama to keep this

interesting.

I am deeply sorry to my Spanish, Welsh, Papua New Guinean (is that the correct demonym?) and Kiwi readers but as I kind of said before it is necessary for the plot build as well.

Hell, I'm sorry for all my readers at this point.

But we did make it to

8K reads!! Haha, Dark Mode-
Thank you all for reading this absolute disaster, it means a lot to me and your comments are damn hilarious but I never know how to reply to them so... yeah. Thanks!

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Sasainn = England
•An Eadailt = Italy
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•Breatainn = Britain
•Alba = Scotland
•Athair = Father
•Tidsear = Teacher
•Duilich = Sorry
•Aon = One

French Translations:
•Amérique = America
•L'amoureux = Sweetheart
•Écosse = Scotland
•Angleterre = England

Welsh Translations:
•Yr Alban = Scotland

Stay safe and

Have a nice life!

Word count; 3480

Who did it?

[image]

No ones POV

Wales had recovered from the bullying... physically.
She was given plasters for her knees and an ice pack for her bruised face, although because it was left for so long it was still very much visible. Papua New Guinea got his burns sorted and some bandages on them just for protection. Wales thanked Papua New Guinea for catching her and standing up to Spain at that one point. Papua New Guinea told her it was no problem. He felt slightly guilty and wished he would of done more, he was just a bit too scared to fully stand up to a country as big as Spain.

You could imagine the shock the others got when coming back. North gave Wales a big hug and when Kazakhstan talked to Wales about it she felt fully understood because they both had connections with their animal sides and felt as though they could relate. The rest of the group comforted Wales as much as they could for he rest of the day. Wales smiles at her friends efforts and thanked them all.

The end of school for the Primary countries finally came. Wales walked back with North, New Zealand and Australia staying more quiet then usual when they'd walk back. They were about to leave school grounds when some countries, presumably friends of Spain, through mean comments and remarks at Wales. Australia instantly grabbed one of them by the shirt pulling them towards him and he proceeded to drop what looked like a spider down his shirt as he said.
"Go crying to the teachers if you want but this is out of school grounds meaning it's none of the schools business if I shoved a spider down your shirt or not." He let go and walked off as the country desperately tried to find the spider sending uncomfortable tingles as it crawled under his shirt. The countries friends stared and laughed at the country not helping him at all.
"Shut up before I bring a black mamba and fully shut you up

forever!" Australia shouted. He would never actually do that as Black Mambas are extremely venomous and would kill a human in a short amount of minutes after one bite or prick of the tooth. He didn't know if it could kill a country but it would certainly cause a lot of pain.
It immediately silenced the group of countries and two of them began to help their distressed friend still unable to find the spider.
"Thanks Awstralia." Wales said.
"No problem! It isn't even a real spider just a vibrator I made that makes it feel like a spider is crawling on you. I would never put a spider down some countries shirt and cause the poor thing harm, and once they found it they would most certainly kill it." Australia replied with a smile.
Wales smiled in return.

The four got home and put their bags away before talking to France and England. France was worried about Wales and asked if she wanted any pain killers for her bruises but she denied as they weren't bothering her that much. England was also concerned about Wales as she had suffered because of being close to him. The news of Wales being beat up just because of being close to him didn't help with his recovery of the rumours at all. Australia and New Zealand then went to New Zealand's room to feed and play with his Kiwi birds. North was about to leave with them when he noticed Wales wasn't following.
"An Bhreatain Bheag, aren't you coming?" He asked her.
Wales shook her head. "I don't really fancy doing that maybe some drawing?" Wales said not too sure on the response herself.
North nodded his head. "Then we need to get some paper and pencils."
"We?"
"I'm not letting you sit and draw on your own."
Wales smiled. "Okay then."

-Time skip-

The rest of the countries walked home from high school chatting about their day. They eventually got home themselves. They knocked on the door since this time it was locked. I suppose France forgot to unlock it in time for the others arriving. Wales and North

heard this and they went up to the door grabbing the keys as they head towards it. North unlocks the door and Wales opens it. The countries thank Wales and North for opening the door as they walk in. Scotland, however, stops in his tracks as he looks at Wales. He stares at the bruise on her face.
"Yr Alban are you—?" Wales is cut off by Scotland dropping his bag and moving swiftly towards her and crouching down to look at her face.
"Who did it." he says, more of a statement than a question.
"Yr Alban I-"
"Who. Did. It." He says coldly.
Canada and America watch this uncertain of Scotland's reaction and sudden behaviour when England appears between them. He tells them that it's okay and just a thing Scotland does and that he'll sort it out. They hesitantly leave the room.

Wales looks at Scotland in the eyes. He has a dead serious look on his face. She doesn't want to say who did it for the fear of Scotland hurting them. As you already know, he's never been good with his feelings and so when he cares for someone deeply and they are hurt by another this feeling of caring becomes hatred for whomever harmed the one he cares for. He then instantly wants to return that harm.
"Scotland don't scare Wales like that she's afraid of you hurting the country so she's obviously not going to tell you." Said England. He already knew this would be Scotland's reaction when he got home and was hoping he could explain to Scotland calmly before he saw Wales but it was too late for that now.

(*Just because of how long the sentences of Scots Gaelic may get, I shall put the translations next to them.)*

"Cha bhith sin ag atharrachadh gu bheil iad a'goirteachadh na Cuimrigh!"(that doesn't change the fact that they hurt Wales!) Scotland says quite angrily.
England lets out a sigh. "I know Scotland and I'm angry too but hurting someone isn't how you teach them a lesson"
"Bha e fucking nuair a bha mi nam leanabh."(It fucking was when I was a kid) Scotland said quietly but harshly.
"Y-Yr Alban, I don't like it when you're mad. You swear and act

scary. I don't like the angry Yr Alban, I want the other Yr Alban." Wales said quietly.
Scotland looked towards Wales and saw a sad expression on her face, she looked as though she could cry.
Scotland feels a wave of guilt at Wales's sad face and he lets out a stressed sigh. He holds a hand to his head and closes his eyes as he takes deep breaths, attempting to calm himself down. England walks up to the two and crouches down next to Scotland. He ignores the fear of how badly Scotland might react to him and begins to comfortingly rub his back. Scotland flinched before just accepting it, which certainly surprised England.
"I know you want to harm this country and it's your instinct to defend the countries and stuff you care for but that is not the right way to handle things and deal with your anger," England said. "Plus Wales was able to fight off her bully because of you."
Scotland pauses and looks up from his hand.
"Dha-rìibh?"
(*I'm pretty sure You can translate that yourself*)
"Yeah. Why don't you tell him Wales." England says looking towards Wales.
"Well, I was being bullied because of being so close to England and they manly focused on bullying me because of the way I... the way I look," Wales begins. "My friend Papwa Gini Newydd had just caught me from when the bully threw me and I got really angry and ended up burning his hands, the bully saw this and grabbed me and told me to make fire since they wanted to see. I told them that I got confused between them asking me to make fire or show them what you taught me," Wales said while looking towards Scotland. "So I kicked him where you told me to kick male countries and he curled up into a ball on the floor. I then called him a bitch because he was being one."
Scotland chuckled while England was a little bit shocked at Wales swearing.
Well that's a different reaction to when I said fuck. Wales though to herself as she recalled the memory.
"Good job A'Chuimrigh, I'm proud of yer. Although I wish I could of been there ta see that part and... do some stuff myself, but I'm proud of yer for being brave and doing that," Scotland ruffles Wales hair before looking at her bruise again. "Fucking bastard." He mutters quietly under his breath thinking about the country that

hurt Wales. Wales and England never heard him say it since he was so quiet. Scotland then stands up and so does England. This makes Wales feel really short.
"I'm nae gonna get ta know who this bully is, am I?" Scotland says.
"Mmmm, not for now." England replies.
Scotland rolls his eyes and the three countries walk into the living room.

America and Canada sit in the living room and they looked towards the three countries as they walked in. Scotland rubbed the back of his neck.
"Duilich aboot ma behaviour... I just... dae nae take harming of people I care far very lightly..."
"It's okay Scotland, we all feel that way about people we care for." Canada says kindly and America nods in agreement.
Scotland gives a small smile of thanks.
England sits down where he was sitting before he went to fix the problem. Before Scotland could sit down Wales tugged on his shirt sleeve.
"Hey Yr Alban! I made a really cool drawing!" Wales said excitedly to Scotland as she remembered about it.
"Really now?" Scotland said curiously. "And am I allowed ta see this drawing?"
Wales nodded her head and went to get her piece of paper from the table in the dinning room. The red pencils rolled away as she quickly picked it up and ran back in to the living room. She hid it against her chest as she walked up to Scotland. When she was close enough she flipped the drawing round with a smile.
"I'm really proud of it! I think I've improved a lot."
Scotland looks at the drawing intently. It was a picture of the Welsh dragon. Different shades of red had been used to highlight and shade the drawing in a appealing way to the eye. The dragon was in its normal position, the same on Wales's flag except in Wales's style which was a lot more gentler with the expression of the dragon and the pose it was in.
Scotland smiled. "That is awesome A'Chuimrigh! I'm gonna need yer ta draw me ma unicorn at some point. you're getting really good, much better than me."
Wales smiled brightly and her wings stretch out widely at Scotland's compliment.

"Thanks, Yr Alban!" Wales said. "And your unicorn will be the next thing I draw."
Wales then goes to show England her drawing.

This is just a wee filler chapter because no action is happening with this lot or with the *mystery* country..... for now

Actually, I think that's what I'll call them from now on. The *mystery* country. Sounds... um... mysterious.

I am so creative, I know.

Welsh Translations:
•Awstralia = Australia
•Yr Alban = Scotland

Irish Translations:
•Am Bhreatain Bheag = Wales

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Dha-rìibh? = Really?
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•Duilich = Sorry

Thanks for reading! Stay safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 1974

New Friendships

[image]

Thursday-No ones POV

The *mystery* county sat at their oak desk looking at a map of Wales. They were marking city's and towns planning everything ready for when they will finally strike. They're pretty confident considering they've only conquered 7 British Overseas Territories. Oh wait somethings about to happen to change that number. My miscalculations as the author, sorry about that.

The country's desk phone rang. It's ringing echoed throughout the room. The country picked up the phone annoyed. The room was silent as the country listened to what the caller had to say.

"*The plan went smoothly, it took a while but Gibraltar is conquered and should be arriving at your base soon."*

A smile spread across the country's face. "Perfect. I'll make sure to get ready for their arrival."
The caller said their goodbyes and the *mystery* country put down the phone as the call ended. They looked back to the map and sighed.
"This work is starting to get to me. It's hard planning ways in which you can conquer a country at insane speeds" They said to themselves.

They soon began scribbling stuff down on the piece of paper yet again.

It is still Thursday and No Ones POV

England decided to go back to school today. He didn't really want to but knew he would behind on a lot of work. The other countries job was to keep an eye on both England and Wales. The day continued as normal. A boring school day, too boring for me to

write about but I can certainly summarise it.

England was stared at a lot but nothing appeared to be said. Maybe it's because they were intimidated by the glare of England's friends or they knew better than to spread silly little lies that have no truth in them. It was proof enough for all the countries to stop spreading rumours when Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland appeared the school day after countries were saying England had colonised the lot.

Wales was paranoid about being at school after that incident. It was quite obvious on her face and reactions throughout the day. Her friends tried their best to protect her and if they could England and Scotland visited her in the Primary part of the big school. It truly was a massive school.

It is currently lunch time. I've barely given you any story so let's get descriptive on an event that happened during lunch time, with the high school countries.

England's POV (*not done this for a while*)

We all sit at our usual table. I've finished my food already, as I didn't really get much just a sandwich and an apple.
"How can you be so healthy England?" America asks as he finishes eating some chips (Fries) off of his plate.
"I just wasn't that hungry." I say shrugging, my shoulders.
"I'll make sure to get a good apple next time." America says. "This shitty one is super bruised and so I just didn't feel like it." America said poking his bruised apple.
I don't think bruised apples are that bad, just an unpleasant feeling in the mouth to some I suppose. We chat about our favourite foods for another minute or so before I get distracted by the sound of arguing. The others keep on talking while I look towards the angry speaking. I soon find the table in which the argument is happening. It's between Saudi Arabia and Iran and Yemen sits depressingly between them not saying anything. They're speaking their own language so I don't understand except country names and from what I understand they're fighting other something to do with Yemen. Speaking of Yemen, he doesn't appear to be enjoying it at all. He looks very sad which is unusual for him when he's usually so

optimistic. I remember what he did for me in science and I feel slightly bad for him. I nudge Scotland on the arm. He's hanging out with us today because Ireland needed to finish a school project with someone in a teachers class and he didn't want to disturb their work.
"Aye?" He asks as he turns to my direction.
"The countries over there are fighting and its over Yemen. Yemen helped me in science and now I want to help him because he doesn't appear to be enjoying that argument." I say quite quickly.
Scotland nods his head and thinks for a little bit. "Go ask him if he wants ta sit over here wit us."
"Do your think they'll mind?" I ask Scotland and point to our friends. I'm not sure on their opinion on Yemen and it makes me quite nervous.
"Like Ah said, yer have to ask them them. You'll never know if yer dae nae ask." Scotland says simply.
I hate that he's right about that. I take a deep breath in. "Hey," I start grasping everyone's attention. "Do you think we could invite Yemen to sit over here? He's in a bit of a pickle right now and he helped and was nice to me when the rumours were happening and I just want to do that for him in return." I say. I could of said that a lot more shorter but I felt the need to fully explain myself out of nervousness.
"I don't see why not." Poland says and most of the other countries agree.
America doesn't seem to happy about it and Russia is a bit unsure.
"America? Russia? Is it alright?" I ask.
"Да, okay." Russia says and shrugs his shoulders.
America doesn't make eye contact with anyone but nods his head.
I smile. "Thanks guys." I say before getting up from my seat. I walk over to the table and the argument seems to of gotten a lot more heated. Yemen has his arms crossed on the table and his head leans on top of them. He's clearly fed up of the argument.

(*Before you read further on I just want to apologise for all the mistakes I have made when typing Arabic. It is not a language I speak or am trying to learn and so I'm not an expert in how it is meant to look but translations for what I meant will be at the bottom of the chapter.*)

I arrive at the table, surprisingly unnoticed.

"Hey Yemen." I say quite nervously.
Saudi Arabia and Iran stop arguing to look at me. I feel awkward in the situation but then Yemen lifts up his head.

"Oh, hey إنكلترا!" He says with a smile and gives a little wave of his hand.

I return the wave. "I was wondering if you wanted to come and sit at our table?" I ask anxiously while pointing towards our table.
Yemen looks to where I was pointing.
"Are you sure you want me to?" Yemen asks.
The way he said this kind of makes me feel sorry for the country. I suppose it's just because most people call him a disaster of a country because of his condition but he's still as optimistic as anyone can be.
"Of course!" I say.
Yemen gives a bright smile. "Okay!" He says happily before standing up.
I was slightly confused at first as Yemen didn't pick up any lunch food or that, as it was only half way through lunch and countries are still eating. I then assumed he had finished but when I looked at the small bin placed on the table, which every table has to try and encourage countries to put their rubbish in the bin since they don't have to move to one, it was completely empty. That's when I remembered about Yemen's money situation and it's not the greatest. He's also experiencing a famine so the country must be starving. I feel so bad for him.

"why are you going over there ,اليمن?"

Saudi Arabia questions Yemen as he walks over to me.

(This paragraph separation may seem weird but it's just because the Arabic usually switches the text around so it goes right to left, if you understand what I'm saying, so I just wanted to make it as short as I could. I am sorry but trying to write in Arabic and English combined on Wattpad is quite tricky)

"Because I'm fed up of your persistent arguing over my country! I know that I've got some problems but maybe you could let *me* deal with them for once? Oh wait... Nope! You all just want that sweet,

sweet power. Just want that oil, huh?" Yemen says, clearly annoyed. This is the angriest I've ever heard or seen Yemen, and I know I haven't seen or talked to him much but countries have commented on how optimistic he is for his state.
Saudi Arabia and Iran stare quite shocked at Yemen's reaction.
Yemen's eyes widen. "I... I'm sorry. That was rude of me I... I'm just gonna go to that table now."
Yemen begins to walk to the table. I look back to Saudi Arabia and Iran and give them an awkward smile before following after Yemen.
We make it to the table and I sit down in my seat next to Scotland. There was already an empty seat next to me so Yemen sat there.
"こんにちは, イエメン!" Japan said brightly. She always seems to be the most friendly one in the group.

"مرحبا اليابان"Yemen then says with a smile

Everyone introduces themselves although America doesn't seem to be enjoying the newcomers company. I do wonder why, Yemen's really a kind country. We continue to chat when I notice Yemen staring at other countries food quite longingly. I feel guilty yet again and try and see what I can do to help. My eyes eventually land on America's tray.
"Hey America?" I say getting America's attention.
"Yeah?" He replies.
"Can I have your apple?" I ask him.
"Sure, why?" He asks. He's very much a curious country so I should've expected the question.
"I don't want food to go to waste."
He nods his head and picks up the apple. He throws it over to me and I catch it with two hands. America wasn't lying when he said it was bruised, there's quite a lot of bruises covering the apple.
"Here." I say to Yemen and I place the apple in his hand.
Yemen looks at me. "I- Really? Are you sure?" He asks uncertainly.
"Of course!" I say.

"شكرا لك" Yemen says before biting the apple.

He seems amazed by the taste of the apple and continues to quickly eat the rest of it. I continue to talk with everyone else. And after a few minutes of chatting...

"Hey إنكلترا" Yemen begins to say and I turn to look at him. "Why exactly did you invite me over here?"

"I invited you over here because you looked stressed and sad over the fighting. You helped me in science when I was feeling that way and I wanted to return the favour. Why do you ask?" I replied.
Yemen looks away and shrugs his shoulders as he speaks. "Well... self esteem isn't the highest," He nervously chuckles. "You know, I'm just 'The worst humanitarian crisis since the Second World War' at least that's what UN described me as..." Yemen continues to look down at the table avoiding eye contact with me.
I frown. I feel so bad for this young country.
"Yemen, don't think of yourself like that," I say.
Yemen looks over to me but doesn't make direct eye contact. "Why not. It's who I am, isn't it."
I shake my head. "That is politically, Geographically your country is beautiful. You have beautiful national animals, a beautiful national flower, a beautiful national tree, beautiful architecture, beautiful culture and it's just an amazing country." I say. I actually haven't really looked into this stuff but I read a book about Yemen's country, as that's what I did when I was taking days off school to get a better chance of understanding how other countries look and work nowadays, and from what I read it does have many downsides but it has much more upsides and amazing things about it and I can most likely say the exact same for every country.

Yemen looks up to me finally making eye contact. His eyes are slightly watery but he gives me a smile. "Thank you, I needed to hear that... No ones said that for a long time."
"No problem." I say and return his smile.

The school bell then rings throughout the school and countries start to get ready for their classes.
"We're all in the same class wanna walk together?" I ask to Yemen, Scotland and Turkey.
"Sure."
"Yeah!"
"Aye."

-Time Skip-

No one POV

The countries all went to their classes and it was going smoothly. The class was doing their work quietly when the teachers phone rang. They picked it up as the class listened to the short conversation. The teacher put down the phone.
"England, head to the-oh wait you're new to this aren't you? Um... head to the door next to UN's office there should be a sign that says 'Oversea Message & Communication Office' long and boring title, I know, but I wasn't the one that chose it."
"Um, what" England slightly whispers to himself.
Yemen, who just so happens to sit next to him in this class as well, reassures him. "It's okay, I've had to go there many times before. It's just so that you as a country can receive and send messages to your land and territory."
England nods his head and slowly stands up from his seat. He's a bit unsure of what he's needed for. He takes a quick glance to Scotland who looks just as unsure. Nonetheless, he makes his way to the door of the classroom and opens it as he walks through the long halls of the school towards UN's office where he should find where he needs to be.

Holy Ravioli! I am speed with these last few chapters (Not really, but let me have my dumb moment for now) are you guys even liking these short chapters?

It's practically just me summarising until one specific events happens and then it's just me summarising again-
Oh well, we'll be getting long chapters again when the *mystery* country starts to do stuff. Scary.

Arabic Translations:
إنكلترا = **England**
اليمن = **Yemen**
شكرا لك = **Thank you**

Japanese Translations:
• こんにちは、イエメン = **Hello, Yemen**

Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter.
Stay Safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2430

"...It...It's gone..."

[image] [image]

England's POV

I make it to UN's office door and just as the teacher said a door with the title 'Oversea Message & Communication Office' is placed not too far away from it. I walk towards the door and open it. Once I'm inside the room I notice it's got all the same qualities as the communication centre I went to when I needed to help The Falklands. Luckily, I did get a letter back from her saying it went smoothly and she still has her land, but Argentinean ships were still going by and she still needed the troops just incase. I wasn't too sure about the last part. It wasn't that many troops but I'd still prefer to have them come back home to their country where they live and have friends and family than be stuck in what was thought to be a short mission for ages, but I do suppose that's already the life of a military soldier. God bless them. But the thought of that still sets an uneasy feeling in my stomach. Does another overseas territory need my help? I need to figure out what is exactly happening with these territories.
"Ah, England, you're here."
I look towards the voice to see UN standing in the room.
"I am here to explain why you are here and what you can do in this room."
I nod my head. "Okay."
"So, you have received a message from one of your overseas territories," UN said and he handed me a letter. "This room is where you can reply to your territories or mainland. You can write a letter or phone them and they should respond relatively fast. The humans are quite good in understanding the importance of their countryhuman...at least for some." UN said the last part quite sadly.
"Anyway, that should be all the stuff to get you started but now I have to fill out some documents. If you *really* need me my office is next door, see you." He says before walking out the room and shutting the door behind him.
"Uh-huh." I mutter while looking at the letter.

I sit down in one of the desk chairs and carefully open the letter. I skim through it quickly.
"Pitcairn Islands... another British Overseas Territory just as I suspected..." I say to myself.
They only request military assistance incase of any attacks, they can't be certain an attack will happen but it's just a safety precaution.
"I'll just write a letter to both my military and Pitcairn to kill some time." I say as I pick up some paper and an ink pen.

I write out the letters. I'm getting slightly concerned about these overseas territories so I'm writing to my military to say that if any overseas territories request assistance to ask for a desired number of troops and send them to help the territory whenever needed. That way the territories won't feel the need to have to contact me personally. I'm writing to Pitcairn saying that I've accepted his request and to message any other overseas territories that they have the same access to my military as long as it is only for emergencies concerning these ship and plane sightings. I put both the letters in an envelope. I'm not too sure where I'm supposed to put them to send but then I see a small box next to the door of the room which says 'Letters here. Checked every hour for quick delivery.' I place the letters in the box and look around the room one last time checking if I needed to do anything else. Once I'm satisfied with what's been done, I open the door and leave the room walking through the long halls yet again.

-Time Skip-

The school day is finally come to an end. The high school countries all walk or take a ride home, talking with their friends and family as they go. Soon our main country family are all back home together. It is quite uneventful. Canada and America are playing a game of snap. Australia and New Zealand are looking after the injured butterfly they found on the way back home, it's not an easy task but these two have their way with animals. North and England are having a conversation with each other while Wales and Scotland are drawing at the table with them.
Peaceful. Wish I could say the same for every country... or overseas territory I should say...

Pitcairn Islands POV

I got England's letter pretty late into the day but it was still fast at getting here. He is willing to help and I am so thankful for that because right now...I really, really need it. The letter had been sent before the incident so it didn't specify how serious this actually is but right now...

I am in pain.

I can't walk properly.

I am sick.

Oeno Island... it... it's gone...

Bombed.

And now... I am experiencing the pain of it.

I am sick from the toxins of the bomb.

I am in pain from the damage.

If I was only one island and that bomb had hit...

I would be half way to death or experiencing death itself.

That's one of my biggest fears... death.

Lifelessness.

Coldness.

A never ending sleep of nothingness.

I lie in my bed. I squeeze the wood of the bed as pain rushes through my body and goes away. I hold a bucket for the wave of sickness that washes over me but never comes out. Lurking in the back of my throat stinging it with a chocking pain. A putrid taste that the water, now warm from the sun that shines through the window, can't wash away. This isn't any normal sickness. It's the

sickness that shows when you lose something apart of you. Something valuable that makes you you. Oeno Island was one of the things that made me The Pitcairn Islands. Now that it's gone, I'm puking up the remains of what feels like was Oeno in the form of a vile black liquid until I feel empty of what was once there.

(*That is probably one of the best descriptions I have done like-*)

I groan in pain. I didn't think bombs hurt this much. They probably don't it's just that I'm so small it's harder for me to deal with. The healing process is just as painful. It takes a while to recover, I estimate that it will take me the rest of the day and possibly some of tomorrow morning to recover. I can't sit by and do nothing in that time though.

I reach in to my bedside cabinet draw and pull out a notepad and search for a pencil. I find one at the very back of the draw. I hold on to my stomach for a bit as a stabbing pain begins to form in it. Once the pain is gone I let out a long sigh and try my best to sit up as I begin to write on the pages. I write about what is currently happening and I write about the country attacking me. I wouldn't of expected that country if I'm fully honest. I know they were never friendly with Britain and were enemies but it still seems bizarre for them specifically. Maybe something, I don't know what, convinced them to attack Britain's territories to prove a point. Whatever that point is. I wonder if they plan the same for the mainland of Britain, although I hear that consists of four countries much stronger than me. I write my thoughts on the notepad, it's almost calming. Once most of my thoughts and suspicions have been imprinted on the paper I begin to ponder what else I could write. Then I remember England's note. I begin to write out a letter that should be sent to all the British Overseas Territories. It tells them about the fact that England is willing to help, which I'm sure will come as a surprise to some of the territories considering of the harshness we have experienced from being colonies all our lives. But colonisers do change. They become kinder and more gentle. Though, I feel sorry for those in which that is the opposite. I know that some nations have never recovered from the effects of being owned by another country because of the separation of many groups of humans that hasn't ended in a good way. I'm thankful that I haven't really

experienced that scenario.

I finish writing the letter and I tear the page out of the note book. I need to get it to our messengers, at least that's what I call them. To keep it simple, y'know. Despite the fact of knowing this will be painful, I move my feet off the bed and put them on the floor. I sit at the edge of the bed staring at the floor. I grip the wood of the bed again to support me as I attempt to stand up. I clumsily stand onto my feet slightly wobbling. Damn this bomb hit me hard. Feeling slightly dizzy, I walk slowly towards my front door. I still hold the page in my hand as I turn the door knob. Once out the house, I begin to make my way to Adamstown, my capital city. My house sits at the top of a hill which is a decent walk away from Adamstown. I slightly regret it now though.
Oh wait, I have a quad bike. I can be so forgetful sometimes.
I make my way towards my quad bike and awkwardly clamber onto it. I start it up and begin to go down the dirt track that leads from my house to Adamstown.

I eventually get to the town and wave to some of my people as I pass by. I still hold the paper tightly in my hand, although I fear it'll be really crunched up by the time I get to where I need to.
I finally arrive at a certain house and knock at their door. Countries aren't always trusted by humans. I feel that the problem is how most main, big countries live on Patriam Island and so their people don't see them that much and so they don't know if they can trust them. I also don't know why it's called Patriam Island. I'm sure it would of been a big fight over which language they were gonna use for the name and in the end Latin and English won. Hah, slightly stupid if you ask me.

(*Just the author using Pitcairn to discuss their disgust at the name they chose for the island*)

The human eventually opens the door and they give me a concerned and sad look.
"Pitcairn, you should be resting! Oeno Island was just bombed, I don't want to imagine what effect that has on you." They say.
"Nice to see you too." I reply with a smile.
They just roll their eyes.
"Uh-huh...What do you want then?"

"I have written a note that I would like to be sent to all Overseas British Territories, it is urgent everyone receives it."
"Okay we can do that, if you rest." They say as they grab the note from my hand. They quickly read through it. "You realise how many grammatical errors you have made in this."
My smile fades. "Well, you realise I was just bombed and so cannot think or work correctly."
"Touché." They say. "We'll be able to correct those anyway. Now go home and rest."
"I will it's just... some feeling in my gut is telling me I need to do something with the letters but I don't really know what." I say a bit unsurely.
"Take your time, I'm listening." The human reassures me.
I nod my head and close my eyes as I think. I stand in silence for almost a minute before I finally think of something. "Don't send it to the countries that never responded to us the first time."
The human looks confused. "Pardon? I thought this was urgent, and it seems really important for it to get to everyone?"
I nod my head again. "It is, but thinking about this country they obviously want to obtain my territory. So if the other overseas territories didn't respond then, to me, that suggests that this country has already taken over other territories... I am not the first one."
The human processes this information. They slowly nod their head. "Okay... I understand that. We'll make sure to follow that request now please, go. Home. And. Rest." The humans says clapping their hands each time they say one of the last four words.
"Okay, okay, I am feeling tired and probably do need to rest. I'll see you later."
I wave goodbye as I once again climb awkwardly onto the quad bike and drive off.

Once I arrive at my house, I make it through the door. But my head begins to throb with an uneasy dizzy feeling and I feel distant. My legs begin to shake and feel funny and before I know it, my legs give weight and I collapse onto the wooden floor.
"Dammit." I mutter to myself as I try to get back up.
My legs, however, do not move an inch. I stare at them and will them to move but nothing happens.
"Well this is a weird feeling." I say out loud.
Realising that my legs are going to keep refusing to work I begin to

drag myself along the floor.
"I'm so glad I live by myself..." I say. "Wait... no I'm not, someone would of been able to help me if they lived with me. Meh, it would still be just as embarrassing." I talk to myself as I gradually make my way through the house.
I'm glad I don't have stairs, I don't want to know what my situation would of been like if I did. Entertaining for those who would watch I'm sure.

(*Entertaining for the people reading this that you don't know about, Pitcairn*)

I finally make it to my bed and I heave myself up onto it. I pull my legs up onto the bed with my hands. I let out a big sigh. That was tiring. I lean my head back and close my eyes and just think about random things that come to mind. Eventually my tiredness catches up with me and I fall asleep without realising.

Yay! A new chapter because I was procrastinating! Brilliant.

I also want to thank you all for...

9K reads! Holy Mostaccioli! (I swear that's a real thing, I'm not making it up for the rhyme) that's so close to 10K how on Earth, this must be some glitch in the matrix... thank you all so much! I've also gotten fan art which is just amazing! I would never of thought this dumb book would get to that point so thank you!

No Translations, How wonderful.

Also, I don't want to get too political but... I understand that a lot of stuff is happening in America and in many other places in the world, would you so believe. It is a scary situation and I hope you all are staying safe in it. Racism is not okay. Not matter what skin colour you have, what religion you follow, we all are human. We are all people with bright futures to live and we all will accomplish amazing things in our lifetime. I don't want you to feel I avoided the main focus of Black Lives

Matter, they really really do and we do need change, it's just racism covers a BIG environment and I wanted to say it in a way everyone feels respected. But all lives don't matter until black lives matter.

Sorry if I offended anyone and for being so political, stay safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2667
(That includes the political stuff and all other text)

Three Days...

[image]

Friday-No Ones POV

Well I suppose we're back to No Ones POV then. Oh yeah! No Ones POV means my, the authors, POV. Ain't that fun! Well, I'll stop talking now and start writing about what's happening.
Ooo, *mystery* country time.

The *mystery* country walked through the metal halls. Their footsteps echoed, alerting any territory of their presence. They held onto a smaller territory. They seemed to be resisting but were no match for the tight grip in which the *mystery* country held them.
"Please, you're hurting my wrist." The smaller country squeaks.
The *mystery* country stops and turns around to them.
"Well I'm sorry, I didn't realise I had such a *weakling* in my presence." They say harshly and squeezed hardly onto the country wrist until stopping being satisfied with the painful look on the small territories face.
The small territory lets out a sigh as the country loosens their grip on their wrist and they continue walking.

They make it to the hallway with the rooms of all the territories.
"Anguilla!" The *mystery* country calls out.
Yep, that's right. Being the first territory to fall under this countries rule, Anguilla had given up trying. She became, I suppose you could say loyal, but it was more out of pure fear. She was also bribed with the fact of being able to walk freely around the hidden underground base.
Anguilla soon arrived with the thud of her shoes as she ran quickly to not annoy the country. Her flag was different. It wasn't a big change, the same kind of design. It still had her symbol with the three dolphins above water in a shield like shape but the background, instead of being the dark blue of the United Kingdom flag which represented Scotland, it was the red of the new country that was now owner of her territory. The *mystery* countries flag was

also at the top left of the flag where the Union Jack used to be. But as you know, I can't describe that part. I wonder who you guys think it is...

"Yes?" She asked, out of breath from running.
"Show this territory to their room and explain the rules. I don't have time for weaklings and need to plan my next move." The country added on the last part purely for discouragement. He finds that Anguilla became weaker with the nasty remarks he gave her and breaking the little bit of hope she ever had of being a free nation or going back unto kinder rule.

Anguilla nodded her head and took the small territory from the *mystery* country. They then left, presumably going back to their office. Anguilla waited for the country to turn the corner and a couple more seconds before looking down at the small territory. They looked at her scaredly. She always hated having to look at the scared faces of the territories that were practically her family. She smiled sweetly at the country.
"Hey, I'm Anguilla, which I'm sure you already know by now. What's your name?"
The small territory seemed quite shocked at the soft voice and sweet smile that Anguilla bared.
"I-I'm Gibraltar." They replied shakily.
"Nice to meet you Gibraltar," Anguilla smiled again. "Now come and follow me, please."
Gibraltar nodded his head.
Anguilla held onto Gibraltar's hand, a lot more gently than the *mystery* country did on Gibraltar's wrist, as they walk to Gibraltar's room.

When they got to the correct door, Anguilla unlocked it. Because of showing her 'loyalty' to the *mystery* country, she got the special privilege of getting keys to all the territories door. Of course the *mystery* country still had their own set. Just in case.

When Anguilla fully opened the door Gibraltar looked very disappointed at the sight in front of him. One single bed, a fake window and some cards. Anguilla frowned and patted Gibraltar on the shoulder.
"I know it's not the best and... it will be hard to cope with but..."

Anguilla struggled to get the words out as these rooms were one of the things that broke her into obedience. "But you're a lot stronger than me at least... tell me if you need anything, you just click this red button or buzzer here." Anguilla pointed to the red buzzer/ button on the wall.
Gibraltar nodded, a sad look still present on his face. "Okay..." he sad quietly.
Anguilla then explained the rules to the small territory as he sat on the single bed and listened. Once finished with the rules Anguilla's expression became very sad. "I'm sorry but as rules go, I have to leave you in this room... with the door locked..." Anguilla hated this part but if she was to keep the little bit of freedom she had, she had no choice but to obey.
Gibraltar nodded. "It's okay, I understand... you're a good territory, Anguilla, and this situation isn't the best but we've certainly experienced it before." Gibraltar let out a small laugh. "That's what being a colony is about... being forced into obedience."
Anguilla stared wide eyed at Gibraltar's words. Gibraltar made no eye contact but as soon as he did he was pulled into a tight hug. "That's exactly what it is and I'm so sorry I was weak but at least I get to help you all be strong..." Anguilla said with slight tears forming in her eyes.
Gibraltar hugged back and they stayed like that for a short while. "I've got to go before I get in big trouble... I'll see you later." Anguilla said and with that she walked out the room and locked it behind her as she went to continue some of the chores she had been requested to do. Or more like ordered.

We're going back in time a little bit just so I can narrate what the mystery country did, as I am sure you all are curious.

The *mystery* country walked away from the two territories. They walked through the metal halls as their boots echoed off the floor. *I should model my shoes so they don't make any noise off these floors... I'll write that down.*
They continue to walk through the maze of halls until finally reaching their office door. They open the door and it swings open silently. The country walks in closing the door behind them with a strong push and it slams shut as he walks away.

Hold up- wasn't that human scared of slamming the door because he thought the country found it impolite? Man, I'm getting some parent vibes from this. Telling you not to do things and then you catch them doing it. *Tsk.* On with the story...

The country walked towards their desk. As they were expecting, a report on the stuff that has happened throughout the two weeks sat there. He sat down and began to read it.

Report:

The Pitcairn Islands has been seen to have been preparing military power to fight, we assume he figured out the plan before we were going to execute it. He seems to be a quite paranoid nation at times but his paranoia has caused him to make some very smart decisions.
Oeno island was bombed as requested. It took a big toll on Pitcairn Islands and he ended up being unable to walk, says our Air Force. We have been able to keep a close eye on the island with no interference, this most likely means Pitcairn doesn't have an Air Force or it's so precious he doesn't want to use it.

Gibraltar was easily taken. The people resisted but after Gibraltar himself was found they had no choice but to except their defeat.
As promised the territory of Gibraltar has been divided equally.

The plan of making the territories look like they are still under British control is working and no surrounding countries have grown suspicious or noticed change. Otherwise they had assisted us in the territories capture.

We have only got two countries willing to assist us in our plan as allies. You already know of these two.

Report from ally ?????:
The plan of bullying has appeared to of failed but it has still taken damage to the minds of the countries targeted. However, countries close to these seem to be very protective in their mental well being and so we assume spreading lies and horrible truths of the past shall not work with these countries watching anymore. We can still continue bullying but not without punishment.
Choose your planning wisely... we wouldn't want the progress we have

made to go away now. We deserve to keep it all. Keep the success rate up and this shall all go smoothly.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Anguilla has been the first territory to fully give up and accept her new leader. She has followed rules with obedience and not disobeyed. We plan to break the other territories into obedience the same way. She seems to be kind to the other territories though and gives them hope. This cannot be considered a good thing.

...

The country finished reading the report. They were happy with what it said. Everything was going to plan. Pitcairn is weak from the bomb, making it easy for them to invade. They now have Gibraltar. No other country suspects a thing. They have two allies that seem willing to help, or at least they signed a contract that bound them to help. The mainland countries of the Brit are taking a toll on the bullying. Anguilla is obedient.
The bad part is that Anguilla is spreading hope when they need to crush that hope, but the country will have a talk about that with Anguilla later. They still have a long way to go. They can't seem to bully the mainland countries of Britain anymore. That will be annoying but the country will find a way around it, at least they think they will.

The country sighs and pulls out of their desk drawer what they've planned so far. It consists of two papers with many notes written on them, their Evil Little Notebook and a big map of mainland Britain. The map of Britain has notes scribbled on it for their final invasion plan. They hope that the three countries of Great Britain and the fourth one just being Northern Ireland are as weak as he thinks they are and will just surrender. Although he doesn't expect that for the main two. The two being Scotland and England. They are known for being very good fighters throughout history but their tactics are bound to be old for the current time and so the country imagines they barely stand a chance against them and their allies. Although something in their gut tells them to be careful but they just dismiss it as nerves or excitement for getting their revenge.

The country begins to read through it all again for what feels like the millionth time. Taking a two week break was a good idea and they've had time to relax and catch up on their own countries business but it can get boring. The thrill of taking new land again is so exciting and brings back good memories it just doesn't compare with what's considered fun nowadays. But the country doesn't have to be bored of this for long. After all, there is only three more days until the *mystery* country begins to conquer again.

Well, as the country reads these notes and Anguilla does her chores. While Pitcairn is resting and while the 9 country family is doing their own thing. While all is peaceful. I think I'll end this chapter. Hmm... wait... damn, I forgot about the cliffhanger, how stupid of me. Well... enjoy.

Also, a lot of swears up ahead. (` □ω□')

? ? ???????**??**¿????¿**?**??? ? ??¿????**??** ? ??**?**

It was easy convincing that country to do my work for me...

Ha...

So desperate to feel great again...

All I had to do was talk about their past and they were willing to help...

Help get revenge on the fucking bastard...

Deary me, I should watch my profanity...

That's what the bastard would say anyway. I'm so fancy. I'm so posh. I'm Great Britain because I am so great...

I hated him... I still hate him today...

I don't care if it seems harsh to pick on the countries that were united with him.
I don't give a fuck...

He never gave a fuck about anyone so why should I give a fuck

about him...

Oh wait... he gave a fuck about France... his dear wife...

How could she be so blind as to fall in love with a bastard like him...

His kids... I'm surprised they even cared about him...

He wasn't exactly the *nicest* to them...

He wasn't exactly the *nicest* to anyone...

Well...

It doesn't matter what anyone thinks about him anymore...

All he did will soon be gone...

It will soon be mine...

What did I just do...? Put in a cliffhanger to confuse everyone reading and make this book more chaotically interesting...

Yes... I did just do that...

I am bound to regret this...

Anyway... just gotta check if you guys have insanely gotten more reads again... nope, but we're at 9.66K, awesome...

No translations... there would be but then it becomes obvious as to who the mystery country is...

Welp...don't have much else to say other than Stay Safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2236

"Consider it Karma."

[image] [image]

Couldn't think of a good title so just have a random quote from some random point in this chapter.

Saturday- (do you guys want me to keep telling you what day of the week it is?)

-Pitcairn Islands POV

I fear today. Will one of my islands be bombed again? I only have four left and if this country targets Acadia and Ducie then that's two in one. I have only just recovered but will be sick from radiation for a while which leaves me with a throbbing headache. My people have told me to rest and I'm thankful for them. We have sent the letters to all the other British Overseas Territories apart from the ones that didn't respond the first time, as I requested. My island isn't as calm as it use to be. I can feel a tense sense of fear in the air and I hate it. Even though my island holds few people, seeing any of them die will be traumatising. I haven't witnessed a death (caused by violence) for years. I don't want to have to see that again. Especially when these people are looking after me as their nation. It is a real privilege that they hold that much respect and kindness for me. I can't say that for every British Overseas Territory, at least I don't think so, but I would imagine we hold better respect than some other nations. Another thing I'm thankful for.

I stroll down the path of Pitcairn Island, the main Island as it holds my capitol, Adamstown. I admire the green trees and wave to any human passing by, which isn't very many, just enjoying my land as I really do fear... It won't be my land for long...

??????'s POV

I wonder what the perfect time to strike will be. It's good I only have to use simple bombs, nothing too crazy. It's only some small

islands after all. It means I don't have to spend as much money as I would if I was gonna bomb a full country itself. I wonder how big of a bomb someone would need to make to take out the whole of Russia, in one blow. It's a big country, the biggest in fact—
I'm getting sidetracked.
(*I honestly forgot how to spell that word for a second-)*
I let out another sigh as I sit at my desk. I've sat hear so much these past days I might as well just glue myself to the chair.

Gibraltar has been an annoying territory. He always disagrees and refuses to do anything I request. Even refusing to take a damn shower and when I asked him why he said it was because *I* had asked him to do it and he didn't want to do it anymore. It's caused a lot of disobedience in The Falklands as well. They look as though to be the Troublemaker Team in all this. Refusing to do anything I say. I tried reverse psychology and it actually worked until halfway through the two realised and stopped. Now they think about everything I say making sure to be as disobedient and annoying as they can. It's annoying the fuck out of me. They're really brave to keep on going at this point because I'm eventually going to snap and take violence as the only other option to shut these to the hell up and get some obedience in to them. I don't even know why I've been so nice to these territories? It's not like they're going to be nice back.

I let out another sigh as I fight with myself in my head.
"What am I even doing at this point?" I say to myself angrily.
Have I gone insane?
Quite possibly.
But just thinking of how glorious it will seem to be the country to have fully gotten rid of any traces of that British scumbag seems... awesome. He always made everyone around him feel weak with his size and power. The strongest empire to have existed. He would shame anyone who ever tried to copy him. A true bastard in many countries opinions. Sure he lost his power over time, but he still managed to be one of the strongest and most developed countries. And don't get me started on his manipulating skills. That Brit could make almost anyone believe something with one little lie or even what seemed to be a pointless truth. The sneaky bitch he could be. I must admit, his skills were impressive, but I can be so much better

than him. He didn't allow me to do the things I wanted in the past as it would threaten his power, money and influence but what about mine? He already had so much, he was just greedy.

(*Isn't... isn't every country though-?)*

I'm not insane.
I'm far from insane.
I'm just doing what that bastard did to so many others.
Consider it Karma.
Ha... he can watch from the skies as I take his lands...
With complete ease too...
I'll finally have my way...
Just for once...
To revive me of what I was in the past,
The great Ott— -
(*No! [REDACTED]! You can't just reveal that you idiot!... I didn't realise they were gonna do that... sorry guys... damn, it's probably obvious now... I should of stopped at "my way"...*
Also, read the comments with caution as people may say who the country is. So if you don't like spoilers I would ignore the comments for now (□◡□) *)*

(Welp, slightly big clue right there... remember though, the other countries do not know this...)

Still Saturday, bro-
No Ones POV, *or as what some like to call it 3rd POV*

(I have no ideas TwT, just means a lot of useless story and time skips. So I'm sorry if this next part is quite bad or boring.)

The countries sat in the living room. It would be another uneventful weekend by the looks of it. As always, a movie played on the tv. Everyone sat in their usual seats. Ireland had come round to hang out, as he didn't have much else to do at his house.
America lay on a sofa, annoying Canada by purposefully nudging him with his feet. Canada tried to ignore and moved ever so further away from America on the sofa. He was running out of room, however, as Australia sat next to him. Northern Ireland, Wales and

New Zealand weren't interested in the movie and were sat in the middle of the living room trying to solve a big puzzle. France was somewhere else in the house doing paperwork, England had went along to help her with the work, as he didn't really want to see Ireland and Scotland together in one of the one places he felt he could relax. He's just not ready to fully move on yet... it can take time for him to accept something he can't have as he was usually given most of the things he wanted, but that was never his fault, just how he was raised. Ireland and Scotland sat on the second sofa in the room. Scotland leaned on Ireland's shoulder. Because of this, Ireland wasn't really paying attention to the film but instead was too distracted stroking Scotland's hair.

As the day went on, the countries became tired. Northern Ireland, Wales and New Zealand had fallen asleep in the middle of the room, guess the tiredness of staying up and trying to solve a puzzle was too much for them to handle and they all just gradually shut down. America had fallen asleep and so had Australia causing the still awake Canada to be stuck in between the two countries in an uncomfortable sandwich situation. Scotland had fallen asleep on Ireland and Ireland had moved Scotland down to his lap just so it was more comfortable for him and that way he wouldn't develop a sore neck.

(*Oh the pain of waking up to a bad neck cramp...)*

They were all like that for a while as the movie still played. Ireland looked at the clock in the room.

10:50pm

I should start to head home... he thought to himself. He looked towards Canada who was staring straight ahead as his brothers sandwiched him, probably contemplating where he went wrong in life that lead up to him choosing this seat. Canada eventually made eye contact with Ireland and Ireland mouth the words *'I have to go.'* To Canada. Canada nodded his head. He proceeded to push his brothers gently away from him so he could fully stand up. As he stood up he instantly paused meaning he stood in a slightly strange position as he asked himself why he didn't just do that in the first place.

Ireland looked down to the sleeping Scotland in his lap. A small smile on his face as he stroked a hand through his boyfriend's hair. "Sorry, Thistle." He whispered as he began to carefully move Scotland so he could get up.
He was unsuccessful though, as Scotland tiredly woke up. Scotland sat up fully and rubbed his eyes before looking back to Ireland. Ireland looked a bit guilty of awaking Scotland up.
"Leaving noo?" Scotland asked.
Ireland nodded his head.
"Okay, well let me say goodbye ta yer then." Scotland said as he stood up.
Ireland stood up as well and they both walked to the front door. Canada stayed behind as he faced the challenge of attempting to move the little countries in the middle of the room to their beds.

Scotland took the front door keys from the top of a cabinet which had the winter clothes filled in it like gloves, hats, scarves etc. He unlocked the front door but before opening it turned back to Ireland.
"I suppose the next time I'll see yer will be on Diluain." He says.
"Unfortunately, yep." Ireland responds.
"Aw, surely ye can survive a day." Scotland says, as he steps closer to Ireland.
"It will be quite the mission." Ireland says and takes a step closer himself.
"Well I'm sure ma clover can accomplish any mission no matter how hard." Scotland says as the two stand very close to each other.
"If you say I can do it, I'm sure I can," Ireland says. "But now I have to go." With that, Ireland give Scotland a small peck on the lips before walking to the door.
The both of them had a warm blush on their face. Ireland opens the door. "See you on Dé Luaun, Thistle... Mo ghrá thú." Ireland says looking back to Scotland.
Scotland doesn't quite know how to respond as his heart pounds, soon the words eventually fall out of his mouth. "...Tha gaol agam ort cuideachd."
The two smile at each other before Ireland eventually waves and closes the door behind him as he leaves.

Scotland stands there in silence thinking about the warm feeling in

his chest and how nice it feels. He heads back into the living room to find Canada waddling clumsily around as he carry's all three of the somehow still sleeping countries. New Zealand being held in one arm and Northern Ireland in the other with Wales sitting on his shoulders with her wings occasionally smacking Canada in the face. Scotland just stared for a few seconds before going to help this poor country. He runs up and grabs Wales off the top of Canada's head which helps him to regain his balance. Scotland lays Wales down on the sofa unoccupied by anyone and then goes to grab Northern Ireland from Canada as well. Canada readjusts New Zealand in his arms so it's easier for him to hold the smaller country. He lets out a sigh of relief.

Scotland feels a bit awkward holding on to Northern Ireland so he sets the sleeping country onto the other end of the sofa, opposite Wales. He turns back to Canada who gives him an awkward smile.
"What were yer trying ta achieve?" Scotland says quietly to Canada.
Canada frowns. "I was trying to take them to their rooms so they could have somewhere comfier to sleep."
Scotland gives an unimpressed look. "Why did ye nae just carry 'em one by one?"
Canada freezes. This is the the third time he's contemplated everything this one night and it's barely even been an hour. "... I have no excuses... nah screw that, it's late and I'm tired and I didn't think it through."
Scotland just stares at Canada. "Good enough excuse. Now I'll help yer carry them through, one by one."
Canada nods his head and begins to walk towards the doorway, still holding onto New Zealand. Scotland pick up Northern Ireland, once again feeling awkward, and follows behind Canada.

As the two walk down the hallway, France and England walk out of Britain's old office. The two countries stare at the other two that hold the sleeping countries.
"They all fell asleep so we were taking them to their rooms," Canada says. "Oh, and Ireland left to go home." He adds on.
"Alright," France says. "Thank you for taking them to their rooms. I suppose I'll go and tidy up the mess you lot will of made, seeing as you had access to the kitchen and the snack cupboard." France then walks towards the living room.

England still stands their in silence before saying. "I'll go get Wales then." He then also heads to the living room.
Canada and Scotland continue to put the other countries in their rooms.

Once all the countries that had fallen asleep are in their rooms, the countries that are awake also head to their rooms. England enters his shared room after putting on his pyjamas, to see Scotland standing in the room waiting for him.
England shuts the door. "You alright Scotland?" He asks.
"Aye, I'm alright. Just think I deserve an explanation."

Wow, a lot happened. We got a bit from everyone in that, eh? Well not everyone but three different Point Of Views. Same thing. Kind of. Well, we might get to find out who this *mystery* country is soon... Ooooo, intriguing.

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Diluain = Monday
•Tha gaol agam ort cuideachd = I love you too

Irish Translations:
•Dé luaun = Monday
•Mo ghrá thú = I love you

Sorry if I got the Irish "I love you" wrong. I tried Google Translate and four different videos and they all gave me different translations and so I just picked one and hoped for the best.

Well time to check- HOLY MOLY, TACOS COVERED IN GUACAMOLE
(*I'm sorry I say things like this-* **)**

10K reads!!!!! H O W ? Just why? Why do you amazing people read my book- and I haven't even been doing this for that long and I... you all are crazy (in a good way) and for those that have made it this far, to this specific chapter, y'all are the best. Thanks for your votes and especially your comments, they are hilarious most of the time and I read them all, if I don't reply it's because I can never think of anything-

But just thanks guys! That's awesome!

Haha, I've probably bored most of you to death by now-

Well, Stay Safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2551

An Explanation

[image] [image]

Saturday but it progresses into Sunday because these two be talking late at night and so it went past midnight, you get what I'm saying? No? Damn um... can't help ya on that, mate... just...

Enjoy!

England's POV- !*Quite a few swear Words ahead*!

"What do you mean by that, Scotland?" I ask, not too sure on what he might say.
"At school," Scotland begins. "Yer were so distressed and am nae sure ye meant ta tell me everything that was happening ta yer but I certainly remember yer saying ye were coughing up black liquid."
Ah shit, I did say that.
"U-Um yes... but it was only that one time and wasn't like when we were united."
"Okay... ah still want ta know what caused it and if I can I want a whom too." Scotland says almost threateningly.
I wouldn't expect Scotland to attack anyone for me like he would Ireland, North or Wales but I would imagine it's because of the threat in which someone could impose.
"I... I don't entirely know, Scotland... I was just having such a bad moment and was panicking and I felt sick and before I knew it that vile stuff was coming out of my mouth. I don't know if it had anyone to do with it either. It just happened." I say honestly.
"I understand that, but there has got be more ta it. Yer know fine well that if something messes with ye then that means there is a high chance it will mess with all of us an I don't want ta have ta deal with that." Scotland said.
I sigh. "Yes I know Scotland, but I'm generally confused myself. We never experienced this before uniting, or at least I don't remember, and so it's all new to me just as much as it is to you."
"There's got ta be more ta it." Scotland says.
I become slightly anxious. I don't want to talk about this stuff, it

makes me feel uncomfortable.
"Sasainn, tell me noo." Scotland states harshly.
"What-"
"Yer just got very nervous, there is more ta it noo. Tell. Me."
Of course Scotland spotted my nervousness. He always spots how others feel to identify weakness or so he knows how to get them to speak. And I suppose that's one of the amazing things about him.
"I... I've been experiencing things I don't know the cause of," I begin to say. "I have been... twitching. At first I assumed it to just be some muscle thing or that but it happens at random points that doesn't really makes sense to me and I feel... smaller each time... like I've lost something. I just don't understand it."
Scotland seems to be thinking about what I said.
"Dae yer feel sick regularly, dae yer feel it when twitching too?" Scotland asks me.
"No. I only felt sick at school and when the stress of the rumours was too much." I say. "I don't feel sick when twitching either... just smaller."
"... Okay... tell me something else you have nae told me yet." Scotland says and stares directly at me.
"There is nothing else." I say.
"There is, an I know it. Noo spit it oot."
"I said-"
"Sasainn, you're obviously nae telling me because I will nae like it an I know how I act when I dae nae like something but for fucks sake dae yer nae realise what is actually happening ta ye? You're fucking puking up black liquid and are experiencing random movements yer can nae control for no apparent reason that makes yer feel uncomfortable and in some way small an yer think that keeping secrets and ignoring any piece of information ye know will help. You're a fucking idiot if yer do." Scotland says loosing his temper a bit.

He doesn't like not knowing things, especially when I specifically know something he doesn't. Boy, it ticks him off. He's right, I don't want to tell him because I know he won't like it but I suppose he's right about any information being valid.
"Fine... I inherited all of the Overseas British Territories." I say annoyed.
Scotland clenches his fists. I can almost here him shouting in his

head how annoyed he is that I inherited UK's stuff without any discussion of the others, but that's just the way it is.
"Right... I din nae like that but I will nae loose ma shit just because ye knew I would in the first place... but fuck RA." Scotland says. (*RA = UK*)
I just shake my head at him. "And in what way does the Overseas British Territories relate to this situation?" I ask him.
Scotland gives me an annoyed look. "Well I'm nae gonna fucking know right on the spot," he says annoyed. "Anything happened with them?"
"Falklands has encountered issues with Argentina but I suppose that should of been expected. And Pitcairn Islands said to have spotted ships and planes spying on his islands but I've allowed them to have access to my military and the RAF if it's a respectable number of troops they request and is to do with the subject of what Falklands and Pitcairn experienced." I said nonchalantly.
"Yer just completely fucking ignored the fact that someone invaded them?!" Scotland shouted annoyed.
"I haven't had to deal with an invasion in years, okay! I thought they were fine because they said so and that would be it!" I shout back.
"What are you two fighting about now?" Someone asks sleepily.

I turn to the bed which Wales and North share to find North sitting there awake looking tired and fully unimpressed.
"It's nothing North, just some business between mine and Scotland's countries, okay?" I say to North.
"It doesn't sound that way..." North said. "You two always fight and fight and fight, I thought you had finally gotten over your shouting fits but no, you wake me up in the middle of the night with your shouting."
I frown at North.
"It's not our fault you woke up." Scotland said. "Clearly we weren't that loud as A'Chuimrigh is till sleeping."
"Yeah but that's An Bhreatain Bheag. She can sleep through an earthquake if she's tired enough." North replied annoyed.

To be honest, I don't really want to talk about my problems anymore. At least not right now and not here, somewhere more private would be better.

"Okay North, you've made your point." I say. "Me and Scotland will go to bed now and continue our bit-"
"You can describe arguing without using swear words Sasana." North interrupted me.
"Yeah Sasainn, how dare ye." Scotland said.
I glared at Scotland and he just gave a smug look in return.
"Yes I know, sorry, we'll continue our arguing tomorrow out of everyone's way somewhere private so I can say all the swear words to Scotland without waking up the Little Sleepy Baby North." I say slightly mocking North.
"Hey!" North shouts annoyed.
"Oh, look who's shouting noo." Scotland joins in.
"All of you shut the hell up and sleep!!" Wales shouts, her voice muffled from her pillow. "Sorry for cursing, but you made me do it." Wales says quieter into her pillow so I almost don't hear it.

"What An Bhreatain Bheag said." North says as he lays back down and pulls the blanket over him.
Scotland stares at me and I stare back at him. He slowly walks to his bed. Oh my god, he's such a child, I already know what he's doing... he stands at his mattress before slowly falling backwards, he doesn't even flinch as he falls which I must say is impressive and he lands hard on the mattress. I can hear the springs break. I cringe at the sound. I hate it when people jump on beds or mattresses and the sound the springs make when they break is awful. Scotland gives me another smug look.
"Also, we shall continue the explanation tomorrow, like you said." He says quietly before turning away from me and facing the wall on the mattress.
I get on my air bed and take off my glasses before getting comfy and closing my eyes to sleep as well.

=Sunday=
??????'s POV

Today we shall drop the next bomb. I've been craving a little bit of excitement since this break of mine. Sure it didn't stop me from this mission entirely, it was just more manageable tasks. Everybody needs a break once in a while.

I have had to punish Gibraltar and Falklands. They've been shut in their rooms for days with only water and nuts as food. I know that sounds awful but nuts have a high source of protein and are good for any type of rationing. Have you watched a survival show? Plus they're nations, not humans. They can survive longer than humans ever could without food and water. I also took away their cards. Even though nobody seems to be using the cards... I guess these territories don't understand how to play cards. Or they just generally don't want to but why not?
I'm getting sidetracked again.

(*And I forgot how to spell sidetracked again*-)

Anyway, after this bomb has been dropped we shall have one more island to bomb and then we attack the main island. I hope to do the last bombing and invading on the same day because Pitcairn will be at a weak state from the bombing. And I'll need a medic for him because I would assume with the bombing and invasion he'll be close to his death but I'm 100% sure he won't die.... 95% sure. Huh damn, I suppose I am insane. Oh well, just means I'm different and more rememberable.

Now though, I'm sending the bomber plain to Acadia island. Just one bomb shall take out all the islands around it like Ducie island, Pandora island, Edwards Island and Westward Island.
(*Yes, the dumbass author I am, I went and have been going to Pitcairn Islands on Google Earth and zooming in on the islands, but all the other times I didn't zoom in far enough and so I completely missed these other islands and I want to scream.)*

5 in one, what better luck than that! I won't be using bombs for every Overseas Territory, I just wanted to have some fun and try something different for once. But today is the day, Pitcairn Islands better be prepared, which I know for a fact he won't.

Yay, yay, yay, shorter chapter!

It be getting interesting.

I tell you what else is interesting. My book makes a b s o l u t e

l y No freaking sense, but somehow, s o m e h o w, it is now at

11K reads???? Like holy cheese balls, is this a glitch in the matrix? I don't why y'all be reading this book, but I appreciate it. I'll make sure to add in some more torturous cliffhangers for ya! :)

I also read through some of my old chapters and... I'm sorry I was so freaking cringe... I can't be bothered to change it though so new readers are just gonna have to put up with cringe me, bless their souls.

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Sasainn = England
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•RA = UK

Irish Translations:
•An Bhreatain Bheag = Wales
•Sasana = England

Oh! And before I end the chapter I have been writing another book! Because of pressure and stress I ended up writing a ship book because it made me happy-
It's not historically accurate but it's a UKxUSSR book, please don't hate me it's NOT in any way historically accurate and I just wrote it for fun. But I was wondering if you guys wanted me to publish it because... I'm gonna be the only one that's ever read it since I'm not sure on publishing it but yeah.
Hate shall be ignored, so hate if you are SO desperate too, everyone has their own opinions and every opinion is valid.

Well, Stay Safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word Count; 2012

Five In One, They're All Gone

[image]

Bro, I wrote this when it was late okay. That rhyme came into my head and I had to put it as the title. It's dumb but I don't care. It rhymes so that automatically makes it epic. I don't know, put some rhymes in the comments describing this chapter.
Yes, that shall be interesting.
Watch absolutely nobody do it—

Sunday—Pitcairn Islands POV

I feel a bit better now. I still feel occasionally sick due to radiation but I'm coping. Although I've become very paranoid. Any sound of a plane engine and I become very restless with fear. I don't want to be bombed again, but I know it will happen. I don't see the point in bombing me, I'd rather just be invaded. I suppose this insane country just wants to have some fun, if you can even call that fun. It's certainly not for me.

I was checking around the island, making sure everything was okay. I do this on a daily basis. I think it's important to make sure your islands are okay, I've just not been able to check my other islands. I could, but I get really anxious. What if a bomb hits the island that I'm on? I don't want anyone on any islands that aren't Pitcairn. It's for safety reasons. I at least think this country isn't insane enough to bomb the island where the whole small population is. At least I really hope so.

I'm going along my beaches when I get a feeling of dread. Of in depending doom. I begin to slightly panic. It's going to happen. I know it's going to happen. I need to get somewhere where I can cope with what's about to happen. I begin to run. Adamstown isn't too far away, I want to alert someone there before heading to my home. I ignore the path and just run through my forest. I know my land well, I know the shortcuts.

I feel like it's going to happen. I'm going to be bombed. I just feel it. That sense of dread, of doom, it just doesn't set right with what's happened. My legs begin to feel tired as I eventually see Adamstown ahead. I slow down just a little bit, so I don't become extremely exhausted. I reach the town and I instantly head to the one human I really trust. I reach their house and knock on their door really fast, non-stop, till they finally open the door.
"What is it Pitcairn?" They ask annoyed as always, one of the things I like about them.
Their expression soon changes to that of worry when they see my panicked state.
"I-It's going to happen. I know it. I feel it." I say worriedly.
"First of all calm down," the human says. "What do you want to do?"
"I-I-I..." I take a breath in. "I want to get to my house so I can cope with this attack and so I don't panic anyone on the island." I say.
"Okay then. You can get going and I'll take care of any issues raised for now, okay?" The human says.
"Okay." I say with a sigh.
"You're strong Pitcairn, I know you can take this. Now on you go." They say.
I nod my head and wave goodbye as I begin the trek towards my house.

I don't know when the attack will commence but I hope I can at least get to my house. After this though, I am going to contact the RAF. They can shoot down the bomber planes. I just fear how this country would retaliate to that. I also fear that the RAF won't get here on time. I am on the other side of the Earth in the South Pacific Ocean, of course. There is a lot of things which would be hard to tell. But all I can do is hope. Hope for something.

I soon make it to my house and I open the door with an exasperated sigh.
"It's going to happen soon..." I whisper to myself.

I shut my door, my feeling of dread only increasing. It's making me begin to feel sick. I set up my house so I have everything I think I would need in my grasp.

Done.

...

...

The feeling of dread is becoming almost unbearable and I'm breathing heavy. I go up to my bed.

And everything happens slowly...

My ears pierce with a loud sound and I clutch onto them. I can hear the bomb in my ears and it's painfully loud. I begin to stumble as pain stabs at my body. I bite my lip so I don't scream as my bones feel like they're breaking, like how my islands are breaking. Whenever I close my eyes I can see the light of explosion and my island being destroyed, which makes me painfully keep them wide open. I fall over onto my knees. I begin to get the sick feeling in my stomach and I clutch onto the bin I put by my bed. The black venom flows out my mouth. One. It represents that I've lost my land. The remains of it... gone. The pain stabs me and I can barely move. I hate bombs. I clutch onto the bin harder as the same step repeats. Two. Shit. It's Ducie and Acadia and the other islands around them. I ache in pain at the exertion of getting rid of what was once me. Here we go again. Three. My mouth burns with the vile taste and my throat itches. You can do this Pitcairn, just count it all down. I take deep slow breaths. I can feel the liquid rising up to my throat in a highly uncomfortable feeling as the process repeats yet again. Four. One more, one more, fuck man that's part of me. I just lost them... and so fast. I cry as the process repeats once again. Five... that's it... five islands gone... five parts of me... gone... the only thing representing them is the vile liquid before me, as I breath heavily other the bin. This is my punishment. I was suppose to lead and protect my land. The punishment for that, is the horrible thing I just experienced. It's meant to teach you, but I don't understand why it's such a harsh way of teaching. It can be hard to understand as well, but you get the message after a while. You failed at what you were put on the earth to do. You can't afford to fail. That's the tough life of being a country. A being vital to keep other beings alive...

Tears fall down my face as the pain soon returns with me being more aware to it. I put the bin down not wanting to stare into it's

blackness any longer. I pull myself up onto the bed and lay down. I grab the glass of water I left on my bedside table and slowly down most of it. I take a deep breath after and get into a position in which I experience the least amount of pain. I clutch onto my stomach and close my eyes.
'You're strong Pitcairn. I know you can take this.'
I can do this. I will make it. I just need to rest and then do everything I can to protect my islands and people. For now, I just need to rest.

You know what, lets make this chapter longer :D

I don't want this conversation to happen on the weekend so lets skip a day and go to Monday!

England's POV

As promised, I have to talk to Scotland about last nights conversation. I am honestly not looking forward to it. Mostly to the fact that I have been feeling slightly sick and I have been doing that weird twitch thing, but it does feel a bit different this time so I'm not entirely sure if it has any relation to what I've been experiencing. The sickness I mean, not the twitching.

I walk through the hallways. We had to pick the one room we'd get piece and quiet and could use with no one else being there and that was the music rooms. I walked into music room 5 and Scotland was sitting on one of the seats in the room pressing random keys on an electric keyboard clearly uninterested. The room had a drum kit, piano, xylophone, three guitars on a stand, a few seats dotted around the room and- oh god no... bagpipes... It wasn't the biggest room but it was decent enough. The door slowly closes behind me with a loud thud which I should've of expected but didn't. Scotland looks up to me with a slightly annoyed expression.
"Took ye fucking long enough." He says in a bothered tone.
"Could we try and do this with less swearing." I ask him in the same tone.
He rolls his eyes at me and turns around in his seat to better face me. I pull a seat over as well and sit down and we stare annoyed at each other.

"We continue where we left off?" I ask.
"No Sasainn, lets talk aboot pink dancing lions on rainbows. Of..." Scotland stopped himself from swearing, even though it looked like it caused him general pain. He's unbelievable. "... course we talk where we left off... yer dumbass."
"That counts as swearing."
"Since when?!"
"Since I said so!"
Scotland glares annoyed at me.
"Well?" I say.
"Dae nae push it," Scotland says in a slightly intimidating way. "We were at the point of talking aboot the Overseas Territories and how yer just completely fu—... ignored the fact they were invaded."
"You just have to word it like that." I reply.
"Aye, I dae."
I sigh annoyed. "I'm sure they'll be fine."

(*Yeah England, one of them's dealing with being bombed, totally fine. I'm just trying to be comical, don't hate on England for that.)*

"And it's hard to keep in good contact with them, so giving them easy access to support from my country was my first step and I haven't seen if it's proven to be helpful or not. So I want to at least wait to see how that goes first."
Scotland stares at me unimpressed.
"Yer nae worried in the slightest." He says.
"Well of course I'm worried! but I've also got England to worry about as well. I can't just give them my entire military." I say with many annoyed hand movements.
"Look Sasainn. I stopped with the swearing, so please stop with the hand movements. You look like an aggressive Italian." Scotland says.
And this is why I freaking fell in love with the psychopath... and I'm going down this route of depression again.
"Fine, I'll stop. You're just annoying me."
"*I'm*... annoying *ye*? Ha! Treat people how yer want ta be treated, Sasainn. Maybe then I'll stop annoying ye."
I put my hand on my forehead. "Can we just move on."

"Fine," Scotland says. "How're yer feeling today?"

"I thought we were talking about last night not having a normal conversation-"
"You're a damn idiot. We're talking about ye being sick an I need ta know if you're feeling sick today incase it leads ta anymore clues. Don't doubt me or that's where you'll fail finding the truth aboot things." Scotland reply's, very much annoyed.
"Oh... right... sorry. Yeah no, I haven't felt well today. I've been slightly sick but it feels different to what I've felt before so I think it might just be a normal sickness reaction." I say.
"Okay... if yer say so." Scotland says.
He adjusts himself in his seat before continuing.
"Do yer think someone could be behind this?"
"I'm not too sure if I'm being honest." I say.
Scotland thinks for a bit.
"Yer like reading an all that right?"
"Yes? Why is this important?"
"Fit did I say aboot- yer know whit, never mind. Then ye should got tae the library and read some books aboot stuff like what different sicknesses in countries mean... or reading up on Overseas Territories... stuff that has any wee bit of similarity ta our conversation, y'know. That's how yer find the answer ta something." Scotland says proudly.
"And why do I need to do this?" I ask Scotland.
"I'm nae a big on non-fiction, and your smart and like reading that kind of stuff so it would be a lot faster if ye were ta dae it."
"Flattery doesn't work on me Scotland." I say smugly at the fact he called me smart.
Scotland gives me a glare.
"Fine then, how aboot this. Yer a fat ass lazy bitch that needs to get yer arse up to that library and educate yerself on your own fucking country."
"...
...
...
I feel hurt."
"That's the whole fucking point."
"Fine. I'll read the books you mean bastard."

I cross my arms and look to the one clock in the room.
"We've got a few more minutes left before classes."

"Aye, I know how ta spend em." Scotland says and stands up.
"And how would that be?" I say slightly scared but curious at the same time.
"Well we took up this music room and did nae play any music which I think is just wrong so~" Scotland says almost evilly as he quickly picks up something and swiftly gets it ready to play.
"This room is sound proof so nobody will hear the bagpipes or your screams of ear-bleeding pain," Scotland says with a smirk towards me. "Enjoy~."
"Of fuck, lord help me." Is the last thing I say before Scotland begins to play the bagpipes loud and proud.

I cover my ears as the sound that has haunted me every time I see Scotland fills the room. He's playing his national anthem... I'm going to cry. Not of beauty for the song, of pure torture of hearing this song so much—

Scotland POV

Today is a good day.

They say England is still crying from those sounds to this very day...

They would be right.

Scottish Gaelic Translations:
•Sasainn = England

So you know how I was talking about a new book in the last chapter?
I published it! It's got the first three chapters already done and published!
It's called Met In The Snow and is a UKxUSSR or BritSov ship book (don't kill me it's not historically accurate in anyway.) so if you like that then I would recommend reading it!
I'm really just repeating myself from last chapter—
Anyway... Be sure to check it out, if you want to of course.

Stay Safe and…

Have a nice life!

Word count; 2454

You've picked your fight

[image]

Monday, at around lunch (12:00)-Pitcairn Islands POV

My friend contacted England's military. They told me this morning when they came to make sure I was okay after the... you know.

Any loud noises scare me now. My paranoia ever increasing. It sucks, really. I don't want to react the way I do, I just can't control it. A random loud bang, I'll jump out of my skin.

This attack definitely affected me more, though. I assume because five of my islands are now gone. This can't be healthy for me or my people just anything to do with the Pitcairn Islands in general. Not healthy. I think the worst thing is the feeling of being sick but never actually *being* sick. I hate it. I hate the bomb. I hate the radiation. I hate the country that's doing this to me... I just want to have a normal life like other countries... but no... I'm a colony... a territory belonging to someone else...

The greed in this world makes me sick.
And the thirst for vengeance, just as much.

I sit on my bed. I'm scared about what will happen to the other territories... I've updated them on everything. The ones that reply, of course. I was told that Gibraltar hadn't replied to my last letter... I barely knew Gibraltar but I know he's older than me by... 86 human years, I think. It's hard to remember all of the British Overseas Territories and their date of discovery but I try, especially with what's happening now. The messages seem to work, though. Territories reply, some respond concerned for me and others sound like they don't believe any of it. I can't really blame them for thinking that, though. The world is so developed it's hard to think such a thing. But if the internet, something I do not trust, reported on the real events in the world, events that mattered, maybe it would seem more believable. So much happens around us that nobody notices. Some people report on incidents that have been

happening for years and have caused thousands of deaths like it only became a problem yesterday.

There will be no one to tell my story though. I'm not a big country like... The US or China, for example. I'm just a few random small islands in the middle of the South Pacific Ocean. Ask someone, even a country, to point to me on a map; they most likely will have no idea where I am. Heh... only my people will know... Know that I let them down as their nation... I just hope what happens won't be too bad. But with these bomb attacks, I highly doubt it.

I shuffle restlessly in my bed. I look towards the notepad on my bedside table. I already scribbled my thoughts into it earlier on. The sight of it reminds me of Falklands. She liked sketching out landscapes in her sketchbook of hers. She was really good at it too. Always scared to colour it in as she felt she would ruin it, but she never did. I wonder what happened to her. We haven't had contact in a long time now. She's one of the territories not responding and that makes me scared. She's tough and stubborn but that's what I fear. Her slight arrogance and recklessness may be the thing that gets her hurt if another country happened to claim her land. Britain had adapted to her quickly. He was use to dealing with crazy nations and territories so he knew how to act. Falklands and him had a pretty good bond too. When was the last time I even saw Britain? There's no chance of me seeing him now, but maybe his mainland territories? It would be an interesting experience, talking to them. Would they have Britain's memories or be completely new to the world? I wonder.
Huh, time flys by when you're distracted in your own thoughts by the looks of it. I've been thinking to myself for an hour. Kind of crazy.

I suppose I should do my check of the island now... we'll see how this goes then. I know it will cause me pain but I always want to make sure my island is okay. Walking around it makes me happy too. Proud to be the nation that represents it. So even if I'm not in the right state, I'm still doing my daily walk and check around the island.

Yeah, I ain't giving away the identity of this mystery country just yet...

***Mystery* Country's POV**

That bitch contacted England's military. Gibraltar got a letter about it. The other territories haven't received any letters and I've made an assumption that the territories are communicating to each other and their 'caution tactic' is to not reply to any whom doesn't reply. Well, seems like that letter was the last one they'd be sending to Gibraltar and it just so happened to be from Pitcairn who is going to get assistance from England's military... the bitch... I won't let that happen, I need to be fast on this. I didn't want to cause Pitcairn *that* much pain by carrying the plan out slower but seems like he's put himself in some deep shit because now I have to act the plan out soon. I was even thinking of carrying it out today, but I'll wait for tomorrow just because the distance will mean Pitcairn won't have the extra defence until very late into tomorrow or the third day from today. Well, Pitcairn... you've picked your fight...

Ahhhhhh-
My inspiration is gone-
So sorry for random, probably really bad 6 paragraphs up ahead. ('∀｀＝)

Monday-Wales's POV

We were back home from school and I was drawing at the table again. I've drawn all the national animals of the British Isles! It's been really fun too. Of course everyones favourite was their own national animal, and I do admit that I like the Welsh Dragon the most. Now I draw a Bald Eagle for America because he really really wanted one and I'm happy to draw it, but it is quite hard. I've been drawing it for a while now and am almost down with colouring it in.

A few minutes later and I was finished! I stare at the paper for a bit. Not too bad. I grab the piece of paper and excitedly go to find America. I find him in his room fiddling with a watch that looks to be broken. He looks up towards me as he hears me enter the room.
"Oh hi Wales!" He says with a smile.
"Hi America." I say with a smile in return.
"What brings you here?" He asks me.

I walk up to him, the drawing hidden behind my back. America peers at my hidden hand curiously.
"I finished your drawing!" I say happily and hold the paper forward for America to see.
America stares at the drawing, he still had his sunglasses on so I hope he's staring at the drawing at least. I wonder why he wears them, though.
"Wales that's awesome!" America says enthusiastically.
I smile. "Diolch."
"Do I get to keep it?" America asks me.
"Sure!" I say "Just try not to ruin it." I add on remembering the effort I put into the drawing.
"I'll make sure to guard it from anything that can ruin it then." America replies and takes the drawing from my hands.
"Good." I say. "I'm gonna leave then, good luck with that watch." I say and make my way to the door.
"Thanks, I'll need it." America says and his attention goes back onto the watch as I close the door.

I sigh to myself. "What to do now." I mutter quietly.
Boredly, I stretch out my wings and flap them a bit as I think. It's something I do when bored, thinking or distracted. Usually without being aware of it too..... oh great now that thoughts come into my mind... that's just the perfect way to ruin the happy mood I was in... and now my wings are droopy just thinking about it.

I walk down to my shared room. My wings drag off the floor but I ignore it and keep on walking. I open the door of the room and I walk in, shutting the door behind me.
"Hey An Bhreatain Bheag."
I turn around to see North sitting on the one proper bed in the room. He's reading a comic book that lays down flat in front of him.
"Oh... Hi North." I say a little duller than usual.
North gives me a slightly concerned look.
"What's wrong?" He asks me.
"Oh, nothing." I reply, hiding my nervousness.
North gives me a disbelieving look.
"An Bhreatain Bheag, I know something's wrong. Your wings and terrible lying give it away."
I give North a bit of an annoyed look but I do suppose I'm not the

greatest liar.
"Fine, there is something bothering me." I admit without making eye contact.
North gives me a sad look.
"Want to sit and talk about it?" He asks.
"No... but okay." I say and walk over to the bed.
I climb up and sit next to him.
"What's bothering you then?" North asks.
I stay silent for a bit before eventually speaking.
"The way I am." I simply put it.
North gives me a confused but concerned look.
"What do you mean by that, I don't see anything wrong with you An Bhreatain Bheag." He says.
I am hesitant, but eventually say, "The way I look. To be specific... my horns and wings... I just... I look like some demon or... or some... I..." I sigh unable to find the right words to explain it.
My head hangs low. North puts a hand on my shoulder. I look up to him.
"Don't say that. I know that you were hurt by the words of all those countries but you're such a bright and beautiful country, An Bhreatain Bheag." North says supportively and kindly. "You make everyone around you happy with your radiant smile and if people judge you for a few parts of you that barely even matter then they are idiots. They missed the opportunity to meet and be friends with one of the most amazing countries ever."

I stare at North for a while in silence. I can feel tears slowly form in the corners of my eyes. My mouth curves into a small smile as Norths words fully sink in. I eventually wrap North in a tight hug with my arms and wings. North hugs back comfortingly.
"Thanks North. You're an amazing country too." I say.
"No problem, An Bhreatain Bheag. I was just speaking the truth."

We eventually both pull out of the hug and I wipe some tears from my face. North gives me a warm smile.
"Want to read the rest of this comic with me?" He asks.
"Yeah." I say nodding my head.
We both lay down on the bed on our stomachs and read the comic together.

I felt like I wasn't including North that much so have him comforting Wales and her insecurities over the way she looks. How sweet.

Welsh Translations:
•Diolch = Thanks/Thank you

Irish Translations:
•An Bhreatain Bheag = Wales

Yay, another chapter!
Made by procrastination.

Stay safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count; 1902

Hide

[image]

Yay, another crappy title...
Hm, I might be moving on with the days too fast, but I don't want you guys to be bored with the story... oh well, we're on Tuesday-
Pitcairn Island's POV

I'm feeling slightly better now. I'm still pretty paranoid, still jumping at loud noises, still waiting for something bad to happen again. I just hope that the RAF will get here soon. I just know they won't though and I'm forever going to be scared until they do arrive. My human friend has been taking care of me more. I think they know that my situation isn't looking the greatest and just want to hang out one last time I suppose. Even though we don't know when the last time will be.

I am in my small house reading a book. I get a bit bored and I fold the corner of my page to keep the place in the book. I then stand up to go and look at the time on the clock near my bed.

13:17 (1:17pm)

I suppose now would be a good time to walk around my island or at least visit Adamstown.

Once I've put my shoes on, I head outside. Adamstown first then the rest of the island when I feel like it. I try my best to focus on my island as I walk down the hill but I can't help but have flashbacks of the bombing. I eventually get to the small capitol and a tired smile falls on my face as I look at the scattered buildings within the trees. As I had requested, most are prepared to be bordered up for protection. I begin to get distracted by flashbacks again. It's making me really nervous. The flashbacks are filling my brain and I'm becoming ever so increasingly paranoid until it all just stops at the sight of the same house again. They're usually home so while I'm here I may as well visit.

I knock on the door. I don't hear anything for a while. I knock on the door again. Still nothing for a bit of time but eventually the door opens and the human stands there.
"Pitcairn. You are always knocking on my door." Is the first thing they say.
"Hello to you too, nice to hear you're doing good today." I reply.
The human rolls their eyes.
"What do you need?" They ask.
I think for a little bit. I'll put in a simple way.
"Company."
"Like a business." The human asks confused.
"No. Like as in a friend to spend time with."
"Oh, right." They say with realisation.
I just roll my eyes.
"Well, I suppose you can come in then." They say and open the door wide for me to walk in.
I do exactly so and turn around to face them as they shut the door.
"Now tell me what's wrong?" The human says and crosses their arms.
Dang it.
"I don't know what you mean, nothing is wrong." I say in my best acting voice with a slight shrug of my shoulders.
The human looks unimpressed.
"You don't just go around asking for people to hang out with you unless it's important business. Something is bothering you, now tell me what it is."
I fidget with the fabric of my shirt.
"I can't stay calm in this situation. I feel more paranoid than usual and that's always been a big sign that it's going to happen." I say truthfully.
The human shakes their head sadly.
"I know, Pitcairn, I know," they say sincerely. "I'm scared for you too."
I smile thankfully towards them.
"Let's just forget about it for a bit and... chat, I suppose."

We sit and chat for a while. It's nice to have someone to talk to. It would seem weird for a country to talk and be this close to a human, but you get it a lot with overseas territories. Territories usually don't live on Patriam Island like the other countries.

Because of the small territories, it's easier for them to manage their land when on it. So because of us staying in our islands the humans living there are used to use to us and usually more excepting of us. Which is nice. We can always visit Patriam Island if we really wanted but we don't just instantly have a house to live in.

We were just talking.
And then it happened.
Banging on the door.
The human went to open it and I watched them from my seat.
They opened the door.
"They're here! They're coming to Adamstown!"

"What."
My stomach drops in fear and confusion.
"Their ships are getting closer to the island and it seems like they have jets ready on them as well!"
"But..." I cant believe it. I'm in shock, yet I knew this would happen it's just...
"Get everything ready, try to defend ourselves as long as we can. Get anyone young or at a disadvantage out of harms way..."
The human keeps on talking but I can't hear him. As I just stare forward blankly. I feel a hand on my shoulder and flinch as I look up. The other human that had knocked on the door is gone and my friend stands in front of me.
"Are you okay Pitcairn?" They ask.
"I... I don't understand I thought that they were meant to bomb Henderson—"
Flashbacks. All of the attacks flash through my head. The human says things but I can't hear them as the loud sound build up of the bombs echo through my ears.
"It's happening. It's happening. It's happening. It's happening." I mutter to myself over and over.
"Pitcairn!" The human yells.
I come out of my trance for a second and in that second I say.
"Henderson Island is being bombed, as well as Adamstown being attacked."

The next thing I had known was for the human to grab me by the arm and pull me out the house. I get a glimpse of the sea and sure

enough the boats are there with the red and white flag. I hate that flag right now. The human keeps on dragging me and I'm barely paying attention as thoughts keep rushing through my head.
"Pitcairn please, I need you to listen to me. I keep on trying to tell you but you won't listen, please."
I blink at those words and remember the situation I'm in. The human has dragged me to the back of Adamstown just before it leads to the more luscious part of the island.
"The small houses of Adamstown and few people that live here don't stand a chance. I've let down my people I've let down you." I mutter.
"Pitcairn, don't say that and are you listening to me." The human says more demanding for an answer rather than asking for one.
I take a while to reply as I grip onto what little focus I have.
"Yes." I say.
The human holds me by the shoulders as they speak.
"They are bombing you at the same time as invading your island." The human says clearly and strictly, making sure their point is getting to me. "That means you will be in no state to fight. There is enough jungle area of the island for you to at least hide in or something, I don't know. What I do know is that we won't win this with only a few people willing to fight. England's military isn't here yet, but if you can hide until they get here then we might stand a chance. Please try Pitcairn." The human begs at the end.
"I..." I begin to speak. "I'll try."
Even though it feels futile.
"Thank you, now I need to leave as I can help. Please stay safe." The human says.
They then wrap me into a hug. It feels weird. I've never really hugged anyone, but I copy them, wrapping my arms around them and slightly squeezing. It still feels weird but... comforting? They let go.
"Good luck." They say.
"To you too." I reply.
Then they leave.

I go into the tree covered area like the human said I should. I get pretty deep into the bushy area when it happens again. Flashbacks. This time even more realistic. Then I realise these aren't flashbacks but real. Happening in present time. I only realise until the loud

sound of the bomb pierced my ears and the instant pain stabs at my legs again and I fall over, crashing to the ground as I see the bomb hit Henderson Island...

This is just a sort of filler-like chapter for next chapter. I'm just late with this one and didn't want to be writing a super long chapter because then I would be even later. So enjoy this.

Poor Pitcairn.

No translations. Easier for me to write, easier for you to read.

Haha, I'm failing two languages right now...

Hope you enjoyed this dumb chapter (at least its better than my beginning chapters, like, I actually can't read them they're so bad...)
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word count; 1530

Run the Hell Away

[image]

Even though I freely write s wears in my book, I didn't feel right about putting one in the title so have a slightly censored version. :)
That smile looks cursed-
Tuesday-Pitcairn Islands POV

I try my hardest to stay calm as the spewing begins. I almost pass out before it stops and I can finally breath again. Deep breaths. Deep breaths. The pain then starts seeping in throughout my body as my limbs feel like they're being crushed. Deep breaths. Deep breaths. I lay down on the dirt floor scrunched up holding my stomach. I can feel my island being invaded at the same time as Henderson crumbling and falling apart. It was one of the bigger islands so that's probably why the spewing lasted so long. The black liquid has slightly stained my clothes, as I didn't really have any bin to throw up in. My body shakes with the pain I'm experiencing. Deep breaths. Deep breaths. My ears begin to catch onto the sounds around me, recovering from the loud sound and ringing of the bomb. I can hear the fight ensuing far off in the distance. I wonder what this country will do since I'm not there to confront them, but I imagine they planned this whole ordeal. Bombing me to make me weak and then invading me so I wouldn't be able to defend my land and myself. I need to fight the pain otherwise I am undoubtedly dead. Shit. I should of told the human to send a message to England's army because they'll most likely arrive with nothing to save. I hope they think that themselves and do it so we can warn them.
But I need to try.

I try to pick myself off the ground. My limbs don't move. Not this again.
Come on.
Nothing.
Again.

Nothing.
Again.
Nothing.
"Come on you idiotic body parts!" I seethed.
One more time.
I urge my body to do something and I manage to move my arms and legs. I hiss in pain as I sit up on the ground.
Deep breaths. Deep breaths.
My body still aches but I bite my lip and stand up. I bite my lip harder, trying to not let out a cry. I stretch my legs as much as I can to attempt at making the pain easier to cope with. I do the same with my arms. This is probably the fasted I've recovered. I still am in pain though and know I most likely won't be able to do much. One encounter with this country, unless they have mercy, I am dead. I try and walk. I almost instantly fall over but manage to catch myself. I'll hold on to any trees I come across for support.

I begin to trek through the jungle again, going much slower this time. I stumble and trip as my legs stab me with pain but I keep moving on. The deeper I go, the more time that country will have to spend looking for me. If they're coming after me right now that is.

Mystery Country's POV
(short and just a few minutes ago in time)

That bitch isn't here.
I had searched the house a petty human had told me was his. Either that human lied to me or he's hiding somewhere.
No matter.
I will find him.
I walk out of the house I practically tore apart trying to find him. His house is high up and you can see a good proportion of the island.
I see there is a lot of greenery covering this island. Perfect for hiding.
Honestly Pitcairn, try to be more original in your hiding places.
I begin the walk to the jungle. Once at the tall trees, I take my sword out of my scabbard. I slash at the trees and it cuts the leaves easily. It will help me go forward faster if I just get the stuff out of my way.

You can't hide for long Pitcairn, especially when you're injured.

Pitcairn Island's POV

I've just been waking for a while now, barely getting anywhere with my sluggish movements due to the pain. I soon come across a tiny clearing in the trees.
Dammit. I have nothing to hold onto.
Having no choice, I shakily stand straight and try to go as fast as I can across the small clearing but to no avail. I stumble and land on the ground. I yelp in pain.
Shit.
I didn't want to be loud, I have no idea where this country or its people are.
I try to stand back up but my body's gone back into a state of sleep.
Get up. Get up. Get up. Get up. Get up.
Nothing...
Then I hear a sound. It sounds like something slicing something. It's getting closer and louder. That's definitely a sharp weapon being slashed against something and it's coming closer.

Get up. Get up. Get up. Get up. Get up.
My body finally decides to cooperate and I heave myself up with a loud grunt.

The slicing stops.

I freeze. That was too loud.

"I heard that~"

I go into a flight or fight response.
Fight? My body kindly stabs me with pain to remind me I cannot defend myself in a time I greatly need to fucking defend myself.
Flight it is.

I stumble to the trees as fast as I can as the slicing sound begins again and this time much faster. I reach the trees and get a decent distance before the countries slicing stops due to them having reached the clearing. Good, I have some distance on them. I grab onto any tree I can and pull myself forward to attempt at getting

somewhere with speed.
The slicing begins again.
Adrenaline kicks in and my thoughts are replaced with only one.
Run the fuck away.

With this new found adrenaline, the pain is slightly more bearable as I am very much distracted.
I stumble through the trees as the slicing gets nearer.
Go. Go. Go. Go. Go. Go. Go. Go.
I keep repeating to myself, willing myself to move faster. I keep going. I keep trying.
Until... my legs stop in pain.
I feel like both of my legs just snapped as I fall down...
I bite my lip so I don't scream and I can taste blood in my mouth as my teeth sink in deep.

I crash down on the ground once more.
No. No. No. No. No. Get up. Get up. Get up...
Tears roll down my cheeks as I will anything to move. Any part of me just move. But nothing will.
The slicing gets closer and closer.
My arms finally move, but only a little bit and it is so painful in doing so. My legs do not do anything.
The slicing is so close, they will be here at any moment.
I look around me as I lay hopelessly on the floor. Nothing but trees and bushes surround me. Then I have an idea. It is the only thing I can do and so... I do it.
I clench my fists and once again bite my lip, prepared for the pain I will face for this. Using all the strength I have I roll on the ground and into the bushes beside me. I go as far as I can-which isn't very far-before I have to stop with the pain. I want to cry or scream, just make any noise, but I can't. I lay on the floor, yet again helpless in my current state.

I stare forward. The slicing reaches where I was and I see the leaves of the trees and tall bushes fall to the ground. The countries boot steps in the spot where I just was.
I don't breath. I just stay still. You would assume I was dead.
The country continues to move forward. The sound of their boots and slicing of their blade loud in my head as they walk off.

I still don't breath until I'm on the verge of passing out, in which I gasp for air. Probably one of the quietest gasps I could ever produce. Once my lungs feel filled again I go back to being as silent as I can.
That was one of the most scariest things I have ever experienced. All I can taste is the blood in my mouth from my damaged lip. I would bring a hand up to it so I could feel how damaged it is but I don't dare move, not that I could anyway. I just lay on the ground in paralysed shock.

I have no sense of time. I lay on the ground still. I feel like hours pass by but I know it won't be as long as I assume. As long as the time I feel has passed. I know this because time goes by when you're having fun, but it certainly doesn't when you are not. And I am far from having fun right now.

Maybe I should try moving again?
I really don't want to go through more pain right now, though.

Before I even know it I am put in the uncomfortable feeling of my head being pressured against the ground as that countries boot is placed upon my head.
"Lookie what we have here." They say.
They bring their sword down close to my face and I tense up with fear.
"In a lot of pain I see. Unable to move are we?" They say in a toying voice.
I try to speak but my lip stings with pain and so I instantly stop.
"Can't speak either. How lucky for me." The country says and presses harder on my head. "You didn't think I couldn't see your tracks in the dirt ground, huh? Didn't think I wouldn't notice how they stop at the bush, huh?" They tease me.
I clench my fists to try and surpass the urge to wince at the pressure on my head. I am not going to please this country with more of my undoubtedly obvious vulnerability.
The pressure loosens as they take their foot off my head.
I am not about to give up this open opportunity.
I will my body to move and my wish is finally granted straight away for once as I reach and pull this countries leg and they fall down. I stand up as fast as I can and try to run away if speed

walking and pulling myself with any tree or tree branch around me counts.

I hear the country behind me chuckle maliciously and before I can process what that means and turn back to look at them, something pierces through my leg. I let out a scream of pain as I look down at my leg. The countries sword is right through it, the blood already beginning to trickle out of the wound. I fall down to the ground once again. I have had so many stabbing pains today which have filled me with pain, but none of them combined could match the pain that I just felt and still feel. Tears stream down my face, as I helplessly stare at my impaled leg. I clutch onto it in an attempt to stop the blood flow and soothe the pain of it, but it feels useless.
"You think I didn't know you would try to run away?" The country says as they stand up and walk over to me. "Me taking my foot off your head was a test and you failed and now you have to deal with the pain of your leg being impaled... oh hey, that rhymed!" They chuckle to themselves.

They're sick.
I want to do something but I'm beginning to feel dizzy. Shit... blood loss... can't think...
"Hmm~ someone's a little tired from blood loss, hey? Don't worry, you won't die, I'm not that careless." The country says and I can barely hear them. "You can just... go to sleep." They say and crouch down in front of me.
Sleep... does sound... can't... focus...
"Why... do you... do this... to me?..." I say and some blood streams down my chin from my lip. How much damage did I cause it?
"I can tell you later... but for now... You can just go to sleep." They say in front of me with a smile.
Evil... bitch... but sleep... I need...
My eyelids slowly close and I begin to fall backwards. I lay on the ground and my eyelids fully shut as I loose consciousness.

Wow! I should be sleeping but no! Motivation slapped me in the face and told me to write a chapter otherwise no sleep... or at least no peaceful sleep.

Lovely...

You know, I can be such a forgetful idiot sometimes. I forgot to thank you for 12K reads last chapter.
No picture because I'm sure you guys are bored of the pictures, you can check if you so desire to see it anyway.
But still, thank you guys!
I remember when I was excited for getting 100 reads, like, you guys all came so fast and the comments literally are the best.
And I'm gonna do this every time we grow in readers so I shall stop going on and on now, but the point is: thank you!

No translations needed... yay.

Hope you liked the chapter.
Entirely written on a motivation high that would not let me sleep... good stuff, huh?

Anyway, Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word count; 2262

Sadness, Anger, Confusion

[image]

Tuesday-Back in time from last chapter-
2:16am
(Want me to put the time in stuff like this as well?)
England's POV

I lay in bed asleep. when I'm woken up to the sound of movement. My eyes open but I stay still. I hear someone leave the room. Once the door is quietly closed I sit up in my bed. I look around the room. Wales and North are still sleeping while Scotland is gone.

What is he up to?

I quickly grab my glasses and put them on. I quietly get up and head for the door, quietly leaving like Scotland did. Maybe he just wants a drink or a snack, but that's not like him from what I've seen. As I walk down the hall I hear the front door quietly being opened and then closed. He's leaving the house? I make my way to the front door and swiftly put my shoes on. I'll be fine without a coat and I've only got plain pyjamas on so if anyone sees me—which I doubt at this time of night—they'll just think I'm in normal clothing. But it is going to be cold... I grab a burgundy hoodie I got, but barely wear, and slip it on. This shall be warm enough.
I exit the house, again, quietly shutting the door behind me. I lock the door. Something I noticed Scotland didn't do, so he's either being quick or assumed that everyone is ready to fight off a burglar, like him—which is not the case.

I get to the sidewalk and look both ways. I'm not crossing the road, just seeing if I can spot which direction Scotland went. I see his figure—or what I assume is his figure—in the distance heading towards the forest. The forest, huh? Always did seem to be a bit obsessed with nature. Believed in some crazy things too. I remember he didn't want Wales to go into a forest near any lakes or rivers alone while she was visiting Scotland because she may encounter a kelpie. He sounded like some crazy guy on drugs to me.

Maybe he was, but he got out of his smoking habits a long time ago, his drug habits even longer. A fast recovery too. I asked him what a kelpie was and he got right into some folklore gibberish that confused me. An animal or mythical creature that lives in body's of water and takes on the form of, most commonly, a horse or sometimes a human and lures its victims to the water in which it will then drown them. Scotland's got some problems I'm telling you. There was also one about a wolf or fox thing—can't really remember, don't really care—giving fish or that to the poor. Like, what? I'll tell you though, Scotland would be a great one for campfire stories.

I follow carefully behind Scotland's figure. Keeping a good distance so I'm not that easily spottable. He wears his black hoodie, but had the common sense to not wear a kilt, which I'm thankful for. He would get too cold otherwise. Not that the colds ever really bothered him. It just gets to a point where he doesn't actually realise he's freezing. It's hard for others to tell as well because when you're cold you get a slight blue hue to you and, well, Scotland is blue so it can be hard to tell, and he gets uncomfortable when you have to stare at him for a while to actually make sense of if he's cold or not. Might even slap you for it, learnt that the hard way. When he gets confused on his feelings his instant reaction is 'I need to defend myself' literally from everyone. He's adapted to it, his feelings, especially from the time I first met him. *Especially.* But he still is scarily psychotic or rage-infused when he doesn't understand them. It's kind of sad but I hope that..... Ireland...can help him... it would be best for him...
I'm just gonna... focus on following Scotland for now...

We make it to the start of the forest, or at least he does, as I'm still a good distance away. He just goes straight in, no worries. Isn't a dark forest at night meant to be one of the scariest places or situations to be in? Although now that I think about it, it is Scotland. I follow after him. Because it's in the forest, I decided to get a bit closer since I've got plenty of trees to hide behind and it is a lot darker here with the moonlight being limited with the trees covering the sky. It will make it easier to follow him too. We get pretty deep into the forest and it's making me anxious. Does Scotland even remember the way out of the woods? I hope he does because I'll

most likely get lost. I should of marked the trees or something like that.
We walk a bit further and I'm quite surprised when Scotland randomly breaks into a run. He doesn't show any signs of slowing down. I don't want to loose him because I want to know what he's up to and I need him so I have a chance of not getting lost in these woods, so I run after him.
I try to stay as quiet as I possibly can, which is a whole lot harder with the forest floor. I can easily run silently on stone or wood but this forest floor has loads of sticks and leaves that crunch under my feet, of course that would be expected in a forest. Scotland seems to get faster and I'm beginning to loose him. He makes a sharp, unexpected turn and as I finally catch up to the turn he made and turn myself, I've lost sight of him.
"Shit." I say under my breath.

I look around the forest panicked. It seems a lot more scarier now. The darkness and moonlight makes curving shadows with the trees and they seem all too unsettling. Coming to my senses a bit I look at the ground around me and manage to catch Scotland's footprints which have been imprinted into the dirt ground. I carefully follow them. Scared and worried. I know that I'll be fine, I am a country and a strong one at that. Technically stronger than Scotland but because he's such a tactful fighter, he's a lot more stronger than he ought to be. Although that rule applies to anyone. With the right will power and quick and tactical thinking you can over come greater obstacles. Everyone is strong, they just need to have the right mindset, will power and observation. Those are just some of the big factors but anyone can be strong if they really want to be.
The tracks come to quite an abrupt end. How the hell did Scotland just disappear like that? Did he fly off to fucking space or something? What the fuck. I'm panicking and beginning to swear it's just... I don't want to be stuck out in this forest, I've completely lost my way.
Dumb move, England. Dumb move.

I begin to look around me again and I spot what looks to be a small clearing about three and half metres(11 feet) away. It's better than these tall trees and dark shadows. I walk over to the small clearing and it mostly consists of a small lake. The moonlight sparkles off

the water. Definitely better than the dark parts of the forest. I stand by the water. I hear movement behind me. Before I can turn around I am pushed into the water. I let out a surprised yelp, not wanting to fully scream, as I fall into the cold water. I instantly grab onto my glasses and repeat a whole lot of swears in my head at the shock of it before getting a hold onto what just happened and quickly swimming to the surface. My head gets above the water and I take in a deep breath. I paddle on the spot keeping my head above the water before swimming to the shore of the lake. I clamber out of the water and look up from the ground, freezing cold. As I suspected Scotland stands there with a slight annoyed expression on his face.

!Swear words ahead!
(As you could imagine. It is a normal conversation between Scotland and England after all)

I wipe my glasses and put them back on before beginning to argue with the Scot.
"What the fuck was that for?!" I yell at him crossing my arms in the cold.
"If ye did nae follow me, it would nae of happened." He replies moodily.
I glare at him.
"I could of drowned!" I yell at him.
"Oh, get tae fuck." He says annoyed at me.
"Fucking bitch." I mutter under my breath as I try to warm myself up by rubbing my arms.
I then get a hoodie chucked in my face and I stumble backwards. I was about to fall into the lake again but Scotland grabbed me before I did.
"Are ye a fucking idiot? Aboot tae git ma hoodie wet as well dumbass. Just tryin' tae help ye and yer go an almoost mess it up." He says as he forcefully pulls me away from the lake.
I take the hoodie off my face.
"Well I didn't expect it, did I?" I say back to him coldly with a harsh glare.
He returns the glare. I stare at the hoodie. It's Scotland's black hoodie that he wore out here.
"Why yer staring at it like it's a new invention put it on ye bastard."

Scotland says annoyedly.
I look up to him.
"You sure? It's your favourite one?" I ask him.
Scotland gives me a look of annoyance.
"I ken it is, but if yer keep going on aboot it like that an I'll change ma mind so git it on already," Scotland says not looking towards me. His expression changed to a look of slight doubt before he turns to me. "Just take of the wet hoodie yer already wearing tae make sure it does nae get *tae* wet." He says a bit unsure.
I shake my head with a small smile. He likes this hoodie too much. Good. Payback for pushing me into a fucking lake.

I do as he asked and take off my burgundy hoodie, chucking it on the ground, before putting Scotland's black one on. It starts to feel warmer already. I can see why Scotland likes the hoodie so much. I then pick up my wet hoodie off the floor and look to Scotland. He seems to be contemplating a lot of things right now.
"What are you thinking about?" I ask curiously.
"Whether pushing yer into that lake was a good idea or naw." He says.
"Ha, serves you right."
Scotland glares at me. "It was a good fucking idea, but unfortunately it did nae wash off that disgusting bitch attitude ye have."
I scowl at Scotland. "Bastard."
"Yeah, yeah. You've ruined whit I was gonna dae, so let's just go back tae the hoose noo."

Scotland begins to walk off back into the forest and I follow after him not wanting to be left in the forest, lost again. Once I've caught up to Scotland he turns around back to the clearing and shouts.
"Sorry lass, ah'll come another time!"
He turns back around and continues walking.
"What was that about?" I ask him confused.
"Oh, just talking tae ma 'imaginary friends' as yer would call them." Scotland says, clearly uninterested in giving me an answer in the first place.
"I thought you stopped doing drugs ages ago?"
"I'm nae fucking high!" Scotland yells angrily to me.
"Okay, no need to get so angry about it." I say annoyed myself at

Scotland's anger that he keeps showing. "I was just asking."
Scotland turns angrily towards me. "Well you would nae fucking understand! You just proved that! I tell you the truth and you always call me insane or say I'm on drugs!" Scotland yells and I stay in a bit of silent shock at the anger. "I!... I can't fucking deal with this..." Scotland says quieter and puts a hand to his head.
I remain silent not sure how to respond.
"No one fucking understands me..." he whispers to himself sadly but I still hear it.
That explains the anger... he feels sad... and now I feel guilty...
"I'm sorry Scotland... I understand you're sad now-"
"I'm nae sad... just shut up..." Scotland quickly cuts me off.
I do so, not wanting to say anymore and cause Scotland more anger at his emotional state. Took me a while to realise too. He's adapted to happy and thanks to... someone in particular... love, but sadness appears to be the biggest problem for him. I wish I could help him with it... but he would never let me get a chance. His anger is a whole other story that I don't really won't to get into right now.

The rest of the walk is silent and we reach the end of the trees and I can see the house from our spot. I let out a small sigh of relief.
"If you just left me in those woods I would of been lost their for ages." I say in slight thanks.
Scotland stays silent. "No problem..." he says eventually, almost a whisper.
I really want to know what's bothering him or making him sad. Memories? An event that happened in which I didn't know about? Is he just going through some random emotions? There are lots of possibilities and I can't say what for sure.
We walk back to the house. Once we get to the door Scotland tries to open it but it doesn't budge. He looks confused until I take the door key out of my burgundy hoodie pocket. I'm so glad these pockets had zips and that I zipped them up otherwise the key would be at the bottom of that lake. I open the door and we both go inside. I lock the door and put the key back to its original spot before beginning to take my shoes off. I take off Scotland's hoodie and hand it back to him.
"Thanks for letting me borrow it. It really helped." I say slightly awkwardly.
"Mhmm." Scotland mumbles and inspects the inside of the hoodie to

see how wet it got.
I frown. I really don't understand Scotland sometimes.

We head back to our shared room. I go through my clothes trying to find a fresh pair of pyjamas while Scotland just sits on his mattress and stares at a wall blankly in his own thoughts. It's really bugging me what's on his mind now. I go get changed in the bathroom for privacy before coming back and getting into my bed. Scotland still stares blankly at the wall and all I do is frown sadly in return. There's not much I can do, as he never excepts any offers of mine to help him. He just denies what I say with the classic 'I'm fine' when clearly—well, not until you notice it—he is not fine. I sigh and take my glasses off before tiredly laying down and going to sleep.

No ones POV

England falls asleep quite quickly, tired from the coldness and the walk in which he just took. Scotland still sits awake on his bed. He seems to be unaware of the tears that slowly stream down his cheeks. He just continues to hold a blank expression as he stares at the wall, his mind clouded with one thought. Which to him, is a painful thought.

Scotland isn't high on anything but I'm high on m o t i v a t i o n.

Please help me sleep.

Wait... is there really no translations—hold on. Damn, there really isn't.
Hm, you guys are getting lucky with my laziness on languages right now...

Anyways, stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word count; 2709

Amusement in Anger

[image]

Pitcairn Island's POV

I jolt up awake. I breathe heavily, panicked.How much time passed? I was an idiot for falling asleep, but it's not like I could stop it. I look all around me. I'm in a small—what looks to be—medical room? On a hospital bed. Where am I specifically? Where is that country? My head is throbbing.
"Pitcairn, you're okay." Someone says cheerfully.
I turn around a bit to see... Anguilla? Her flag has changed but it still has the same three dolphin symbol.
"Anguilla?" I ask and rub my head.
It's causing me a lot pain right now. Too much to process.
"Yes, it's me Pitcairn, just got a different flag now." She says slightly sadly.
"This sounds like a lame movie quote, but what happened and where am I?"
"You fainted from blood loss, been out for a day or so, and you're at the hidden part of the house of the country that invaded you." Anguilla says nonchalantly.
Great. Even more to process.
"How long have you been here?" I ask Anguilla, now directly looking towards her.
Anguilla stays silent. I can tell it's a tough question for her.
"Weeks..." She whispers. "I... I was the first..."
I feel a stabbing pain of guilt. Someone as sweet as Anguilla. It must of been really hard for her when no one actually acknowledged the fact she was invaded.
"I... I'm sorry Anguilla." I say guiltily.
"It's fine... it's not your fault and there was nothing you could do to stop it. We're just some small islands no one notices exists." Anguilla responds distantly.

I frown at her sad state. It already tells me that this is not a place of happiness but that of psychological torture into obedience. Yep, I

can picture how that would work. First off, the walls are metal and the flooring too. Grey represents boredom and depression, it can also represent peace and quiet but that can be used as a method of torture itself. Pure silence. Second off, the tense feeling in the air. It's an unsettling aura that just carries a sense of hopelessness. Thirdly, Anguilla's general appearance. Slouched, tired, fake smile, it's quite a heartbreaking sight to me.
"You must be hungry." Anguilla says moving on from the subject. Now that she's said it, I do feel quite peckish.
"Yeah, I could do with something."
"Good." Anguilla says and reaches into her trouser pockets. "Take this to eat."
Anguilla hands me an apple and a few biscuits. I am not sure they're meant to be kept in pockets like that. It tells me she needed to smuggle them. I look up to Anguilla. I can tell she's hiding something about these snacks.
"Anguilla," I say and wait for her to look towards me before continuing. "There is something bothering you with the food, your expression says so, and it's quite obvious you had to smuggle these, now please tell me."
Anguilla lets out a sad laugh. "You always were good with analysing situations. I suppose you'll of figured out the purpose and demeanour of this place, too."
I stare silently at Anguilla waiting for an answer.
Anguilla sighs. "That's some of the best food you'll get here. It's a bribery really, trying to make you give up being a British Overseas Territories and except a new life under that countries rule instead so you can get decent food..."
"I don't want it." I say.
"No, you have it." Anguilla replies.
"And set my standards for food high?" I say and raise an eyebrow.
"I'd rather starve to prove a point, and you know that I can do that."
"That's a good point, but you went through too much and you need something more nutritious—"
"If that's top food then everyone here needs something more nutritious. We need oily fish, fruit and veg, a good consumption of carbohydrates, protein, calcium and vitamins other important stuff." I list.
"But-"
"I don't want it." I say and forcefully place the stuff back in

Anguilla's hands.
Anguilla stares sadly at me.
"Okay... you always keep your mind set on one thing and I can respect that."
I feel a slight bit of guilt for Anguilla, she just seems so sad.
I let out a small sigh. "I understand that you were trying to help and I'm sorry if I came off as forceful, just how I can be sometimes I guess."
"No need to say sorry—"
"Yes, it was very entertaining." A voice cuts off Anguilla from the doorway.

I glare at the country that stands in the doorway. They just smile.
"Anguilla, I'm kind of disappointed that you tried to give food to this small territory, but I'll let it slide because he is weak. Who wouldn't be after all the damage done that The Pitcairn Islands has experienced." The country says and walks over to us.
I grip the hospital bed and grow tense as they walk over.
"What you did was unfair and you know it." I say coldly to them.
Their smile fades into a blank expression.
"I needed something to test out those weapons on and you just so happened to be out in the ocean far away from most countries. It was perfect." They say like it's a normal thing.
I can't stand this countries reasoning and we've barely had an entire conversation yet.
"May I remind you that it was very much *illegal.* You never checked the islands for life you just went ahead and threw your bombs everywhere!" I say angrily.
They seems amused by my anger so I try to calm down but that's easier said than done.
"Whoopsie. My bad. I'll make sure to do that next time." They say, clearly toying with me to raise my anger.
"There better not be a damn next time." I say harshly.
The country hums. "We'll see."
My anger boils at this country.
"I'm sure you have other things to do Anguilla, you can continue with them." The country says, not taking their eyes off me.
"Are yo-"
"Leave." They say coldly.
"Yeah, leaving, sorry." Anguilla fumbles and quickly leaves the

room.

The country looks at me, most likely sizing me up. I stare at him as well not letting the slightest bit of nervousness appear.
"You intrigued me, I must admit." The country says finally looking away from me.
I mentally sigh of relief.
"Anguilla said you were good at analysing, what have you learned about this place so far, huh?" They ask me.
I try and give off a confident look. I don't want this country thinking they own me. I will rebel.
"Well it's quite obvious you use it as a way of psychological torture into obedience. There's enough hints. In the colours of the place, the feeling it gives, the way Anguilla acted, the fact of what she told me about the food, it's all horrible." I say in the same cold tone throughout.
The country hums in amusement. "Well done. Smart one I see. Well, not smart enough to hide in a jungle but we can ignore that."
This country makes me so angry.
"Why do you toy with my anger?" I ask them.
They smile at me. "Why not? It's fun, who knows how you'll react. Will you snap back, fight, stay silent, oh how I wonder."
So he's annoying and psychotic... what a fantastic combo...
"But I like the way you've reacted so far, the cleverness you've shown, it will be fun when you accept that I own you now." The country says.
"I will never except that fact," I say harsher than ever before. "You destroyed my land. Disturbed my peace. Made me experience the cruel punishment of failing as a country. Put me on the brink of death. And you expect me to listen to you in obedience?" I laugh. "You're insane. You're insane. Insane. Insane. Insane!"
"No need to repeat it so much, you sound insane yourself." They say.
"Oh, I'm not insane. I'm mad. Real fucking mad." I say with a harsh smile. "That's what you wanted right? To see the amusement in the anger of others? Well here you go! Here you fucking go! Smile all you want in your dumb evil amusement," I stand up from the hospital bed my blood boiling as I glare at the country with my harsh smile. "Because I. Am. Fucking. Mad."

The country stares at me. A mixture of expressions on their face that makes it hard for me to read. They shift slowly where they stand.
"I have to say, you're anger is filled with entertainment, but I also do not like it. It has a threatening sense to it, towards me. So our conversation ends now." The country says.
They go to grab my wrist but I smack their hand away. They're about to say something, clearly angered by my reaction but I cut in.
"I know you didn't like what I just did but do *not* touch me."
They angrily look down at me.
"Fine." They walk over to the door and leave the room.
I kind of stand there a bit unsure of what to do. I eventually walk over to the door myself and I step out of the room.
"Ah, Pitcairn! I'm supposed to take you to your room well... it resembles more of a prison cell!" I hear Anguilla call.
I turn to my right and she runs towards me along the metal hallway. I only just realised she's not wearing any shoes, just some socks. I suppose it's so she doesn't make as much noise when walking or running on the metal.
"Um, okay." I say.
"Follow me." Anguilla says with a smile.

We walk along the hallway. I try my best to remember the place. The metal makes everything look similar. Clever design on the countries part. We eventually stop at a certain door. Anguilla unlocks it and opens the door showing me the depressing looking room. She explains everything to me before waving and running off, apparently late in another chore of hers.
I walk over to the bed in the room and sit down on it. It is quite hard but that's never bothered me with beds before. I look to the fake window painting on the wall.

...I'm sure I'll figure a way out...

Well, well, well another chapter how fun... My motivation won't help me on school work but makes me write daily Wattpad chapters at random... how lovely.

I wonder when we'll get translations again...?

Hope ya liked this slightly shorter chapter, you know the drill:

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word count: 1784

I Understand

[image]

Right so I just realised I forgot to put memes in my last chapters!
I will be editing them and putting memes because... why not? Memes are fun. So if you like memes, go check them out, I suppose.

Back in time to Tuesday. I forgot to say last chapter that Pitcairn woke up on Thursday.
England's POV

We walk to school as usual. Scotland still appears quite dull and hasn't talked that much. I really wonder what's wrong.
We finally arrive at the school and go our separate ways. I head to the library as Scotland had suggested that I read books about overseas territories, he continues walking with Canada though. Canada, I can tell, noticed Scotland's slight dullness and he's already been trying to happily converse with him, even though it's not really working. He's a sweet country, Canada, but you don't want to get on his bad side. I've learned that from the threats I've heard him say before. He has a bone-chilling voice when he's mad and it's usually when other countries have a bad behaviour to others. All for good reasons, but it's quite the surprising dark side to him.

I walk up the stairs, as the library is on the first floor (second floor). I walk along the hall a little bit before reaching the doors to the library. I walk into the library and it's a very different contrast in sound to the noise everyone makes when talking downstairs. It's a nice change, really. I go along the bookcases trying to find books that may be helpful in educating me on my situation. I pick out three books. This should be a good start and then if my questions aren't answered I'll look for more. I look around the library to see if there is a spare table or single seat to sit on, but no. What really makes my blood boil is that some countries have abandoned their bags on the seats and then left the library. It's really annoying but I

don't quite have the confidence to move the bags. I hate my nervousness sometimes. I just don't want to annoy any other country as I'm sure most people already hate my reputation as a 'coloniser'. I've made mistakes that I can't take back and that, unfortunately, is one of them. I sigh annoyedly looking around the library again. Then I spot a lone country at a table.
"Ireland..." I mutter to myself.
Wonder what he's doing in the library. I don't really want to sit with him but then... there is something I should tell him. Well, there's a lot of things, but this comes off most important right now.

I walk other to the table, quite nervously. It's going to be awkward but it won't be after a while. I tell myself. I get to the table. Ireland is working on something, looks like science—biology by the looks of it.
"Hey Ireland." I say quite nervous and clench onto the books.
Ireland looks up to me, a disappointed look on his face.
"Hey, what do ya want?" He asks.
"Well, there's no where to really sit—"
"I ain't letting you sit here." He interrupts me quite annoyed.
I clench my books harder, this time out of slight anger.
"Look, I understand your annoyance at me, you have every right to be, but I have something of importance to say."
Ireland looks back down to his work.
"I really don't care." He says.
"About Scotland." I add on.
Ireland looks up to me. A mixture of curiosity and slight concern on his face, but the annoyance can still be seen.
"Fine. You can sit, but just for that reason." He says begrudgingly.
"Thanks." I say and pull a seat out and quickly sit down on it, placing my books on the table.
Ireland looks at the books then back to me.

"What's wrong with Albain then?" He asks.
"Well, last night he left the house and I followed him. He apparently knew I did and played a trick on me as usual but he acted different to his usual tricks, which I didn't notice at first. He seemed angry throughout the entire thing and he never really stopped swearing like our usual conversations where it dies down after a while," I explain.

Ireland looks at me intently as I talk.
"It took me a while to realise but after talking to him on the way back he seemed to be trying to deal with something. That something being his sadness. The result was showing a lot of anger when talking and at one point he just seemed to break."
Ireland's concern increases at those words.
"He then just didn't speak. I tried to act nice towards him but he still stayed quiet. Before heading to bed he was just sitting up, staring blankly at a wall. I'm a bit concerned and just thought you might be able to identify something with it? I don't really know, but you have the strongest connection with him... so yeah." I end on quite a sad note.
Ireland thinks to himself.
"I'll try and talk to him. See if I can understand why he's sad. What was his breaking words? He usually ends up saying something before falling into his silent state." Ireland asks.
"He said 'No one fucking understands me' it was a build up of our conversation and... I do feel guilty for it, I suppose. He said it very... quiet and you could hear sadness in his voice, for once." I say, recalling his words.
Ireland stares at me.
"So you didn't help him at all and it was a conversation between him and *you* which proceeded to his silence." Ireland says more of a statement than a question.
"Um... yeah." I say feeling quite guilty.
"Sasana, come on." Ireland says, clearly disappointed and annoyed at how I handled the situation last night.
"I didn't know, okay! You know how hard Scotland can be. You learned to read that, I haven't. I was just talking to him and he went full on mad at me, I didn't expect it and couldn't stop his anger. I never knew, okay..." I say annoyed and sad.
I always feel accused when Ireland talks to me. Why do I always make mistakes...
"Okay, I understand your stress and how I always accuse you. I guess I can't come to the accusation of it being you when I don't know what's making him sad in the first place..."
"Yes... thank you." I say, finally feeling like he's considered how I feel in this situation.
"But you definitely had part in it." Ireland adds on.

I let out an annoyed sigh and cross my arms on the desk, placing my head into them.
"Theres too much going on right now." I mumble to myself.
"What do you mean?" Ireland asks.
He just had to of heard my mumbling.
"I'm trying to deal with The British Overseas Territories. I inherited them from UK and they've been experiencing some problems... and then top it off with the rumours and then mine and Scotland's situation... I regret so many things right now..." I say generally upset.
Ireland looks towards me with a softer look.
"That's a part of living, but we learn from our mistakes and regrets. I have them as well. For example: me uniting with you." Ireland says.
I put my head back into my arms.
"Yeah... great example." I groan.
Like he was ever gonna act nice towards me. I can't entirely blame him, I suppose.
"Why thank you." Ireland says in a posh voice.
It sounds like he's mocking me. Any posh voice impression sounds like mocking to me because I have that annoying posh English accent. I do break into the road man accent sometimes when drunk, but I'm usually stuck with the posh one. But he is mocking me because he always says thank you in his own dumb language.
The school bell then rings, signalling the start of classes.

Countries begin to leave the library. Me and Ireland both begin to pack our stuff away into our school bags.
"Have you got any classes with Scotland?" I ask Ireland, putting my bag on my back.
"Yeah... um... An Rúis is in it also if you know which group I'm talking about?" Ireland says.
"Yeah I know what you mean, how come he never mentioned you being in the class the first time?" I ask only just realising Scotland never mentioned Ireland at school.
"Oh, I was visiting Éireann. I do that sometimes just to make sure everything is good and I just so happened to be doing so when you lot joined school. I had to come back because of the World Meeting." Ireland replies, finally finishing packing away his science stuff.

"Ah, alright." I say with a nod of my head. "Do you plan to talk to him?"
"Yeah, but not in a class. Somewhere private where he can... open up emotionally and explain his confusion better, y'know." Ireland says with a slight shrug as he puts his bag on his back.
"Yeah, I understand." I reply.
We then both walk to the exits before heading separate ways to our classes.

-Time Skip to break-

No Ones POV

Ireland walked through the halls on a search for Scotland. It would of been easier if they had finished the period before break in the same class, but unfortunately that wasn't the case. Ireland is slightly struggling to find Scotland and it's making him concerned. He speed walks the halls. No luck. *Heh, aren't you meant to be the lucky country, Ireland?* He eventually bumps into a country.
"Oh, sorry Ceanada, I should really be paying attention when walking so fast." Ireland apologises.
Canada just chuckles. "Shouldn't I be the one apologising? It's fine Ireland."
Ireland smiles at Canada's little joke.
"Why are you in such a hurry anyway, if you don't mind me asking?" Canada asks curiously.
"I'm trying to find Albain." Ireland responds.
Canada looks a bit confused at Ireland.
"Scotland?" He says.
"Oh right, sorry, I had seen him heading outside. I've been making sure he's okay because I happened to notice he seemed sad, but he had spotted me too many times and had politely asked me to stop— I'm turning this into a full scale conversation, aren't I." Canada pauses himself from continuing.
Ireland nods his head.
"He went outside the school is my point. Most likely because there is barely anyone out there." Canada says. "And Not off school grounds, of course." He adds on.
"Okay, thanks Ceanada!" Ireland slightly shouts as he hurries to the exit of the school to the small outside rest or picnic area, I suppose

you could call it.
He looks around and eventually spots Scotland sitting on one of the benches by himself. Ireland promptly runs towards him.

Ireland doesn't want to pressure Scotland or make him more stressed so he decides to take it as slowly as he can.
"Hi Thistle" Ireland says with a sweet smile as he reaches the bench.
Scotland looks up to Ireland and puts on a small smile. "Halò Clover." He says quietly.
His smile slowly fades after that.
Ireland sits down on the bench and leans forward a bit looking towards Scotland who stares forward looking down at the ground.
"You need to talk about something?" Ireland asks him calmly and gently holds onto his arm in comfort.
Scotland looks forward at the ground.
"I dae nae really ken..." Scotland mutters.
"That's okay," Ireland says reassuringly. "What's on your mind?"
Scotland stays silent in thought.
"I... I feel... what's the word in Sasannach again?.....misunderstood?" Scotland eventually says in a confused tone.
Ireland begins to rub Scotland's arm in reassurance at his state.
"What do you mean by that?" Ireland continues on in a gentle tone.
"I feel... I dae nae know what I feel. It's weird an it's confusing me. I din nae understand. I went ta see Nessie, but Sasainn kind of ruined that. I thought tricking him would cheer me up but it did nae and I just felt... feargach at why I feel so confused. I apologised tae Nessie an Sasainn was confused an asked me why I was talking tae the water and I tell him the truth and he of course had ta ask me if I'm on drugs... but he's nae the only aon... it's everyone. They all think I'm psychotic." Scotland puts his head in his hands. "I dae nae even understand maself." He says sadly.
Ireland moves his hand to Scotland's back in which he rubs.
"It's okay, Thistle. I understand you."
"I ken, but yer had ta learn how tae. You did nae just understand me instantly, ye had ta learn."
Ireland slightly frowns as he knows this is true. He did have to spend a lot of time with Scotland to understand the country.
"And once I did learn, I came to love you." Ireland says. "Maybe even more before that, but I realised it at that point."

Scotland lets out a cry which surprises Ireland. Scotland looks up to Ireland.
"I dae nae understand... what is this?" He asks and rubs away his tears implying he doesn't understand the tears.
"That's sadness, Thistle." Ireland says calmly. "You're crying, which happens mostly when you're sad."
"Sadness is weakness. I dae nae like it." Scotland cries.
Ireland continues to gently rub Scotland's back.
"That isn't true. Sadness is a way in which shows others you need comforting. It shows you what pains you and tells you when you need to stop."
"Comforting?" Scotland asks.
"Um... like, making someone feel better through slight affection or calming words and actions I suppose."
"Affection?"
"Hugging, kissing, showing small signs of love."
"Oh." Scotland mutters.
"But you've cried before, Thistle." Ireland says.
"I have?" Scotland questions.
"Yeah, at the Loch and on the date."
"... I suppose I never noticed..." Scotland mutters.
"That's because it's a natural thing and completely fine." Ireland says comfortingly.
It stays silent as Scotland thinks about Ireland's words.
"What's made you sad?" Ireland asks, breaking the small silence.
"I din nae... well... a dream... or I guess nightmare, which... I dae nae want tae talk aboot... then the build up of talking tae Sasainn... I just got so confused and it kept on getting worse an worse an worse..." Scotland admits.
"Hey it's okay, I understand that it's confusing. It's the first time—"
"It's not for the first time," Scotland cuts in. "I have... duilich, I've already forgotten the word...faireachdainn... this before, I just, I was never taught what it was, what it meant. That's why I'm confused, I don't understand what's happening to me."
Ireland feels a pain in his heart for Scotland.
"Well I can teach you. I'm always here for you when you need it." Ireland says and grabs onto Scotland's hand with his free one.
The school bell rings in the distance.
Scotland looks towards the school then back to Ireland.
"Clover, we need to—" Scotland begins to stand up but is pulled

back down by Ireland.
"No." He says. "School can wait. What matters right now is you."
"But the teachers—"
"I don't give a fuck." Ireland cuts off Scotland again.
Scotland gives up trying. He doesn't need the extra amount of stress school has to offer at the moment anyway.

"Hey look at that, your tears are gone." Ireland whispers and rubs Scotland's wet face. "Wish I had a tissue." He mutters to himself.
Ireland eventually finished and takes his hand away. He makes eye contact with Scotland who had just been staring at him the entire time. Ireland gets slightly flustered.
"Sorry, tears can just make your face a bit cold in the wind, I guess." He says in a bit of an excuse.
"You know I barely feel the cold." Scotland responds.
"Good point, but that doesn't mean your body won't."
"Aye... that's a better point." Scotland says with a shrug of his shoulders.
"Still feeling confused?" Ireland asks.
"Aye..." Scotland says truthfully.
Ireland lets out a small sigh.
"Want some comfort?" He asks staring at Scotland.
Scotland slowly nods his head, still a bit confused on the word.
Ireland changes his position slightly and Scotland gets the idea. He lays so his head rests on Ireland's shoulder. Ireland begins to subconsciously slightly stroke Scotland's hair.
"Were the tears the crying thingy you were talking about?" Is Scotland's first question.
"Yes."
"Why does that happen? How come it means sadness?" Scotland asks.
Ireland sighs which turns into a small light chuckle.
"This might be a long conversation..."

Boom, 'another one.'

No need to worry about me and these daily chapters. I am 100% okay.

Truthfully— 85... nah... like... 75, 65? Uh... 70% okay, entirely. That's better than when I have school work, so it's all good.

We've finally got some translations!

Irish Translations:
•Albain = Scotland
•Sasana = England
•An Rúis = Russia
•Ceanada = Canada

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Halò = Hello
•Sasainn = England
•feargach = Angry
•Aon = One
•Duilich = Sorry
•faireachdainn = Felt/feel/feeling

—Sorry if anything is wrong!

We recently hit 13K reads which is amazing!
Fun fact: 13 is my favourite number, so that's really cool!
Just wanna say thank you for all the supportive and funny comments. I read all of them and they really make my day.
I don't want to be cheesy like this every time we get +1000 reads so I shall make sure to shorten this stuff down, I just get too happy and thankful about it and end up writing way too much—

Hope you enjoyed!
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count; 2965

Obedience and Disobedience

[image]

Haha, more horrible titles... I say it's horrible because it only represents half of this chapter, and a little bit of that half at that...

Friday (the days may be a bit confusing, but it shall all work out in the end, trust me for now)
***-Mystery* Countries POV**

Everything's getting on well, I would say. I wanted to target Montserrat because she seems quite small and like I could easily get into her head, but Falklands keeps stopping me. She's getting on my nerves. She is one of the most disobedient Territories. Just thinking about it makes me growl in a rising anger.

Pitcairn is unique. I can tell this even though he's only been here for a short while. He is silent, but defiant. He keeps his head high and refuses to cooperate but in a way where he makes a good argument. Smart territory. He's definitely on my nerves.

Gibraltar is much like Falklands but he sort of follows behind her, backing her up. I can see he's too anxious to rise up on his own and waits for others to make the first move.

Anguilla... she's okay. She does the jobs I give her and I have agreed in taking better care of her in turn for her obedience. She does however, continue to do stuff behind my back. Sneak in food, drinks and medicine without my permission. I'm supposed to be in charge of that stuff, not her. I've had many talks with her about it. I raise my anger each time and it's slowly breaking her confidence, meaning she's doing it less and less.

These are just the territories that are a pain in my back. The others are decent in behaviour, but still do not except my rule over them. I am okay with this. They can't hold on forever.

I sit at my desk again, I practically live hear now. I open up a draw

in my desk and take out a piece of paper. I shut the draw and place the paper on the table.
It is a list with all the British Overseas Territories on it, just so I can keep track of it all.

British Overseas Territories
•Akrotiri and Dhekelia
•Anguilla
•Ascension Island
•Bermuda
•British Indian Ocean Territory
•British Virgin Islands
•Cayman Islands
•Falkland Islands
•Gibraltar
•Gough
•Montserrat
•Pitcairn Islands
•Saint Helena
•South Georgia
•South Sandwich Islands
•Tristan Da Cunha
•Turks and Caicos

(*I had to manually put this stuff into alphabetical order so I am sorry if I missed any or if there are mistakes, it is late at night right now.*)

I grab an ink pen and begin to cross out the ones I have taken while muttering their names.

"Anguilla...
...British Virgin Islands...
...The Falklands...
...Gibraltar...
...Montserrat...
...Pitcairn Islands...
...South Georgia...
...South Sandwich Islands...
...Turks and Caicos..."
I quickly count them.
"Ten out of eighteen, so far..."

There is one more Overseas Territories but I shall not be taking it. It would be the British Antarctic Territory. It's annoying that I can't have it, it is the biggest of all of them after all, doesn't get that much recognition. The reason is because it is in Antartica and it would effect Antartica, meaning he would be able raise awareness against me which I don't want. He also isn't that bad of a continent, I don't hold any grudges with him, so I'll let him keep it. I should really be doing the same with Akrotiri and Dhekelia but, come on, it's Cyprus, I gotta at least try with her. I'm not going to battle it out like others, more just ask to take the territories. If she declines, I'll let her take them. I don't really care that much, sure I would like the power, but my goal is to erase the last few territories of The British Empire, and reclaim them as my own. I'm not the only one whom wants to do it as well. Many want to do it I'm sure, but I have two allies and we all have the same thing in mind... revenge.

My thoughts are interrupted by a knock on my door.
"Come in!" I shout annoyed.
The metal door creeks open and Anguilla pokes her head in before fully walking into the room.
"Sorry to disturb, but Montserrat has fallen ill. It's nothing to do with her territory, thankfully, she just has a bad sickness and I was wondering if I could give her some medi—"
"No." I interrupt sternly.
"What?..." Anguilla asked surprised.
"I said no."
"But she's really sick and the medicine would do her good—"
"If she wants the medicine she can accept her life under my rule." I say strictly.
Anguilla stares at me with a mix of uncertainty on her face. I can tell she's not too sure what to feel about that.
"I'll go tell her that." Anguilla slightly whispers.
"Good and speak up when you're talking." I say loudly.
Anguilla gives me a long stare before leaving and shutting the door.
"Heh, didn't like that did she?" I talk to myself.
"How fun. Such drama. Will Montserrat accept or will she stay sick for a long time? Wait until the next day to find out." I say and slightly chuckle to myself.
Staying in this office for too long has certainly gotten to my head. Oh well. Who cares if I'm a little bit crazy? I don't.

I'm taking the Territories in a bit of a strange order but it's only because my soldiers need to come back home from their mission every once in a while. It can be a tiring job, after all. Especially at the speeds I'm attempting. I have to admit it's going very well in that case, too. I'm getting a bit off subject, but whenever my soldiers come home, we take a new route the next time. So if I look at my map quickly...
I quickly get up from my desk and head to the map on my wall.
"We're taking this route so the next is... ah yes." I say to myself pointing at the next territory on the map.
It shall be a tricky one, but that makes it more fun with the crazy excitement it holds!
I wonder what they'll be like when we meet in person.

??????? ?????? ????? ?????????'s POV
(*Haha, wonder if you guys can guess it from this big hint with the question marks. It will be said later on until the chapter, but see if you can guess it for now.*)

I sit on the sand at turtle cove, seeing if I can spot any turtles. There's been quite a few so far. I can see ships sailing in the distance, as the sun slowly sets in the background. I let out a sigh in the quiet. It's all too quiet, something shall go wrong and ruin this moment any second. Especially with the messages we have gotten from Pitcairn Islands. I believe them, he isn't one to lie from the very few times we've met. He is an understanding territory too. I can trust people that can understand me. Not many people do with my choice. Many call me a freak for it, because it's unusual and weird, for a country at least. That's why I'm slightly thankful for being a territory. I'm quite deserted on this island and free to be myself without judgement.
"Hey! Hey! Hey! There's another message from Pitcairn! Well, his last message apparently!" A voice shouts and stops my thoughts.
I turn to see a friend of mine running towards me on the sand, note in hand.
"Arabella, you can call me by name, you know." I say standing up from the sand and dusting myself down a bit.
"I know, I just get nervous to!" She shouts, even though she's close enough to just have a normal conversation.
I chuckle at her.

"What's funny?" She asks me, finally stopping from her run.
"Nothing," I say slyly. "Now, the letter?" I ask extending my hand out.
Arabella hands it over to me and take it.
"His last one?" I ask Arabella.
"Yeah, I'll let you read through it." She says.
I begin reading the letter.

'Dear British Indian Ocean Territory

This letter was written in a time of chaos. I do not know if I will of made it through this current strike, but I request you do not write back. One of my letters is the reason why this country was able to get a lead and invade my territory, or at least we assume, as it is hard to believe anything else. Please stay strong. I may not be able to help anymore, I do not know how this will end, but please stay safe. The country is forceful, non-pacifist, and I fear for all of the territories. Believe in my words, do not say they are fake. Stay in contact with each other, but be cautious. We don't know whom we can trust.

Sincerely,
The Pitcairn Islands.'

I clutch onto the letter. Not Pitcairn. This country has another thing coming. I may be small, but I have protection. It will be a proper battle if this country tries to attack me.
"I see what you mean." I say, a slight sadness in my voice.
Arabella looks sadly towards me.
"We'll be okay though... right?" She asks uncertain.
I look towards her. My people should not be in fear. I shall be brave for them. I put on a confident face.
"I swear on my life, I will not let this country take this land." I say fiercely.
Arabella looks quite scared.
"On y-your life?" She asks shakily.
"My life doesn't really have much other purpose." I say with a shrug of my shoulders. "I was created to represent this land around me," I say and extend my arms out circling the land around us. "I am connected to it, and so I will protect it with my life, as it is my life."
Arabella looks doubtful. I step closer towards her. I put my hand on her cheek and she looks up to me. I give her a reassuring look as I

speak.
"That means the people of the land, too."
She smiles shyly.
"I'm glad you represent this land." She says.
"Me too." I reply and remove my hand from her cheek.

I go and sit back down in the sand. Arabella comes and sits down next to me. We both stare at the sun as it slowly sets on my land. It's quiet, but the thoughts in my head are quite loud. I do worry. What if everything goes wrong? If I'm next? If I let my people down in battle, they have no choice but to surrender, that's part of the rules. I sigh again. I feel a grip on my hand and look to see Arabella holding onto it. I look up to her and she stares back at me.
"It'll be okay." She says.
"I hope so." I reply and grip onto her hand tighter.

I don't know if this is an actual chapter or a filler chapter?
But either way, I shall say. My motivation still tortures me but inspiration has finally saved me!
By completely leaving me.
No inspiration? No ideas. No ideas? Can't write. Can't write? Motivation can't torture me.
Just means we'll most likely be going back to weekly chapters, not too sure yet.

I can finally sleep in peace...

Back to no Translations!

Hm, I ain't got nothing else to say so...
As usual, stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count; 1944

Escape

[image]

Haha, boring title...

Hey, quick Authors Note and it's kinda important so I'd appreciate if you would read it. You don't have to but it would be best for your understanding of my story. I think the story is going quite slow and I don't want people to become bored and loose interest, I want—or would like—people to enjoy my story and happily read it. So I got a slight idea on how to speed it up. Yep, summarising. This chapter will be quite different and mostly be summarising at the start, so that I can get nearer to the ending chapters. I'll try and make it as descriptive and enjoyable as possible for a summary. It may effect the plot, only a little bit, but in a way that actually makes it easier for me to write so it is all good. I hope you all are okay with that!
And I really hope you all still enjoy the book and make it to the end when it comes!

Have a long chapter as a slight apology for the sudden skipping in time.

Enjoy!

***Mystery* Countries POV**

I sit at my desk. It almost seems like time has flown by. Nine weeks was the amount of time it took. I recall all of the invasions.

British Indian Ocean Territory.
She already had military making it hard for me to win. She was the same skill level as me. It became apparent to me that I cannot win. The anger boiled inside me, I wasn't going to give up... and I didn't. I noticed throughout that she was also defending a human not just fighting me. So, by distracting her, I grabbed the human and held a knife to her throat. British Indian Oven Territory had frozen, a look of fear and anger on her face. It made me smile, I knew I had won at that point. I told her to give up, or the human dies. The human had tried to speak but I silenced them. The territory eventually gave

up and I let the human go. The first thing they did was hug each other. Disgusting. Only a few countries and territories have ever chosen to be in the strange relationship of loving a normal human. I didn't care though, I had won.

Akrotiri and Dhekelia.
I had requested a meeting with Cyprus. The small country appeared a little nervous in my presence but it's probably just my general demeanour. I had discussed to the small country. She politely declined. I cannot deny that it didn't make me slightly mad. I wanted the land but it's little Cyprus so I tried my best to keep my composure. I assisted her in reclaiming the territories so I felt like I at least did something in taking the land. After a little convincing, both the territories were fine in going to Cyprus, which made the situation much easier.

Ascension Island.
There was a lot of air battle involved with this small island with Royal Air Force Station Ascension being a big problem. Eventually, we got in charge of the situation as it became a battle to see whom could stay in the air for the longest on low fuel. In which Ascension had called the planes down, not wanting anyone to get hurt. The territory proceeded to put up a fight but realised the situation of strength difference and I eventually overpowered her as her confidence diminished. She was quick to accept obedience back at Patriam Island as well. I can appreciate her quickness to change, it took a big toll on the other territories staying there, too.

Saint Helena and Tristan da Cunha.
These two were connected like South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands. Siblings, of similar age as Tristan da Cunha was discovered sooner but settled on later, making his age a little unclear. They had an... interesting effect. Saint Helena went smoothly. She spent most of her time making sure to write to her brother and the other territories. I couldn't stop her from sending the letters on time, but I didn't have to fight to take her for that long. She used the tactic of hiding, like Pitcairn, but failed. Her island had quite the big population so I'm sure the battle against the humans would of been interesting. I didn't see it as I had hunted for Saint Helena herself.

Tristan da Cunha was the interesting one. He had a decent plan. He went up Queen Mary's Peak, seemingly with ease from what I saw when I got up. It had exhausted me and I'm sure that was his plan. We fought for a while and he was doing good with my already tired state, until he made a mistake to which I had grabbed him by the throat and waited for him to give up. I later found out the interesting thing with the territory. Instead of England, it affected Scotland. I was surprised when this news was brought to me. Then I figured it was because of the naming of the town on the island. Edinburgh of the Seven Seas. Edinburgh is Scotland's capital so with that name on Tristan da Cunha I suppose he inherited it instead of England. Like I said, interesting.

Gough.
He was probably the easiest. As soon as my ships went to his land, he confronted me. I was impressed at how calm he was in the situation. He explained to me that he already gave up. I wasn't surprised after finding out he was uninhabited, the only humans being that of six working at a weather station. He said he will come with me no problem if I leave the six people alone and cause no harm to the animals living there. I agreed, seemed like a good deal to me. He has been calmly disobeying me ever since though. For the peaceful territory he is, he's an annoying little shit.

Bermuda and Cayman Islands.
Both of these two were hard. I had to do it peacefully as there were a lot more people living there and I am not looking for *that* much violence with the territories. I know I am slightly contradicting myself, so shut up. So, I peacefully (yeah right) threatened Bermuda first. I told her...Dammit with the pronouns... *them* that if they do not surrender the land, I will have to invade them and that many lives would be on the line. They hesitantly agreed, only on the condition for me promising to keep it as normal as it was before. I did promise, I was doing it with the other territories, too. I need it to look like it is still under British rule so no one gets too suspicious of the changes in law, government, military, e.t.c. Plus the money Bermuda was making is insane, with them being the sixth richest *country* in the world—even being a British Overseas Territory. Well... not anymore.
Cayman was threatened next. The last one. It was a lie to say I

wasn't nervous, but an even bigger lie to say I wasn't excited. What I had planned for so long, my revenge, would finally come. I may even start taking revenge on others with the power I'll obtain after taking the mainland of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, too. It took a while, I did become impatient and I pushed Cayman towards a decision by flying bomber planes over the islands, I wasn't going to drop a bomb, obviously, I just needed him to pick the right decision. The one I wanted. And he did.
I had done it... after nine weeks... they were mine. All of them... mine.

I stop daydreaming about it all, coming back into focus in my same boring office. I have been staring at maps and filling out a few documents for most of today. Territorial takeover comes with a lot of paperwork, you know.

But once all the paperwork is finished, the final step will come... and Wales is next on my list...

England's POV

Over the past nine weeks, I have felt... smaller. I have been twitching and at some points... had that disgusting black liquid come out of my mouth. Not as much as that one time at school but a little bit of coughing until a splutter comes out. It is very unpleasant. A strange thing was, it happened to Scotland at one point too. The twitching and quite a small amount of the liquid had spilled down his chin as well. The amount of explaining I had to do to Ireland that day... Scotland and I have both been researching it but it's almost like the books we need are hidden somewhere. We searched the school library in our spare time but... nothing. It doesn't sit right with me.

Maybe some good news now. I have... slightly gotten over Scotland now. I still... care for him, in my own strange way... don't really know what the fuck I was doing looking back in the past, guess I wasn't good with love either. Hanging out with him trying to understand the twitching and that in the library, I've been able to happily sit on the conclusion of just being friends. Our small friendship can be seen weirdly as we cuss the hell out of each other and argue but it's our way of communicating, I guess. I have grown

friendships. Yemen is still a good friend of mine, I've been trying to help him but he needs more than just me. No one seems to find the time to listen or pay attention to his situation either... I hope I can solve it one day. A new friend i have made is a sweet country named Portugal. I saw her and remembered her instantly. I didn't quite know why until I talked to her and found out about our alliance which still lasts to this point in time. We got into good conversation and she's really friendly. Wish I could say the same for the country Spain who appears to hover around her a lot. In my opinion, I just don't really like Spain. Bullying and a threatening-like demeanour... just not too sure on him.

France has also brought good news, she is preparing to get a house for us. It surprised me at first as that would cost a lot of money but she explained to me that every country gets their own house on Patriam Island, as its kind of required if we're expected to live there. Of course you have the choice not to but many take the offer. All of us—Wales, Northern Ireland, Scotland and me—have helped in getting one that we're all okay with. We agreed on living together as we haven't really had that much experience not living together, and little North and Wales do seem quite young to be living in their own house right now. I can't deny I'm a little excited but still quite nervous.

We've started on filling out documents for our countries, as we've kind of avoided that since our independence. It's hard work but we eventually get it done, Wales and North with a little help. They don't like reading stuff that is 'boring' as they had explained it.

Everything up to this day has been good. Me and Scotland are still unsure about the bad stuff that's happened, but we'll have to see what the future holds and keep trying to figure it out...

Now back to a bit more normal story.
????????'s POV
(*It's one of the British Overseas Territories but I thought it would be more interesting like this.*)

I pick the lock of my door with my hair clip. I've been trying to lock pick ever since I got in here, but no luck as I have no idea how, but I've been doing it for so long I'm starting to understand it.

It's been hard watching the other territories except their new life. I will never. Maybe if it was done peacefully. Maybe if the country had made a slight effort to better look after us. I can tell you that's not how it went. Only me and three others have not accepted this new life. We've watched the others change, a painful thing really. I found a lot of sadness in it. I have been trying to keep everyone's spirits high so they don't switch but it can be easier said than done. The country has gotten really fed up of me, I guess. They had enough... and they used... violence to deal with it. There was a time where I was going to break, give in, but the arrival and comfort of another territory stopped that and I've continued to disobey. No matter how many times I'm hit, I'll hit back harder. If I'm pushed down, I'll get back up again stronger. I am not accepting this. I will never except this. Not the rule under this country. Not the rule under any country. This time... I want my independence.

A click takes me out of my thoughts. I look back to the door as it slowly opens a smidge. I did it. I grin to myself and put the hair clip back into my hair. I've been planning on this for a long time. Tonight, I finally escape.

I look back at the room I have been stuck in for so long and only let out of few times. Eh, why not? I grab the cards off the floor, as I've never touched them and shove them into my pocket. I go back over to the door and slightly freeze. I take a deep breath... I then grab onto the door and slowly and quietly as I can open it, quietly closing it behind me. To make it not look suspicious I then lock the door. Luckily for me, my snow boots are almost silent on the metal ground so sneaking around shouldn't be a problem. I look down either end of the hallway and then head towards a specific door. I take the hair clip out of my hair and once again begin to pick the lock. It will still take a while but I can't give up now. It doesn't take long before I hear movement on the other side of the door. I quickly look up to the bars on the door, which make the rooms look so cell-like, to see a friendly face staring back at me.
"You did it." They whisper with a smile.
I smile back.
"Took long enough." I slightly joke.
"Well, good job."
I begin going back to focusing on picking the lock. A minute later

and the same click tells me the door is open.

I slowly grip onto the door as I quietly open it. As the door opens and the territory in front of me steps forward I instantly hug them out of excitement. They slowly hug back, most likely confused at my sudden interaction. I break away from the hug.
"Sorry I'm just excited." I apologise.
"That's okay, now lets get out of here."
"You explained everything to Gibraltar first, right?" I ask quickly.
"Yeah, he wishes us luck." Is their reply.
I look back into the room and see the small territory sitting on his bed watching us. I quickly but silently go up to him. I hug him, too.
"We'll come back to you as soon as we can, I promise. Just hold on until then for us." I say to them in the hug.
The little territory hugs back and I can tell they're slightly scared and sad. I wish we could take him with us but we need someone to cover for us while we're gone.
"You're the bravest out of all of us, buddy." I say to him as I pull out of the hug.
He gives a small smile.
"Goodbye. We'll be back soon." I say before leaving the room and quietly shutting the door and locking it also. It's easier to lock doors than it is to unlock them, maybe it's just how I operate but yeah.

Me and the other territory slowly walk through the halls trying to make as little noise as possible. I follow behind the other territory. They hold onto their shoes as they had to take them off in order to keep quiet and in their other hand they hold a piece of paper. The territory was very clever. When being sent to the *Mystery* countries office, they stole a plain piece of paper. They spent the rest of their days here, every day, scribbling down a map of the halls on that piece of paper. Whenever they could they left their room. Putting on an act for the toilet, lying about being hurt or sick, convincing the obedient territories to let him out. It worked almost every time. They eventually had a decently big map of the place, the exit included. It was a long time before they found the exit of the building, but they did and that, I have to say, is very impressive.

We keep following the map, eventually nearing the hall which leads to the exit. We reach the exit hall but meet someone. We both

slightly freeze at the sudden encounter.
"Anguilla—"
"What are you two doing?" She interrupts me.
"Leaving." The other territory says harshly.
Anguilla looks at us slightly guilty and doubtful.
"I..." Anguilla mutters, unsure.
"Look, Anguilla," I begin to say and she looks towards me. "We really just don't agree with any of this, you know first hand what that country did to me, that is something I cannot forgive. Please, just let us leave."
Anguilla continues to stare at me in a look of uncertainty. She eventually lets out a heavy sigh.
"I understand... I'll help you get out the house but then I have to leave you two on your own." She says.
I smile gratefully towards her.
"Thank you."
"Don't mention it... This way."
I begin to follow Anguilla before someone grabs my arm and pulls me back. I silently panicked before seeing it's just the other territory.
"Be careful. We can't fully trust her." They whisper to me.
"I'm sure it'll be fine." I whisper back with a shrug of my shoulders but I can't help but feel anxious now.

We follow Anguilla up the slanted floor and we eventually get to the top. I remember here and it gives me a really unsettling feeling. On the wall is a keypad and Anguilla types in a code I make a note to remember and the wall slowly opens like it did when I first came here. How does Anguilla know the code to that? Were they really given that much freedom? I'm going to loose my head if I see this country again, like, I'm actually going to swear at them and that's some next level stuff from me.

Anguilla leads us through this countries house. Her movement is a bit strange but I just assume it's because she's slightly unfamiliar with the layout but we get to the front door in the end. She opens the front door then turns back to us. She has a gentle smile on her face.
"Than—" I begin to say but stop as Anguilla blocks my way out of the door.

I stare at Anguilla directly in the eyes.
"Anguilla... don't do this..." I mutter strictly to her.
Her smile now seems almost psychotic.
"I've been put through more pain than you just so this country could tell me what to do. If I disobey, they will hurt me. I don't want to be hurt. So I follow the orders." Anguilla says almost painfully.
I stare in slight shock towards her as I tense up. Guilt slightly washes over me. What the hell did this country do?

I am suddenly pulled back from Anguilla.
"Pitcairn—"
"Don't question me right now." He says and I remain silent.
He moves me behind him. What is he going to do? What can he do? What should I do? I have too many questions right now...
"I can't let you leave." Anguilla says to Pitcairn.
"We are leaving and nothing can change that. Please, I don't want to have to get harsh." Pitcairn replies.
Anguilla just stands still.
"I'm sorry but... I'm... no... yes... I'm going to... alert... no, no, yes... everyone in the house..." Anguilla says.
Why would she tell us that? And like that? It's like she's fighting with herself. Like there is two sides, one scared to disobey and the other wanting to help.
Pitcairn passes me the shoes and piece of paper behind his back not taking his eyes off Anguilla. I take the two objects from his hands.
"Please stop this and let us leave." Pitcairn says.
"I... can't..." Anguilla replies.
She then opens her mouth as if ready to shout something very loudly. I slightly panic as that would alert everyone but Pitcairn acts quickly. I didn't want to have to witness him do it and I'm sure he didn't want to do it himself but he grabs Anguilla muttering a quick sorry before banging her head against a wall, knocking her out. Anguilla then slumps down onto the floor, limp.
"PItcairn..." I mutter in shock.
I knew he was going to do something but I didn't know it would be like that.
"She's not dead, just knocked out. I've done this before, trust me." Pitcairn reassures me.
I silently nod my head and look at the unconscious Anguilla. I almost want to cry but fight against it for now. We just need to get

out of here so we can help everyone else later in time.

Pitcairn grabs his shoes from me and quickly puts them on. He grabs the paper and folds it before putting it in one of his trouser pockets. Pitcairn turns to Anguilla. He crouches down and begins to go through her pockets. I feel slightly uncomfortable and guilty in this situation as I look away. I notice a clock on the wall. It says...

1:45am

At least I think so. Wow... I haven't known the time of day for weeks and now I finally know the time. Heh, feels weird. It's nighttime too, can't wait to see the night sky again.
"Got them..." Pitcairn mutters as he takes something out of Anguilla's pockets.
A pair of keys.
"These'll be the keys to all the rooms." He says holding them up.
"Yeah, Cool, can we possibly leave now." I say.
Pitcairn frowns.
"I'm sorry if I scared you... I just didn't want to be sent back down there, especially seeing all the misery it contains and the pain you have to go through." Pitcairn says to me.
I look towards him.
"It's okay... I just feel a bit betrayed... I didn't want that to happen."
"I kinda saw it coming." Pitcairn responds.
"You're just good at reading people." I say and cross my arms.
"Took time to learn." Pitcairn says with a shrug.
I roll my eyes at him.
"The point is, I'm sorry..." Pitcairn says. "Apology hug?" He adds on and opens up his arms questioningly.
"Fine." I mutter and hug him.
It does make me feel better. I can't lie about that.
"Let's go now." Pitcairn whispers.
"Yeah." I say.

We both walk to the open door. I've got a nervous feeling in my stomach and I feel almost hesitant to leave. I feel Pitcairns hand grab mine. I look up to him and he looks back at me confidently.
"Let's do this." He says.
I nod my head and put on a confident look also as we step outside the door.

The fresh air hits me. It feels nice. The breeze on my face, the coldness of the air. I look up to the sky and stars are dotted about, occasionally covered by passing clouds too dark to see. The moon shines brightly in the sky. Forward is a normal street with yellow glowing street lights lighting the way in the dark. A few other houses are along the street but not many. It looks completely normal except for the fact that under the house behind me is an entire secret base made out of metal, almost impossible to navigate.

"It feels nice to be outside." Pitcairn says looking around like I am.
"It really does." I reply.
We both look to each other.
"The journey begins, then." PItcairn says.
"It certainly does." I reply and we begin walking down the street away from the house.

Boom. End me. I didn't have my cup of tea because I was too distracted writing this... dammit...

Hope this isn't too bad! I really, really do... I'm kinda panicking right now—

No Translations.
You guys speak any other languages other than English?

This chapter is probably a slight mess...
Anyway... Stay safe and...

Have a Nice Life!

Word count; 4187

Runaway Llama

[image]

Well, would you look at that title.

Tuesday—No ones POV

The *Mystery* Country punches the wall hard. Anguilla steps back in slight fear.
"You let them leave. Falklands and Pitcairn... you know how useful they could of been if they accepted life here? I had hopes for them, but you messed it all up as you always do." They say harshly.
"I tried my best—"
"But you failed..." They mumble coldly, turning towards Anguilla.
Anguilla looks as though she's going to tear up.
"I thought I'd finally stopped this side of you but obviously not."
"They knocked me out!" Anguilla slightly shouts.
"Proceeding to raise your voice at me." The country glares at Anguilla.
"Please—"
"No food." The country states harshly and strictly.
"..."
Anguilla stays silent, knowing speaking will only rise the anger in this country.
"Leave..."
Without a second of hesitation, Anguilla speed walks away to the office to go down the slope into the bending metal hallways.
The country lets out an annoyed sigh. They walk into their living room, as their real office is far down in the metal hallways. They sit down on the sofa and begin to talk to themselves.
"It'll be fine, I still have their land... yeah, what could they possibly do? They left two of the other disobedient countries, although British Indian Ocean territory is starting to act up... I'm just too stressed with planning on how we're going to attack Wales....."
The country stays silent for a bit before going back to the thought of Falklands and Pitcairn.
"It doesn't matter, I can deal with them. What if they do do

something, though? But what?"
The country thinks to themselves, but is unable to think of anything.
"Nothing. They can't hide from me for long, anyway. Was I too harsh on Anguilla then?"
The country lets out another sigh.
"I'll go and tell her I take back what I said..."
With that the country gets up and heads to the slope leading to the, I suppose you could call, underground lair

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Still No Ones POV

Falklands and Pitcairn walk along the stone pathways of many of the small grouped neighbourhoods on Patriam Island. They had been walking most of the night and the sun was now shining in the sky.

Falklands looks towards Pitcairn as they walk.
"Where are we going to go?" She asks.
Pitcairn looks towards her then away for a bit as he thinks.
"I'm not too sure..." he says eventually.
There is a small silence. The only sound being their footsteps and the occasional bird singing a small song.
"I'm sure we'll find somewh— Is that a Llama?" Falklands asks getting completely distracted by the sight in front of her.
Pitcairn looks to where Falklands looks and sure enough there is a llama running towards them further in the distance.
"What the—"
Falklands smacks Pitcairn.
"No swearing."
"Sorry..."
"MANSO!" A voice shouts from further back behind the llama.
"¡REGRESA AQUÍ!" Another voice shouts.
The llama continues to run, ignoring the shouting.
"Seems like it's a Runaway Llama." Pitcairn says.
"Yeah..." Falklands says slightly confused at what she's witnessing. It's not something you see everyday.
"And it's running straight towards us." Pitcairn sighs. "Get ready to catch it."

"What? Shouldn't we just leave it?" Falklands asks even more confused.
"If we help them maybe they can give us something helpful or tell us the direction to England." Pitcairn says with a shrug.
"Good point." Falklands says. "Also, were not going to catch it as in grabbing it, that will only hurt the poor animal."
"How else are we gonna catch it then?" Pitcairn asks.
"With this." Falklands says and pulls out an apple from her coat.
"How—?"
"I stole it." Falklands interrupts Pitcairn.
"I know that you stole it, I was going to ask how do you know the llama even likes that stuff?"
"Oh, sorry." Falklands apologises before continuing. "It's an animal. Even if it doesn't like the food it will stop to check it out."
"I suppose that's correct. Gough would of known if he was here..." Pitcairn says remembering the small territory that they left behind. His island was uninhabited, as said before, so the territory had grown close to the animals on the island. He learned how to tame them and basically fathered them. He was good with any animal, it seemed. If you were to ever ask him about plastic pollution, he could tell you exactly how it affects the animals—and never in a good way.
Falklands slightly frowns.
"I'm sad about that too, but that gives us more reason to keep on trying so we can see him again and Gibraltar and everyone else too." She tries to say encouragingly. "Now let's catch a llama."

The llama should spot the apple as it runs nearer to them, that's what Pitcairn and Falklands hope, anyway.
Falklands holds the apple in a way she thinks the llama could easily see it—on top of her outstretched hand, on her palm. The llama is getting closer and the two voices repeatedly shout at it in their own language. The llama gets closer to Pitcairn and Falklands and it begins to slow down as it spots the red apple in Falklands hands. It stops fully at her and leans closer to the apple, inspecting it, before deciding to take a bite of it.
"Heya buddy." Falklands says and slowly puts her hand out to stroke the llama.
The llama doesn't flinch and Falklands happily strokes it.
Pitcairn looks back to where the llama came from to see the two

countries that were shouting. They both run, clearly out of breath.

One wears a unique looking hat and a brown jumper with no pockets or zips and has basic black trousers. They have two plain red parallel lines on their face with another plain white parallel line in between with—what looks to be—their coat of arms in the middle.
The other country running beside them has a basic short sleeve white shirt with a single yellow stripe at the end of both sleeves and another one at the lower part of their torso on their shirt, near the hip. They wear dark blue jeans. Their hair is long and appears to be bothering them by continually smacking them in the face as they run. Their face has a thin red line at the bottom with a blue one above and a much bigger yellow line above the blue one, a strange way to proportion your flag as most flags have even lines. In the middle of their face, like the other country, sits their own coat of arms.

The two countries eventually meets them.
"¡Gracias!" The red and white one shouts. "¡Muchas gracias!"
They put their hands on their knees, hunched over and out of breath.
"Oh, no hay problema." Falklands says with a smile as she pets the llama.
The mostly yellow country looks towards Falklands.
"¿Tu hablas español?" She asks.
"Si," Falklands replies. "Pero solo una pequeña cantidad."
Pitcairn feels left out in this situation as he has no idea what anyone is saying and is quite confused.
"Uh, Falklands?" He says. "I don't understand?"
Falklands turns to him.
"Sorry, Pitcairn. They're speaking Spanish, I just understand it because... you know... and about 10% of my population speaks it." Falklands explains.
"Oh..." Pitcairn says in understanding.
The only languages he knows is English and Pitkern, the second one isn't that world widely spoken either, from what he knows of.
"El no habla español?" The same country as before asks, the red and white one still out of breath in the background.
"No." Falklands replies, shaking her head.

"Would it be easier if we spoke in English?" The country asks.
"Yes." Pitcairn replies before Falklands can. "If you can, that would be very helpful." He adds on, not wanting to sound too impolite or that.
"Sure, we have to speak English a lot with others anyway so it's no problem." The country replies to Pitcairn.
"Yes." The red and white country finally speaks, now standing up straight from their hunched over position before. "That will be fine. Thank you for catching Manso." He says going to stroke the llama. Falklands just realised her hand only has the core of the apple left, as the llama had eaten the rest and was no longer interested. She looks towards the two countries.
"No problem. Apples are okay for llamas right?"
"Oh yeah, as a treat and usually sliced."
"Oh, it wasn't sliced." Falklands says quite worriedly.
"Well Manso didn't choke. He took small bites?" The red and white country asks.
"I think so, I was a bit distracted." Falklands replies.
"We'll see, but he's raided our kitchen before so I'm sure it's fine." He reassures.
"Okay, I was kind of worried there." Falklands says in relief.
"Anyways, we should introduce ourselves. I'm Falklands and this is Pitcairn." Falklands says pointing to herself and then Pitcairn.
"Nice to meet you." The mostly yellow country says. "I'm Ecuador, this is Peru and this is Manso." She points to herself, the red and white country and then the llama.
"Nice to meet you, too." Pitcairn says.

"Say, I don't think I've ever seen you two here before?" Peru questions.
"Um, well, it's kind of hard to explain..." Falklands says, she looks towards Pitcairn as if to say she doesn't want to do the explaining.
"We're Overseas Territories." He states. "However, we have been treated wrong and have nowhere to stay."
"Treated wrong?" Ecuador asks.
"It's..... it's not something to really be discussed. I'm sure you're aware that not all countries treat their territories—or colonies—with the greatest respect... Abuse was ensued, in fits of rage, mentally and physically..." Pitcairn keeps it to the shortest description.

"I'm so sorry." Ecuador says sadly.
It's apparent she doesn't like it when others are hurt.
"Some countries do need to realise the advancement of the present time." Peru says, his attention on petting Manso.
"Yeah, that's the truth..." Falklands says, staring at the ground slightly.
"I'm guessing what you're emplying is you ran away?" Peru says turning to face the two territories.
"Uh... yeah?" Falklands says unsure if that would be seen as a bad or a good thing.
Peru hums to himself in thought as he turns back to Manso.
"You can stay with us." He says.
Falklands and Pitcairn both look at Peru.
"Really?" They say in sync.
"I think that would be cool." Ecuador says happily.
"Well, we are trying to find a specific country so if it would be okay if we stayed with you until we found them, then we would really appreciate that." Pitcairn says.
Ecuador and Peru look to each other as if they're telepathically communicating before both nodding their heads.
"That'll be fine." Ecuador says.
"¡Gracias!" Falklands says cheerfully.
"Yes, thank you." Pitcairn says, assuming that's what gracias means.
"Least we could do with you catching Manso for us." Peru says to both the territories.
"Why do you have a pet llama?" Falklands asks the countries curiously.
"They're cute." Ecuador says with a shrug. "We have three, Manso included, there is an animal pen for them so don't worry. When they get out they sometimes do a runner, as you can see." Ecuador gestures towards Manso. "But they're usually well behaved, mostly when being given attention."
"They do look cute." Falklands says stroking Manso.
"I'm impressed you can take care of so many." Pitcairn says looking at Manso.
"We just have a way with them, I guess." Peru says. "Although they can still be a pain."
"We should probably head home, though. Before the others escape, too." Ecuador says.
"Okay, lead the way." Falklands says.

The two countries and two territories continue to talk between each other as they begin walking to their destination. Manso almost seeming displeased with the fact he is no longer being petted.

Tuesday—Northern Ireland's POV

I was just standing with Wales and our other friends in the playground since it was lunch, when something caught my eye. I was a bit bored in the group, as I wasn't too involved in the conversation, so I decided to sneak off and see what it was.

I had spotted what looked like a figure going behind the school. I know it sounds like some suspicious thing from a book or movie or that but I can't help my curiosity. I will be cautious though. I don't have any weapons on me so I take my crown off my head. I know it's all flashy and other countries probably think I'm full of myself but it's actually quite precious to me. I've had it for so long it's hard for me to even remember where I got it but I just know I've always had it and it's going to stay that way. Point is, it's got sharp points on it—like a knife—so, it should be fine for protection, right? If it's sharp like a knife, it can most likely stab like a knife.
Great life knowledge right there.

I turn round the corner. Which leads to the back of the school to see someone putting items in the recycling bins. Nothing strange. I decide to instead of make myself known, just stay completely silent, as a gut feeling was telling me so. I could of just left, as it doesn't seem like anything, but I don't. The country continues along the bins, emptying stuff from a tub they carry. The country then takes what looks to be the last item out of the tub. A book by the looks of it. They chuck into a grey bin. Except it's a bin that's never emptied. I know this because I was put on the job of recycling the paper in the class we had used when doing oragami and the teacher told me nothing goes in that bin. I thought it was kind of weird but apparently it's broken or something like that? I can't remember right now, I just know it's not used. Maybe they just don't know it's never emptied? I watch the country seem satisfied with what they've done. Instead of leaving the way they came they continue to go forward, the opposite way to where I stand. I wait until they are out of sight—which takes a while with how big the school is—

before going to the apparently broken bin.

I put my crown back on my head as I walk. I look down into the bin. It was a book that they threw in their. Actually—there's more than one. I take the books out of the bin, reading their titles before piling them on the ground.
(Get ready for some crappy book titles)

Meanings Behind Country Illnesses
Colonies Over The Seas
The History Of Colonialism
Overseas Territories and Crowned Dependancies
Invasions and the Effects
Illnesses Of Countries: Definitions and Effects
A Guide to Overseas Territories
Colonies: A Guide
(There, crappy book titles)

They all sound like boring non-fiction books. I quickly read the blurbs on the back and flip through the pages. Nothing seems wrong with these books, why are they being thrown out?
The school bell ringing pierces through my thoughts. I slightly panic and just shove the books into my school bag, quickly checking the bin to make sure I got them all. Yep. I run from around the school quickly catching onto Wales and Kazakhstan with their wings and swiftly run over to them.
"Oh there you are, I was wondering where you went." Wales says as I reach the group.
"Yeah sorry, something caught my eye and I went to check it out." I say, catching my breath a bit.
We begin to walk back to the school with the rest of the students as the conversation continues.
"What was it?" Wales asks me.
I was going to tell her the truth but thought otherwise.
"Just a cat." I say as a quick excuse.
"Aw, cute." Wales says in reply.
The talk on that subject ends as we enter the school.

-Time Skip-

Still North's POV

Me and Wales we're playing noughts and crosses (tic tac toe) on the living room floor, when the front door opened telling us everyone else has finally come home from school. Me and Wales continue to play our game. Wales soon gets me into a situation of which she wins no matter what. I sigh and just put my cross in a random spot. Wales excitedly plays her turn getting three noughts in a row and exclaiming excitedly.
"I win!"
And her wings rise up above her head.
I can't feel bad about loosing with Wales's happy celebration, so I just smile in defeat. I decide to go and greet the others, leaving Wales to begin a match against New Zealand.

As usual during most days now, Scotland and England have set themselves up at the dining table reading through books. They sit opposite each other.
"Reading again?" I ask them both.
"Yep."
"Aye."
They both respond still looking at the books.
"Can never seem to find the right type of book in the schools library, though." England says, looking up to me for a little bit.
The school library! Oh I completely forgot to see if those books should go back into the library! Dammit...
"Actually, I found some books but forgot to take them back to the library. Do you think if I left them with you two you could take them back?" I ask.
Scotland sighs.
"Aye, go get em..."
I hurriedly go to my shared room to grab my school bag. Once I've got it, I run back through to the dinning room, dumping the bag on an empty spot on the table. I begin to take the books out of the bag, piling them up evenly the heaviest and thickest placed at the bottom.
"That's a lot of books, North." England says looking at the pile.
He takes one I just put down—Overseas Territories and Crowned Dependancies—and inspects it. His eyes widen as he reads the title. He reads the blurb quickly then opens the book going to the index and scanning down it.
"Scot, this is it." He says.

Scotland looks up from the book he's reading. It must be important because Scotland hates being called nicknames by England.

I continue to watch as he gets up from his seat to head round and look at the book England holds.
"Took North ta find a book we've been looking for for ages..." he says looking up to me.
I smile awkwardly, not fully understanding. Scotland picks up another book from the pile. Meanings Behind Country Illnesses. As soon as he reads the title he immediately goes to the index, finding the thing he was looking for, before going to that page and quickly skimming through it, all while keeping a blank expression. He places the book down in front of England.
"You'll want ta read that." He says.
He walks over to the pile of books and picks them up reading each title and sometimes blurb, before putting them down again.
"Where did ya find these books?" Scotland asks me, placing the last book down on the pile.
"Some country put them in the bin that's never emptied behind the school. I went to put them in the right bin but they seemed perfectly fine to me. I was going to put them back in the library but completely forgot to, like I said earlier." I explain to Scotland.
"I knew there were no books there for a reason." England says, still reading the book Scotland placed in front of him. "The question is why the country was doing it."
"Ahm sure we'll find oot the reason when we read the books." Scotland responds.
"That's true." England says.
"Thanks North, we'll be reading through these noo so feel free ta go an hangoot with A'Chuimrigh again, she remains undefeated by the sounds of it." Scotland says to me.
That's true, you can here Wales's constant shouts of her victories.
"Okay, glad I could help."
Even though I'm not sure what I helped with.

Yay, another chapter... wait, am I starting on daily chapters

again without even realising... dammit, I am...

We've got Translations again, guys.
Sorry if they're incorrect.
I fully blame Google Translate.

Spanish Translations:
•¡REGRESA AQUÍ! = GET BACK HERE!
•¡Gracias! = Thank you!
•¡Muchas Gracias! = Thank you very much!
•No hay problema = No problem
•¿Tu hablas español? = You speak Spanish?
•Si = Yes
•Pero solo una pequeña cantidad = But only a small amount
•¿El no habla español? = He does not speak Spanish?

Scottish Gaelic Translations:
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales

That's all I've got to say for now, I guess.
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count; 3488

The Final Step

[image]

Wednesday— *Mystery* Countries POV

I think we're ready to take the last step. The ships are ready and my military is ready. I don't care for that too much, so far it's been me beating the territory owning the land that's really won these battles. I don't think Wales is much of a fighter either, so this should go smoothly. I shall be cautious though. You never know.

I pick up my desk phone. It rings loudly as I hold it to my ear. The sound bounces around the metal walls of my office in my silence. How long does it take to answer a call? I'm their leader for goodness sake, they should pick up instantly.
A few more seconds and the human finally picks up.
"Send them in for Thursday. The British Isles, Wales. You know the rest."
With that said I place the phone back down on the desk.

Its all happening. Soon... Soon I will take more than what he took from me. I hit back harder, because I'm stronger than that bitch. I proved it and once it's all complete I shall move onto my other enemies. Revenge is quite a fulfilling thing after all. I really quite enjoy it. It feels good to get back at the country who annoyed me so.

(*Revenge may feel nice, but it solves nothing. It only hurts more people. It doesn't teach anyone, it doesn't solve the things someone did. The mistake they made. It just temporarily fills a hole. You never took the time to fix that hole and so, it shall always be broken, shall always be there for you to fall back into. Fall back into that feeling of despair because you never took the proper step to fix the hole... you just temporarily covered it up and was blind to the moment of which you fell back in. Last time I checked, that isn't rewarding.*
But it can all depend on the way you fulfil the thirst of revenge. Don't do it harshly and hurt others, try do it gently and teach the other their wrongs in which hurt you. Take time with it, that way, you properly

filled the hole.)

(*That Probably doesn't even make sense, but I tried, I guess.)*

Wednesday—No Ones POV

Falklands and Pitcairn have been staying at the two Southern American countries house for a day now. They took the time to get to know each other and have become quite good friends in that time. Right now they sit and chat at the table in the house. The conversation begins to die down a bit and Peru takes the chance to ask a question he forgot to ask a while ago.
"Hey, I forgot to ask but what country are you two looking for?"
Pitcairn and Falklands look to each other, deciding who would answer.
"We're looking for England." Pitcairn says.
They had been unsuccessful in getting anywhere of where they would start looking for the country but missed out the idea of asking the two countries that had kindly let them stay, which probably would of been a good place to start.
Peru and Ecuador both share an uncertain look between each other. Ecuador looks to Pitcairn.
"We know that country but he doesn't have the greatest reputation I guess you could say. Are you sure you want to meet him?" Ecuador asks.
As you could imagine rumours spread easily and quickly, so Peru and Ecuador had heard of England's badly built reputation. England had gained more trust of others once they had seen he was starting to get along with other countries. A big sway in countries stopping to believe England was the same as his past was when he started hanging out with Scotland. Sure, they argued a whole lot and genuinely looked like they disliked each other (which would be true for one) but it would never get to a point in which the rumours said it would. So countries started excepting that the rumours weren't all true and countries can change.
"100% he helped us when we needed it, unfortunately timing wasn't always great, but he tried and did reach out to us. We really need to talk to him in person and we have a big warning to give him, it's quite important." Falklands says.
"Okay, that's good then." Ecuador says with a smile.

"How so?" Pitcairn inquires.
"He goes to our school. Well all young countries go to that school so they can learn at the same time as being taught how to help and run their country, but I'm sure you can talk to him there." Ecuador says, keeping her soft smile.
"Actually, he's staying at Canadá and América house—well that is their parents house, but Canadá had told me when we were talking to each other." Peru recalls.
"Really? That's great! We'll need to go there!.....Where is there?" Falklands asks, going from an excited tone to quite a questioning one.
"Well, most countries houses can be grouped into the continents, meaning the house would be with the rest of the European houses, but that's not always the case..." Peru says, thinking to himself. "But it's worth a shot to check there. Actually, I think I might have a map of the island, it will be quite big though." Peru says getting up from his seat. He walks out of the room on a search for the map.

"This shall be a good start, thanks for helping us." Pitcairn says to Ecuador who still sits at the oak table with the two territories.
"No problem, sometimes countries just need to help each other out —or territories, sorry. It's the fact of understanding that that country/territory needs help." Ecuador says in an almost knowing way.
"Yeah." Pitcairn says with a slight sigh.
"I never knew you all got school." Falklands says, completely off-topic.
"You've never been to school?" Ecuador questions.
"I suppose you could say I was homeschooled by UK, but barely. I was more taught by my people which you could consider a weird experience but to me it seems normal, right Pitcairn?" Falklands says turning to the territory.
"Yeah..." Pitcairn says.
He would of loved to go to school. It seems weird but he feels under-educated now. When he thinks about it he learned from watching others and teaching himself, which isn't always easy. He taught himself a lot and then his human friend helped with correcting him, although that did cause a slight fear in him for messing things up. Always feeling like he might do something wrong but he's learned to deal with that feeling now.

"Wow, maybe you guys could come to school one day!" Ecuador says brightly.
She really is quite the bubbly type.
"That would be great!" Falklands responds with the same amount of energy.
Pitcairn shows a small smile at the idea.
"I found the map!"

The territories and country turn to see Peru standing in the doorway holding quite a large-looking map in his hand rolled up like a scroll held like that by a rubber band.
"You weren't lying when you said it was big." Falklands says, staring at the map as Peru walks over with it to the table.
He takes the rubber band off and unrolls it struggling to stop it from rolling in on itself time and time again.
(*I swear it's one of the most annoying things.*)
Eventually he gives up and extends his arms out wide, holding the map in place.
"This is the island." Peru says, trying to make it as visible as he can for leaning right over it.
"Wow..." Falklands says looking at the map. "It's a very strange island, the different climates. You've got desert and jungle and forest and snow—how does that work?"
"Not too sure... magic?" Peru questions.
"Checks out." Falklands says with a shrug.
Pitcairn already runs his hand along the island reading the different labels.
"Heh, of course the world meeting centre is in the centre of the island, that's almost comical." He mutters to himself.
He continues going over the map before stopping.
"Would this be the European section?" Pitcairn asks.
"Um..." Ecuador mutters and looks to where Pitcairn's pointing.
"Yeah, that would be, I see you found Mr Unión Europea house, or mansion. I found it kind of creepy how they labelled the unions houses but I see why now."
"So we should start looking there?" Falklands asks.
"That would be best." Peru says. "Can I put this map away now?"
"Yes, can I hold onto it?" Pitcairn asks.
"Sure, we practically know this entire island now, anyway, or at least the parts we need to know." Peru says, rolling up the large

map in his hands.
Once he's secured the rubber band around it he hands the map to Pitcairn.
"We might as well begin the search." Pitcairn says as he holds the map.
"Does that mean you'll be leaving?" Ecuador asks, almost sadly.
"Yeah... it does..." Falklands says, staring towards Ecuador. "But if everything goes to plan, we'll make sure to visit!" She adds on enthusiastically.
Ecuador smiles.
"I'll look forward to that."

They all said goodbye to each other (that includes the llamas) before Pitcairn and Falklands left the house. They were once again walking along the paths of Patriam Island.

They better hurry... Or it might just be too late... For one little country...

Wednesday—Wales's POV

It's getting later in the night and I stare out of the window from my seat in the living room. I don't feel right. I feel... threatened, I suppose you could say. My instincts are going quite insane at me. I don't usually doubt my instincts, I've always had better senses, I am part dragon after all. Welsh dragon specifically, the best dragon, but there's no time for that tangent.
"A'Chuimrigh, yer seem distant, fit's wrong?" Scotland asks me.
I turn towards him. He wears a blank expression as always but I can tell he feels worried, even if he might not realise that himself.
"I don't feel comfortable. My senses feel heightened." I say truthfully.
Scotland seems to ponder on what to say.
"Maybe a small commotion is happening in your country that is unsettling ye, I'm sure it will gradually pass." Scotland replies.
I can see his clenched fists, he isn't saying what he's really thinking. I have lived with this country for most of my life, I know the small signs. Whenever Scotland finds out me or North are hurt or sick he always overthinks it WAY too much. I appreciate he's trying to stay reasonable, though. That is a pretty reasonable conclusion, huh, he

might be right actually.
"I guess..." I say in slight doubt.
"Or maybe you're just tired." Scotland says and ruffles my hair.
"Hey! You'll knot it." I say and push his hand away.
"When did yer care far your hair being knotted?" Scotland questions me.
"I don't. I just don't like you ruffling my hair." I say.
"I'll make note of that." Scotland replies.
"No don't... ugh..." I say annoyedly.
"I'm just kidding. If yer dae nae like it I will nae dae it. If yer were Sasainn, however, and I ken he did nae like his hair being ruffled then I would dae it constantly tae him."
"Hey!" England shouts from across the room, looking up angrily from the book he's reading.
I giggle at Scotland's words. I feel a bit better now.
"But it is getting late and yer should be going tae bed." Scotland says to me.
"Then you should, too." I reply.
"I'm older."
"More like you're cliché with that kind of response."
England chuckles at the other end of the room and I smile at my words. I look to Scotland who stares back to me.
"Good response, I'm proud." He says. "But also very annoyed, ye smartass."
"Scotland! That's inappropriate language for Wales." England yells, putting his book down with the page open so he doesn't loose it, making the book look like a tiny tent.
Scotland turns around annoyedly towards him.
"That's barely a swear word!"
"She is still too young to be hearing that language." England responds.
"Did yer forget the time she asked if I had fucked Èirinn?"
"..... Good point."
England goes back to reading his book. This time he covers the face with the book and holds onto it much tighter. That sentence obviously hurt him. These heightened senses are getting to my head, I can honestly tell how everyone feels right now.
"Point is: ye need tae go tae bed." Scotland says, turning back to me.
"Fine... I'll go tae bed." I growl, mocking Scotland's accent as I stand up from my seat.

"Oh, Ahm gettin' yer far that." Scotland says standing up himself.
"Shoot." I say and begin to run away.
Scotland chases after me through the house until he managed to catch up and tackle me outside of our room. He picks me up and I struggle, flapping my wings in his face but he doesn't flinch and I eventually just give up. He enters our room and throws me onto the bed.
"Go to bed." He says, mocking my Welsh accent like I did his Scottish.
"Okay, okay. I'm going to bed." I growl at him again, this time without the accent.

I could just end the chapter here but I'm feeling motivated so let's keep going for a bit and get a *really good cliffhanger*

-Time Skip-

Also just want to say for the school stuff that the classes are completely random— they are not planned out, I don't have a schedule for it.

Thursday—No Ones POV

The day was going normal. England and Scotland were sitting in science class again. A country was absent in the class that day. England and Scotland were sitting doing their work when the phone starts ringing. The teacher picked up the phone and told Scotland and England to head to the nurses office. They were both confused but listened and left the class. With their current situation in which they had figured out, they were quite nervous, though did not show it. They eventually reached the nurses office. As they entered they were greeted by the nurse. It was Georgia, It gives England memories for when he got hit in the face with a volleyball and then got knocked out from banging his head on the hard floor.
"Hey you two, უელსი has reportedly been feeling unwell and I asked if she wanted to see anyone and picked you two. ჩრდილოეთ ირლანდია came with her so he's in there too. I have to go for now." She then leaves the room shutting the door behind her.

England turns to his side only to find Scotland not there him having

practically raced over to check on Wales. Wales sits on the hospital bed, her legs dangling off the edge. North stands next to her and Scotland is already in front of her leaning down to her height, asking if she's okay and if someone had done something to her. England doesn't quite seem to know how someone could cause Wales feeling of sickness but then he thinks of a couple reasons and just shrugs it off, walking over to Wales himself.
"I'm okay, Yr Alban..." Wales says gently. "I'm just feeling a bit... icky..."
"That's nae okay ta me." Scotland replies.
"Scotland please, you'll make her feel worse if you pressure her." England says.
"I'm not doing the thing again, am I?" Scotland asks England in a worried tone.
"No. You're fine." England reassures him.
He sighs before standing up straight.
"Duilich... I get carried away sometimes."
"That's fine. How are you feeling Wales?" England asks Wales concernedly.
"I'm... not too great...but I'll make it through." Wales says with a weak smile.
Her wings are droopy and she sits slouched, her arms wrapped around her stomach.
"Well, we'll sit with you until you're feeling better." England says as soothingly as he can, achieving it quite successfully with his accent.
Wales smiles gently towards him in thanks.

The countries sat together, attempting to cheer up Wales in many different ways. Georgia popped in a few times. She had told them that if they want and need to they can leave the school so Wales can take a proper break. They thanked Georgia and said they would see how everything went. She had then left the room again.

A few more minutes had passed when Wales said she was feeling worse. The countries tried to comfort her when her eyes widened and she tried to say something but ended up starting to cough harshly. The coughing seemed to not stop and the countries were beginning to panic at the fact that Wales most likely isn't getting any oxygen in her lungs. The coughing got harsher and harsher until eventually...

...Wales coughed up a black liquid...

Oh no, oh no, people are going to have a riot in the comments —

You know what's happening (if you paid attention in the book) but do the other countries?
Gotta love cliffhangers—

I shall take the time to say thank you for 14K reads!
I don't why the number keeps going up but yeah—thanks.

Spanish Translations:
Didn't really think I needed to do them as it's pretty obvious but—
•Unión Europea = European Union
You got the other two.

Scottish Gaelic Translations:
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•Sasainn = England
•Èirinn = Ireland
•Duilich = Sorry

Georgian Translations:
(*Very sorry if these are wrong.*)
• უელსი **= Wales**
• ჩრდილოეთ ირლანდია **= Northern Ireland**

Welsh Translations:
•Yr Alban = Scotland

As always, my apologies if they're wrong.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2964

Stalemate

[image]

Well my phone had a complete breakdown and deleted most of this chapter when I had finished it and was editing it... and after I finally regained my composure after that I found out that it won't let me upload any photos apart from this cat one so have cat photo.
(***It's not my cat, I got it off Pinterest and was using it for a drawing reference and still had it*** **)**

Thursday—No Ones POV
!Swear words ahead!

Silence had fell upon the room as Wales leaned hunch over catching her breath while sacredly staring at the liquid she had coughed up. Northern Ireland was confused and concerned, England stood in almost disbelief and Scotland had a blank look upon his face.
England looked towards Scotland.
"Scotland—"
"Ahm going tae fucking kill someone." Scotland cut off England in a harshly cold voice.
"You don't know that it's that—"
"Fit else could it fucking be?!"
England fell silent.
The two both knew what that liquid meant now. They knew what it represent in different cases and they hadn't had the chance to attempt to help the Overseas Territories as they were still processing what they could do in the situation. They hoped that it would only be them that had to suffer with it as the bigger Overseas Territories were taken. But now Wales sits in front of them, sick, coughing and clearly in unsettled shock.
"What's happening to An Bhreatain Bheag?" Northern Ireland asks worriedly to Scotland and England.
The two older countries looked to each other. Scotland looked away to one of the white walls of the room, so England took it upon himself to explain.

"Wales is experiencing an invasion in her country," He states. "The black liquid she coughed up—which I'm sure you remember with UK—represents that. At least we think it's that."
Northern Ireland's face fills with worry for Wales.
"That... That can't be happening... Why An Bhreatain Bheag of all countries? She's done nothing wrong!" North yells in his rising concern and anger.
"I know... it's quite hard to believe..." England says quietly.
"Can we please leave an fucking kill this country already." Scotland says sharply.
"Calm down, you'll worry everyone and you're swearing in front of the younglings." England tells Scotland in slight annoyance.
"Oh, ye did nae just tell me tae fucking calm doon." Scotland says, walking up close to England and death glaring at him.
"You won't get anywhere with your anger." England responds, keeping his composure for Scotland's intimidating glare.
"Anger is the only thing I understand right noo... it's the only thing I've really understood aboot me..." Scotland says turning away from England, talking to himself. "Someone is hurting A'Chuimrigh..... and that... hurts me... inside. I dae nae like it. I want it tae stop." Scotland says, trying to make sense of his own words.
"That's because you care for Wales, it hurts me as well... but we need to be reasonable about this." England responds.
"Fine..." Scotland mutters.
"Want to... help... my... my country... my people..... please." Wales says in between coughs and deep breaths.
Everyone turns to the sick little Wales. It's painful for them all to see her like that. England walks over and crouches down in front of her, avoiding the black liquid splattered on the once clean light grey floor.
"I know you do Wales, and we're going to get you there, all of us will help." England says, holding onto Wales's hand in comfort.
She weakly smiles to him in thanks.
"The sickness will pass soon an you'll be fine ta defend yourself." Scotland says, remembering what he read in the books. "It would nae be fair if a country was sick the whole time they were getting invaded an could nae fight because of that. Although in some cases the country may remain unlucky tae bad damage of their land, meaning they stay sick even though that gives them a huge disadvantage in defending their land. But that does nae seem tae be

yer case, so you'll be fine, but the country doing this, once I meet them, they'll no be fine..." Scotland says, getting caught up in his anger again.
"See An Bhreatain Bheag," Northern Ireland says, walking up to Wales. "It'll all pass and you'll be fine." He then embraces Wales. It was more for his own reassurance but it still helped Wales as well as himself.
"Th... Thank you..." Wales says tiredly.
"Can we please leave noo." Scotland says impatiently.
"Yes, we should tell others we're leav—"
"Nae time." Scotland states quickly.
"Pardon?"
"Oh great, death Sasainn is back, there's nae time!" Scotland states angrily. "Write a note if yer *really* need ta but the longer we stay here the more this bitch country will advance."
England sighs.
"I guess you're... right." It pained England to say that.
"Aye I am, let's go noo." Scotland says impatiently, heading to the door of the room.

Scotland waits as Wales shakily gets up from the bed. She holds onto North for support who feels like an armrest in that moment. The four countries all slowly leave the room. The halls are empty as classes are currently on and no teachers were strolling by by luck.
"Hold on, you're goin too slow." Scotland says walking over to North who holds up Wales.
Wales still clutches onto her stomach. Scotland goes up to Wales and crouches down so his back is facing her.
"Get on ma back." He says.
Wales slowly clambers on, grasping onto Scotland as he stands up. They continue walking, going faster then before with Wales being carried. They finally exit the school, going along the outside paths with Scotland leading the way. North clutches onto England's hand, scared of falling behind and just wanting a bit of comfort in this. He feels scared for Wales. The little country in which he cared for a lot, whom he relied on when having no one to talk to. He had never seen Wales ill apart from small colds, so seeing Wales in the state she was really worried him.
Although England feels uncomfortable with it, he doesn't push North's hand away. He can tell the small country is upset.

"Do you even know where you're going?" England asks towards Scotland.
"The docks."
"The docks?"
"Aye. Did yer completely ignore all the school work we've done? We learned aboot this stuff." Scotland says in annoyance to England.
"I did. I'm just uncertain."
"You canny be uncertain right noo," Scotland says. "We're gonnae get a boat an plan on the way there cause we've nae got much time."
England sighs.
"The signs were so obvious... why didn't we do something before..." He mutters to himself regretfully.
"I ken, it was a stupid move but we can regret that another time. I just want tae punch this country in the face right noo."
"You don't even know whom the country is."
"Aye I do, a bastard that's whom"
"... I hate and love you in this situation right now."
"... I hate the FRIENDship we have."
"That was painful."
"Was meant to be."
"Can we maybe stop this conversation right now?and talk about something else or just nothing at all." Northern Ireland cuts into Scotland and England's conversation.
"I think that would be a good idea." England says.

The four countries eventually arrive at the docks. They look around the different boats.
"You know these all belong to countries, right?" England asks Scotland clearly uncomfortable.
"Aye." Scotland says nonchalantly.
"So why are you going through all of them?!" England whisper-yells.
Scotland turns round facing England.
The two countries have been going to different boats, seeing which is best. North and Wales sit on a bench not too far away. They wouldn't of been able to do this if it weren't for Wales's prepared military but they won't be able to hold it at a standstill forever, especially with it being a surprise attack. Wales knows this. Her sickness is beginning to subside and she can walk fine, she's just having to take deep breaths as she feels quite dizzy.

"There's nae anyone around why are you whispering?" Scotland asks England.
"I don't know." England responds truthfully.
"Hm... I'm going through all the ships cause I'm looking for something specifically..." Scotland begins to mutter as he goes back to searching through the current boat they're on.
It's not the biggest of all ships but it's decently medium and would be good for these five countries. It is a basic grey colour and floats gently on the water as England and Scotland search it.
"Searching for something?" England asks in a highly impatient and irritated tone. "For what?!"
Scotland turned to look at England, unimpressed.
"You already know what. Heck, you even took a gun." Scotland said pointing at England's side to where a small gun is.
(*I don't do guns, so that's the best description I'm gonna give—'small gun' , 'big gun' & something along the lines of 'medium size gun'*.)
Scotland turns back around, continuing to rummage through stuff.
"Well then why didn't we leave on the boat where we found this gun?" England questions.
"Because that's not what *I'm* looking for."
"What are you looking for then?"
"Stuff like this." Scotland says cheerily as he picks up something from a box he opened on the boat.
He holds up a hanger sword.
England stares at the sword for a good while, processing it.
"Who the hell has a sword on their ship?!" He finally yells.

"Are they fighting?" Wales asks Northern Ireland.
England's yelling obviously being quite loud.
Northern Ireland sighs.
"Probably... But that's just how they communicate so it's more likely just to be a normal conversation between them." North says, looking towards Wales.
"Good point." Wales says.
She then tiredly rests her head on North's shoulder, quite tired from putting up with all the stuff happening in that moment.

"It's a hanger sword, also known as a *hunting sword*." Scotland says like it's the most obvious thing in the world.
"Well, how do you know that?" England asks annoyed.

"I like swords." Scotland replies, examining the sword he holds.
"Of course you do, you like guns too?"
"No." Scotland says to England, coming off almost offended by the question.
"You are just... so hard to understand." England says.
There is a long pause. England gets a bit uncomfortable with the silence.
"I know..."
"I thought you said 'ken'?"
"I *know*..." Scotland responds a bit harshly.
"... I'm sorry..." England says, not wanting this to escalate.
"Just dae nae talk aboot it." Scotland says.
He puts the sword down and looks in the box again.
"Oh..." Scotland mutters as he looks into the box.
"What?" England says, not being able to see in the box due to Scotland covering it.
"I think whomever owns this boat collects swords." Scotland says moving away from the box.
England steps forward and looks in. Sure enough, many swords can be seen piled in the box.
"What the fuck." England mutters under his breath.
England turns around to see Scotland messing with a sword.
"What have you got now?" England says, feeling like the parent of a disobedient child once having said that sentence.
Scotland looks up at England with a happy glint in his eyes even if he bears a straight face.
"A Scottish Dirk." Scotland says and a smile automatically falls on his face. "I was looking at the patterns. Most Scottish Dirks have them and they are quite beautiful."
England just stares at Scotland. He has a bright idea to annoy the country and so goes through with it.
"Ha, beautiful like you."
Scotland stares at England. Just *Stares*. England begins to slowly regret his life choices. Scotland then slightly squints his eyes with anger.
"I'm going to fucking stab you with this sword." He says, tightly gripping onto the Scottish Dirk.
"I swear if you two have been fighting this whole time then I'm going to stab both of you with a sword."

England and Scotland turn to the voice and see Northern Ireland glaring at them while Wales stands next to him.
"Ha! Like you could kill me with one stab!" Scotland says, being slightly full of himself for once.
"Then I will give you 28 STAB WOUN—!"
Wales smacks Northern Ireland in the face with her wing.
"My country is being invaded and you are actually quoting memes right now?"
"Sorry..." Northern Ireland apologises as he puts a hand to his cheek.
This was a lot harder than the other times he's been slapped in the face by Wales's wing(s).
"You're feeling better then." England says to Wales, hoping to move onto a different subject before she sets the boat on fire to teach them a lesson about fighting.
That's from *experience*.
"Yes and I wan—sorry, would like, to leave now." Wales says.
"It's okay A'Chuimrigh. Saying 'I want' instead of 'I would like' is an easy mistake an ye dae nae need toae correct yerself right noo. Ye can even swear."
"Really?"
"Aye."
"Okay!" Wales says cheerfully.
In that moment the three countries can already tell what's about to happen.
"Stop bitching at each other and steal the boat because my country is being fucking invaded right now." Wales said with aggressive hand movements to the three countries.
"Wow, from being around me and Sasainn most of your life—I'm shocked ye only said dhà. Now that's some swear word control. She's growing up Sasainn." Scotland says, clearly joking about it at the same time as being completely serious.
England just looks very unimpressed.
"Please can we leave now. The stalemate is going to be broken soon..." Wales says with slight dread.
"Okay, this boat does seem good enough." England says uncertainly. "I just feel we're very unprepared."
"We've got plenty of swords and yer found a pistol or something—a gun, so we're fine far a fight." Scotland says to England.
"Please, don't remind me of the things I've stolen."

"It was yer choice tae steel the gun."
"Yes. Now just shut up."
"Can either of you sail a ship?" Northern Ireland asks England and Scotland.
The two look to each other.
"Ships appeared tae have developed a whole lot... Can ye remember from UK?" Scotland asks England.
"Um, yeah, I think." England responds.
"Great, noo git on with it." Scotland says to England, pointing to the helm of the ship.
"I'll get on with it when I'm ready to." England snaps annoyedly back.
"You'll get on with it *now* because I'm experiencing a whole lot *right now* and you two aren't helping with persistently whining at each other." Wales says.
"When did she get this attitude?" England questions as he walks to the helm.
"I din nae ken but it's sgoinneil." Scotland says, clearly enjoying this despite his straight face.
England just sighs beginning to look around the helm trying to remember how to operate it all.
"Dae ye no need tae lift an anchor or untie a rope?" Scotland asks England, becoming confused with this himself.
"What?"
"If the ship did nae have an anchor or was nae tied to the dock with rope would it nae just float away?"
"... Yes it would. Can you go and lift the anchor or untie the ropes, whichever one, both even, just do something that could help get the boat going." England says to Scotland.
Scotland then walks off, doing what England asked even though he doesn't want to now—since England requested it. He's only doing it because of how important it is that they get going.

(*I'm nae describing a whole ship journey because I don't do ships as said before in other chapters, so while they set off to Wales have a different POV*)

Pitcairn Islands POV

Me and Falklands have been walking around the European section

of the island going from house to house annoying country after country. There are quite a lot of houses and not all of those that answer are European countries. Like Peru said, it's only called the European section because the majority of countries living there are European and Mr European Union lives there himself, but it's still a mixture.
There are about five more houses left in this section.

First house. Nope.
Second house. No luck.
Third house. No.
Fourth house. Again—no.

The fifth house, the last house. I swear if this isn't the house I'm going to be so annoyed because we spent so much time and if it is the house I'm still going to be annoyed because it's the very last house we checked having been to so many others.

"This should be it, right?" Falklands asks me as we walk to the house.
"I hope so." I reply.
We both walk up the neat stone pathway to the house. It has a lot of greenery and the plants are obviously well looked after. The house itself is a decently normal sized house, unlike the others which have come off quite showy.
Falklands has admired every one since her house consisted of one private room—being the bathroom—while the rest was all one big open room, so the difference to her is very fascinating. Although I like the look of the houses myself I can't help but also feel annoyed at the conditions here compared to the conditions the territories got. We don't have that many options, only Bermuda really got that because they're obviously quite wealthy.
This house still remains calmly simple. Two stories, with the outer walls not painted leaving the stone to be seen. Seems like a nice house.

I knock on the door, as there is no doorbell. It takes a while but soon the door opens and we're greeted by a country who is not England, France, Canada, America or any of the other countries Peru said to be living in the house.
"What do you need?" The country asks.

"Sorry to disturb you. We've been looking for a specific countries house for a long time now but just can't find it..." Falklands says awkwardly, as you do when talking to a stranger.
"Really. Who's house have you been looking for?" The country asks, now leaning on the doorframe.
"France." I simply say, not really caring for this conversation as I think of where France's house could possibly be.
"Oh, I know where her house is." The country says.
My attention spikes at those words as I look towards the country.
"Could you help us?" I ask them.
"Sure. Got nothing else to do." They say with a shrug.
"Thank you!" Falklands exclaims.
"No problem."
The country then goes back in their house before coming out again in a green hoodie as they shut their door, putting their keys in the pocket of the hoodie.
"It's not too far from here. France wanted it to be secluded but not too much, so her house is placed near a forest not too far away from a different neighbourhood to here." The country explains beginning to walk to a dirt path not too far from their house.
"This path is a bit of a shortcut." They say as we reach it.
Though this country seems nice, I'm still not going to give them my full trust. I never really do give my trust to others. At this point—Falklands and my human friend are the only ones to have gained my full trust.
"It's nice to know we didn't get put back to square one checking all those houses." Falklands says looking quite exhausted at the thought of it.
"I could imagine how you would feel." The country says. "So, what are you two territories names?"
"How'd you know we're territories?" I ask in my cautious state.
"The Union Jack." The country simply responds.
"Oh...right." I mutter.
I almost forgot about the Union Jack on my flag, which honestly sounds kind of stupid but I haven't looked in a mirror for a while and I barely feel like a *British* Overseas Territory, more just an Overseas Territory now.
"I'm The Falkland Islands and this is my friend The Pitcairn Islands." Falklands says, pointing to herself and me. "You are?"
"Ireland."

Yay, another chapter.
It's been two days since the last one...
I am speed.
Not really but—

Yes, this book has my terrible comedy.
Gotta mix comedy in with a serious situation so my readers don't feel like killing me too much with what's happening to Wales.
But if you still do—
Take it out on google translate instead.

Speaking of google translate...

Irish Translations:
•An Bhreatain Bheag = Wales

Scottish Gaelic Translations:
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•Sasainn = England
•Dhà = Two
•Sgoinneil = Brilliant

Hope you enjoyed this chapter.
We're getting closer to the end and that makes me kind of scared—

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 3490

The Mystery Unfolds

Thursday—No Ones POV

Wales has been trying her best to describe what was happening on her land. Countryhumans are connected to their land, if something bad is happening they can feel it and sometimes see it when closing their eyes. We saw it with Pitcairn earlier on in the story.
"They landed at Rhossili and had further advanced up to Swansea where they found their stalemate due to the quick reaction of my military." Wales said. "It's almost comical how the weather isn't bad that day like it usually is on the British Isles, we might of had even more of a chance when you think about it."
"I had feared that." Scotland responded.
"The fact of there not being bad weather?" Northern Ireland asked.
"Well aye but, is it nae obvious? The direction they took—they're heading tae Cardiff." Scotland almost didn't want to have to point that out.
"...why..." Wales mutters, staring down at the ground.
She leans on the edge of the boat, her wings droop down low over the edge.
"It'll be okay, we'll get there and end this all." Northern Ireland said, going to hug the sad country.
Wales isn't hesitant when hugging North back.
"I'm scared..." She whispers.
"Don't be." North says to her.
"North's right, fear is natural." Scotland says, staring out at the blue ocean surrounding them.
"That's easy for you to say, you're not scared of anything." Wales responds.
"...That's nae the truth..." Scotland says, seeming distant.
"Really?" England shouts from the helm. "What're you scared of, then?"
"None of yer business." Scotland responds coldly.
"Okay, I was just asking." England says.
There is silence on the boat.
"They won't win, right?" Wales asks, breaking the silence with her

worried voice.
"No they won't." North says to Wales.
"It's uncertain." Scotland says.
Wales's face falls at those words.
"That doesn't help, Scotland." England shouts from the helm again.
"What? Ye want me tae lie? or can ye give me evidence that we will 100% win?" Scotland shouts back to England.
England stays silent.
Thought so, Scotland thinks to himself.
"So we're going to loose?" Wales asks Scotland.
Scotland looks to Wales blankly.
"It's nae impossible far this country tae win. It's nae impossible far us tae win." He says with a shrug of his shoulders.
Wales looks silently down to the ground.

"How long till we get there?" Scotland shouts to England.
"I can here you just fine, no need to shout." England says.
"Then why were yer shouting earlier?" Scotland asks.
"I don't know." England responds.
"Wow, great reply." Scotland says sarcastically. "Can ye answer the question noo?"
"Soon."
"Soon..." Scotland sighs annoyedly. "Can ye nae read a map or something an estimate a specific distance?"
"Uh, I'm not good at map reading..."
"Then how on earth dae ye ken where we're going right noo?"
"... I don't know, I just know. I'm just thinking about my land and it seems to give me a feeling of right direction."
"You're sailing this ship... by gut feeling?" Scotland asks as though it's one of the stupidest things he's heard.
"Well how about you go and read a map. This ships gotta have a map somewhere."
"I canny dae that noo. We're in the ocean with no land around us. Are yer expecting me tae just ken where we are by looking at the sea."
"Well yeah..."
"I can nae fucking cope with ye." Scotland says, putting his hand to his forehead.
"Gut instinct then?" England questions.
"Just stop talking and sail. I seriously can nae be bothered tae listen

tae yer right noo."
"Alright then." England mutters.
Wales and North talk to each other while England focuses on sailing and Scotland appears to be in his own thoughts.

They draw ever closer to their destination.

Random switch in POV and place because my inspiration is gone and I'm going to write a slight filler till it comes back.
So have a summary of what's happening in Wales through the Mystery Country's POV.

Mystery Countries POV

A stalemate? You've got to be kidding. I thought we would be ready and do this in no time like the other territories. Wales is no different, is it? Just a small country it shouldn't be this hard for my army. I haven't joined this battle, I could, but I have some decency and don't quite fancy having the blood of humans on my hands. I contacted Argentina and he said he would come if I was in need of *dire* assistance. I have to admit that pissed me off. We had a deal and he went full heartedly with it. It doesn't matter anyway, I can do this myself. My country is way bigger compared to them.

Although I'm not taking part in the battle, merely watching further back like kings would do so in the past, I do happen to notice that it is only Welsh soldiers. Well, to my best understanding and to my hope. If it's just Welsh soldiers and none other that means the other countries have decided to not get involved, which is good in my case. I was hoping that if I could take Wales with absolute ease it might scare the others into surrender.

The battle continues to be at a stalemate for now. Though reinforcements are coming from an ally of mine. It's not a team-up you would consider but they did convince me to go through with all this in the first place. Their army shall be a great help however, they specifically requested to not be at the field of battle. I thought it was strange but it does not matter to me, extra army always is helpful. We can march through this sooner that way. It should be

easy enough with the current power I have, that's why I'm so annoyed at this stalemate. But it can't last forever. At one point it will break and the side I expect to push forward is mine.

Inspiration is back!
(Kinda).

I do apologise if stuff doesn't make sense military wise. I am trying but am also slightly winging it. Well... mostly winging it. So yeah, sorry for the mistakes, inaccuracies or it just doesn't make sense entirely.
My excuse is: The book was never going to make sense in the first place.
...
...
And I write almost all the chapters late at night.... It is one in the morning right now.

No Ones POV

While the *Mystery* Country continues to watch the fight, the four countries on the boat begin to come up with a small plan. They plan to land at Cardiff itself. They know there would be a risk of them being seen but they plan to stay near England's coast on the Bristol Channel before crossing over to Cardiff. It also would look like a normal boat from afar if they were to be seen. When actually the boat harbours four countries and a box of swords. England does wonder whom this boat belongs to and is quite worried about the fact they have a box full of swords, but the most reasonable conclusion is that the person whom owns the boat collects swords. Even though that itself could be seen as weird in a way.

Once they've landed at Cardiff they plan to get in contact with England and Scotland's military to order them to come and assist Wales. North wants to send in his military as well but was ruled out due to the fact they don't entirely know the amount of soldiers they will need and assumed England's and Scotland's military would be enough but North's shall be considered as an emergency back-up and it is smaller compared to the others. Of course, another thing is the country leading this attack itself. Sure four vs one insures a win for the four but they don't know what the country is capable of and

whom the country is. As an example: The Four countries vs America. It would be a good fight but America is bound to win as it is considerably stronger.
Either way, Scotland goes on about how he's going to murder the country, careless as to whom it is. That obviously sparked an argument between him and England, which Wales quickly stopped by saying a single bad word. Scotland and England encourage North and Wales to not use bad language when they probably use it more than most people combined. It's a weird thing but it's probably one of the one things they have in common that they will *actually admit* and not deny.

The countries eventually reach Bristol Channel.
"How's it feel to know my gut was right?" England asks to Scotland smugly.
"I would of given ye a wee bit of credit if ye did nae just ask that an make yourself seem idiotic again." Scotland responds.
England frowns and lets out an annoyed sigh.
"An Bhreatain Bheag, are you okay." North asks Wales.
The two have sat next to each other on the boat this whole time. Wales is just barely visibly shaking.
"The stalemate is going to end. It's going to end." Wales says sacredly.
"Sasainn, pick up speed." Scotland shouts to England.
"Okay." England mutters and begins to set the boat to a higher speed.
"How? Fits happening?" Scotland asks Wales.
"They're tired. The other side isn't stopping. They won't stop, won't stop, won't stop." Wales repeats quite panicked. "My side won't last forever. People are loosing their lives... gone, gone, gone."
"Hey, hey, calm down. We're going to get there soon, I promise." North says soothingly to Wales.
Wales falls into North, hugging him again.
They've hugged so many times it's beginning to make me uncomfortable Scotland thinks to himself, looking away from the two.

Like North has said, they arrive at Cardiff, docking the boat. They left armed with what they had. Wales took the lead racing through the city with the others following quickly behind. She was very tempted to fly but knew it would be too fast and she would loose

the other countries. People did stare at the countries, as you could imagine. Wales kept on running until she eventually brought them to a military base.
(*I spent so long searching to see if there are military bases in Cardiff... only for a non-specific answer... but to my knowledge there is or at least there are near Cardiff.*)
She ran straight up to the guards, her wings up in the air certainly bringing the attention to her.
"Wales?"
"Yes!" Wales shouted as she got to them. "I'm here to help!"
"But first we ask of your help." England says to the guards.
They seems surprised and confused that all the countries of the UK stand before them yet they learned that stuff like this might happen and that the country has the highest authority.
"Yes we do." Wales said.
She feels the need to be the one giving the commands. She also feels it might help if it was her because she could see some of her people being patriotic and not particularly happy in taking orders from another country... especially England, for certain reasons. He's trying to make up for it but it's proven harder than he would of thought.
"You'll want to speak to someone with higher authority then." A guard says.
"That would be great, can we move this thing along faster maybe?" Scotland says impatiently.
"Sorry about him." Wales apologises.
Scotland is deeply offended by this but keeps a blank face, slightly furrowing his eyebrows.
"No problem, I'll take you now." The guard says and goes to let them through.

(*Hope you guys have good imagination because I'm speed writing this and ain't got time for descriptive descriptions. I apologise for the mistakes on the base too.*)

They are lead through the base, it consisting of mostly plain colours and looks very clean and well looked after.
The countries are left to wait while the soldier goes to find this high ranking human.
"After this we can both agree that we need tae get bases tae work

faster." Scotland says impatiently again.
He stands with his arms crossed.
"Yep." England agrees with a sigh.
"Wow, you two actually agreed on something—I'm astonished." North says exaggeratedly.
"It's still happening, happening, happening." Wales says becoming anxious again.
North instantly goes to comfort the country.
Scotland impatiently taps his foot.
"When is this human goin—"
"Right now, Mr Scotland."
Scotland internally cringes at that.
"*Just* call me Scotland. I'll take Alba and Yr Alban as well."
"You need better manners." England mutters.
"So do you." Scotland replies coldly.
"Are you kidding! I'm probably the poshest country, I've got better manners than you any day." England says with a laugh.
"You're so fucking self-centred it's unbelievable." Scotland says annoyedly.
"Good to know the rivalry still goes on." The human says.
"Sorry about *them*." Wales says, completely changing from her anxious state before.
She doesn't want her people to see her like that as she doesn't want them to be scared.
"It's fine, they always seem to argue." The human responds.
"You see that," North says loudly to Scotland and England. "Even the humans know you two fight all the damn time."
"Shut up." Scotland and England say in sync which ends in them glaring at each other.
"I was requested?" The human questions.
"Yeah, we were hoping you could contact England and Scotland's military so we could get reinforcements for this attack." Wales says.
"They want to help?" The human asks.
Wales seems confused at that question.
"Yes we do." England says. "If this country is attacking Wales, it appears as a threat to *my* country as well. I do not want this and so I will help."
The human turns to Scotland expectant of an answer.
"Ye expecting me tae answer? Let me think of something..." Scotland says, before thinking to himself. "Canny really think of any

good reason." Scotland says with a shrug.
England sighs.
"You care about Wales and want to help. You also like to beat people up and so probably are excited to fight." He says annoyedly.
"... Chan eil." Scotland mutters.
"I give up with him." England says, throwing his hands up in annoyance. "The question is, can you?" England asks annoyedly to the human.
"Yes. Although you might want to do it yourselves so they see it as more believable and don't feel the need to send a message asking for permission from you two."
"Great, lets do it now." England says.
With that, they follow the human to where they'll contact both of the militaries.

-Time Skip-

Reinforcements for Wales's side were on the way and now the countries were heading to Swansea. They were able to supply themselves with defensive weapons—each getting a gun and already having swords. Scotland wasn't very appreciative of the gun but took it and England was now teaching Wales and North how you shoot a gun.
They walked further and further getting nearer to where the *Mystery* Country waits.

The *Mystery* Country still watches. *The stalemate is coming close to being broken and my side coming out victorious in it and we'll finally be able to move forward* they think happily to themselves. The country walks freely on the land. Humans can't hurt a country unless they want a punishment which is a long time in jail. Unless you can somehow prove it was accidental, but even then you'll probably get fined.
The stalemate had moved forward for the *Mystery* country's side and they got through the city of Swansea but got into a Stalemate again after getting to Kilvey Hill. The Welsh soldiers had used the hill to their advantage. The *Mystery* Country's soldiers could do so as well but the Welsh has already stationed there meaning they would usually encounter a Welsh soldier when trying to find a good spot.

The four countries soon arrived at Kilvey Hill. Wales checked on her

soldiers ensuring that help was coming, while they were hidden by some of the nature. Eventually they began to walk over to confront the country doing all this. Scotland and England led with Wales and North close behind. They trekked slowly and ready, in case this country were to appear and attack. They did their best to try and circle around where the battle was happening and they were nearing the enemy side.
"Finally," A voice called out. "The fun can begin."
The countries looked to where the voice was but they did not see the country.
"Show yourself." England called out.
He held onto his small gun, ready to fire. Wales and North stayed close to Scotland and England, quite scared. They were not used to fighting and were quite nervous where this would go. Scotland held onto the handle of the Hanger sword he had found on the boat.
"Do I need to? Don't you already know who I am? Try thinking a bit harder. I'm doing this for revenge of what you took from me. You were one of the main reasons my Empire ended." The country toys.
"That doesn't make it easier to guess whom you are, we have a lot of history. Stop messing around and just show yourself." England said annoyedly.
"Fine, a few words. Egypt. Suez Canal. 1882. 1914. 1918. Ring any bells?" The country says.
"I'm already getting fed up of you." England says.
"Hm, you seem too stubborn to figure it out unlike your friend there." The country says.
England turns to the other three countries.
"The bitch." Scotland mutters.
"Who is it?" England asks Scotland.
"That caused the fall of the Ottoman Empire leaving it under the rule of a new name and less territory. Meaning the country would be An Tuirc, or in English: Turkey." Scotland says.
Clapping can be heard as the *Mystery* Country steps out from the cover of the trees. Their face being red with a white moon and star.
"You figured it out."

We'll do translations first for once.

Irish Translations:
•An Bhreatain Bheag = Wales

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Sasainn = England
•Alba = Scotland
•Chan eil = No
•An Tuirc = Turkey

Welsh Translations:
•Yr Alban = Scotland

Well done to the people that figured it out but it was not the Ottoman Empire specifically, but Turkey.
I said I would go with the majority of comments on a chapter I deleted asking who you think the biggest enemy of Britain is (ruling out Nazi Germany and the USSR) and I got the Ottoman Empire.

And this isn't meant to offend anyone! Turkey is a villain for story purposes. Villains are usually cooler than the superheroes anyway—

I do feel like this chapter sucks though.
Like, I really dislike it, but I've got nothing else right now...

Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count; 3152

Are We There Yet?

[image]

No Ones POV

"Are we there yet?" Falklands asks as the three countries still walk along the path.
"Very close." Ireland reply's.
"If we were *very* close, I'm pretty sure we'd see the house by now..." Pitcairn mutters annoyedly.
"Well someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning." Ireland replies strangely cheerfully.
"More like sofa," Pitcairn says. "I wasn't going to sleep in the same bed as Falklands. It seemed uncomfortable for both of us and she ninja kicks in her sleep."
"How do you know that?" Falklands questions.
"That one time I went to wake you and you kicked me in the stomach." Pitcairn seemed to reply through gritted teeth.
"Oh yeah." Falklands says as she remembers the event.
"You didn't even apologise, just told me to leave you alone because you were having a nice dream." Pitcairn adds on to the memory.
"Well you did, didn't you?" Falklands reply's.
"Well, yeah," Pitcairn shakes his head as he speaks. "But that's besides the point."
"Fine, I'm sorry." Falklands says, generally sounding sorry.
"Apology accepted." Pitcairn says.
"Well That was an interesting conversation in which I played no part in." Ireland says, the two territories now remembering that he's there.
"Ah, sorry." Falklands says.
"It's fine." Ireland replies with a wave of his hand. "Plus, you can see the house now."

Ireland points towards a house that sits on its own but not too far from a small neighbourhood to its right. On the left of the house is a field leading up to a large forest. The house itself is a bungalow, it being only one story.

(*No idea if Bungalow is a British English word or not, so sorry if you don't understand—*)
They still had a distance to walk but it is much closer now.
"Finally." Pitcairn says happily.
"I think you might want to work on you patience, bud." Ireland says to Pitcairn.
"I would have patience if this weren't an important matter." Pitcairn said in defence.
Ireland just shrugs in response.
"So what section is this?" Falklands asks Ireland.
Ireland thinks for a little bit.
"It can't really be labelled as a certain section." He says. "It's in between the European and Asian section, if you must know. So most likely a mix of those countries, but it's just another one of the random neighbourhoods dotted around the island."
Falklands hums in response.
"Seems like a confusing island." Pitcairn says.
"Yeah, it really is... and don't get me started on the arguments." Ireland says. "Oh... Don't even ask about the Balkans. I don't even know why they bother living so close..." Ireland said with a slow facepalm.
"That doesn't sound good." Falklands says.
"One day they seem like they're getting along and the next..." Ireland just waves his hands around not able to think of the right words to describe it.
"Yeah..." Pitcairn says unsurely.
"It's complicated." Ireland responds.
"Certainly seems that way." Said Falklands.
The conversation dies down and they walk in silence.

"Why do you need to get to An Fhrainc, anyway?" Ireland asks, beginning a conversation again.
"We're not really there to talk to France specifically." Pitcairn says. "We need to talk to England and he's staying there, as far as we've been told."
"Ah..." Ireland mutters.
"Not good friends, I see." Pitcairn says in response to Ireland's reaction.
Ireland gives an awkward smile.
"Nope. But it's all to do with the past and I'm—or we're—trying to

forget but it is easier said than done. Wonder how Albain seems to have done it..." Ireland says, the last bit being his own thoughts that he said out loud.
"Who is Albain?" Falklands asks Ireland.
"Ha, I said the last bit out loud, didn't I?" Ireland says. "Albain is Irish for Scotland." Ireland says with a small smile and faint blush.
Them two have a strong relationship, then. Pitcairn thinks to himself. *I should probably stop reading people..... nah.*
"Oh, so all the former countries that made up the UK live there?" Falklands asks.
"That would be right, they're all staying there." Ireland says.
"Hm, I suppose that's good as Tristan Da Cunha was Scotland's territory." Pitcairn says.
Ireland raises an eyebrow at that.
"I didn't know Albain got Overseas Territory?" He questions.
"Yeah, England got most of them but Scotland got Tristan Da Cunha." Pitcairn says with a small shrug of both shoulders.
"Cool." Ireland responds. "What exactly are you going to talk to Sasana about?"
"The invasion of all the Overseas Territories." Falklands says.
"What?" Ireland says surprised.
"Yeah, no one seemed to notice." Falklands reply's sadly.
"We wanted to warn England because it's not the only thing the country that invaded the Overseas Territories plans to do." Pitcairn says.
"What do you mean by that." Ireland asks in slight concern.
"They plan to invade the mainland of what used to be the United Kingdom." Falklands says. "Starting with Wales."
Ireland stands in silence with a look even Pitcairn finds hard to read.
"They plan to invade all the UK?" Ireland ask in a serious tone.
"Yes, and take the land for themselves like they did with us," Falklands gestures to her and Pitcairn. "And the other Overseas Territories."
Ireland clenches his fists.
"You should of said sooner, this is more important than I thought." Ireland says, scared of the thought of this country taking the four countries. "Let's go faster, there's only a little bit left to go anyway."
"Okay." Falklands says.
"And I'm going to be staying to help with this." Ireland states.

"That's fine. The more support the better." Pitcairn says.

With that the one country and two territories begin to run to the house which is only a short distance away.

Thanks for reading, and thanks for 15k reads!

I already said what Albain means in the chapter so no translations.

Haven't got much to say... might be a while before Breaking Away is updated again, although I hope that I'll get a random burst of motivation and write the next chapter—which is what usually happens anyway.

Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1355

The Battle Begins

[image]

This chapter and book is not meant to be offensive to anyone, I'm sorry if it comes off that way!

There is also a bit of violent talk, if that makes sense, just, not a nice friendly conversation. Lots of death threats.
And you know what that means, death threats mean bad language!
So yeah, be aware of that if ya don't like it.

~~~
**No Ones POV**

The countries all glare at each other. Standing still. The atmosphere tense.
"Why." England says, more demanding than questioning.
"Who doesn't want to go down as the country who took down the remains of the biggest empire in history?" Turkey simply says.
"Our empire ended years ago." Scotland states coldly.
"It doesn't end till you're all dead." Turkey says in a cold tone with a death glare towards Scotland.
Scotland returns the glare, holding himself back from charging at the country.
"You're as dumb as you come off." England says in response to Turkey.
"I could say the same for you." Turkey replies in irritation to England. "But you know what a real smart thing for you to do would be?" Turkey continues. "Surrender... or just hand me the little dragon country and I'll continue my business later with you three."
"I'd rather cut aff yer heed." Scotland states, his words harshly cold.
Turkey stays silent staring at the country not sure how to act at the words. He decides to ignore it, he didn't quite understand the accent anyway.
"Maybe not *that* harsh," Says England glancing towards Scotland.
"But I'm certainly not doing any of the things you said." He says, turning back to Turkey.
~~~

Turkey hums in response.
"Have it your way then." Turkey says.
He quickly lifts up his small gun,
(*I don't really know what guns to give them so you can just imagine any gun.)*
Which had been hidden to the other countries and fires.

The bullet flies towards Wales but before the bullet can hit Scotland pulls Wales out of the way, causing it to miss and glide further into the distance.
"Damn you." Turkey says and aims for Scotland next.
Scotland positions himself as Turkey pulls the trigger. A bullet yet again flies out the gun in the direction of Scotland. Scotland, however, moves the sword he holds with speed and precision and it takes the blow of the bullet, deflecting it.
"How...?" Turkey mutters.
"When ye hate guns with a passion because they're so damn hard ta use an a *certain someone* made fun of ye far it most of yer life ye develop the will power ta practice many days on parrying bullets. Yer gun is useless against ma sword." Scotland says with slight pride.
"That's not even your sword-"
"Wheesht!"
"Huh, well, maybe when I take your land I'll keep you alive and you can teach me how to do that." Turkey says.
"If I try ta teach yer dumbass how yer'll stab yerself in the foot an I will nae help." Scotland reply's.
"Hey, you didn't say no." Turkey says with a smug look and shrug of his shoulders.
Scotland glares at Turkey.
"Ahm done with ye."
Scotland lifts his swords and swings it down at Turkey. Turkey dodges it but as Scotland brings down the sword he curves it, now heading for Turkeys legs. Turkey just moves out the way in time to only receive a graze from the sword. Turkey lets out a sharp hiss and soon aims his gun at Scotland once again. Except, he isn't the first one to fire this time. The gunshot echos loudly as Turkeys gun is blown from his hand.
"Argh!" Turkey exclaims and brings his hand to his chest, clinging onto it.

He wasn't injured but his gun is another story. Turkey glares towards England who still points his gun at him.
"Nice move, but not nice enough." Turkey says.
He pulls out another gun the same as before and instantly fires at England.
The bullet hits his left arm.

"SHIT!" He yells and clenches onto his arm.
"Lloegr!" Wales hella and rushes over to him.
"It's always good to carry spares."
Turkey aims for england again but his leg is greeted by a sword. Turkey bites his lip in attempt not to scream, drawing blood from it. He falls down, not able to deal with the pressure of standing on his injured leg. He looks at Scotland directly in the eyes who darkly stares back at him.
"You bitch." Scotland mutters.
He pushes the sword deeper into Turkeys leg. Turkey hisses in pain but looks up to Scotland.
"You idiot." He says with a smile.
Another gunshot echoes.
Scotland falls back and down on the ground. Catching himself with his hands. He looks at his bleeding leg, as if processing it. He then begins to chuckle which grows into a laugh. Every country looks at him in concern and fear except England. England has seen this little act enough to know but even then he can't deny its a little chilling. It's an intimidating method. Scotland continues his partially fake laugh until tears begin to form but that's more so from the bullet wound than the laugh itself.
"Fucking psychopath..." mutters Turkey, who had finished bandaging his leg with his own shirt fabric.
Scotland slowly stops his laugh and looks towards Turkey.
"What? Ye scared noo?" He says intimidatingly.
Turkey says nothing and reaches for his gun that lays down next to him.

He's stopped when Northern Ireland pins him to the ground, smacking the gun out of his hand as he does so. North felt like the only country that could do something in that moment as Wales was bandaging Englands arm with some ripped shirt fabric and Scotland probably wouldn't be able to move at that particular moment with

his bleeding leg, he was starting to get a bit faint too with the laughing and bleeding.
Turkey scowls at Northern Ireland who stares confidently back—though certainly not feeling confident. Turkey, having both his arms pinned to the ground with the small country on top of him, thinks of a way to get out of this situation. With his legs being free, he knees North in the stomach. North let's out a pained gasp as he crosses his arms over his stomach. Turkey then kicks the country fully away.
He turns to grab his gun which still lays on the floor. Inches away from grabbing it and he's pulled back painfully by his hair. He grits his teeth as he twists round and tackles the country who grabbed him. It was England, his arm properly bandaged. The two countries get into a wrestling match.

Landing punches, kicking each other, grasping and pulling, both with an injured limb that was the target for either of the two countries.
Wales took the opportunity to help Scotland who was now visibly getting dizzy. Wales has always been good with healing. She knew which herbs to use in different medical needs including which were edible and not. She may not be a fully experienced fighter but she's an amazing medic. Where she learned all this stuff? Only the Brits can guess.
North was taking a small break to recover from being winded while watching the fighting of the other two countries.

England slammed Turkey against the ground hard. Turkey lets out a sharp yelp at the force, but it just makes him angry. He grabs England by his shirt and pulls hard. England gets swung about like a rag doll as Turkey stands up dragging him along with surprising speed that gives England no time to really react. Turkey stops by a tree and yanks England up so he's standing as well before beginning to bash him into the tree. Turkey repeatedly bashes him with England trying to fight back but Turkeys grip is too strong on him. England begins to struggle to think with Turkey now mainly bashing his head. The pain is throbbing and England seems to be almost shutting down.
Turkey is suddenly pulled away himself by the collar of his shirt and slammed into another nearby tree. He glares at the country

who did so before the glare slightly falls at the sight of who it is. Scotland death stares at Turkey and honestly, Turkey can't help but feel a bit scared. Who wouldn't be? The man got shot and started laughing like a maniac.
Scotland's tactics are weird and sometimes seem psychotic but they certainly work.

"Ye know, ye asked us if we want ta surrender but ye never let us ask you." Scotland says harshly quietly to Turkey. "So?"
"No." Turkey answers darkly.
Scotland puts both his hands on Turkey's collar and slowly rises him up, using the tree as support. Turkey gasps at the sudden action as his feet leave the floor and it becomes difficult to breathe.
"Dae. Ye. Surrender?" Scotland asks again, a lot harsher than before.
"N-No-" Turkey chokes.
Scotland presses onto Turkeys throat against the tree. Turkeys eyes widen as he attempts to struggle.
"Yr Alban stop..." Wales says.
This surprised Scotland and his grip loosens slightly because of that but not enough for Turkey to escape.
"No. He deserves it." Scotland says.
"But he never killed anyone—"
"He invaded yer country an has hurt everyone here." Scotland interrupts.
"I don't want to be the enemy." Wales said. "Taking a life is not something ever to be proud of."
Scotland stays silent but soon lets out an annoyed sigh and throws Turkey to the ground.
Turkey coughs and gasps for air, rubbing his sore throat.
"A'Chuimrigh," Scotland said.
"Yeah?" Wales said looking towards him.
"It's nice that you're nice but nae everyone is so I want ye tae dae something far me." Scotland says strictly.
"What do you want me to do?" Wales says coming off slightly worried.
"Help me." Scotland states.
"Wh—"
Wales is cut silent as she watches Turkey stab Scotland in the back with a dagger. Scotland stays dead still knowing fine well that the placement in which the dagger has gone into his back means him

moving will only cause more damage. He keeps his mouth shut not wanting to give this country the satisfaction of him being in pain.

Turkey seizes Scotland by the chin.
"You're not the only one with a sword you know." He says coldly and pushes the dagger in deeper to which Scotland bites his lip. He glances towards Wales.
"See this as normal training," He begins, as if completely ignoring the situation he's in. "I'm being stabbed in the back, what dae ye dae tae help?"
Turkey drives the dagger in deeper, as if telling Scotland to shut up.
"It's a deep wound, so ye need tae act quick." Scotland adds on.
A bunch of ways of helping flash through Wales's mind though she picks one. Wales runs off into the forest. Scotland lets out a sigh, whether it be of relief or dread is uncertain.
Turkey chuckles.
"Who's gonna help you now? You know you can't move because of where I've stabbed you, which I'm impressed you know. So, tell me who? İngiltere is barely awake with Kuzey Irlanda trying to treat his head wounds, where as the other one is too much of a coward and has ran away." Turkey says with a villainous smile.
"She is *nae* a coward." Scotland hisses, glaring at the country as best he can.
"Really? She's the only one that hasn't fought and the moment you need her she runs away, that seems very cowardly to me." Turkey says.
"Call er a coward aon more time and I promise I'll slit yer throat." Scotland says with venom in his words.
"Oh really?" Turkey says and grips tighter onto the dagger.
He slowly drags the dagger down Scotland's back three inches down(Seven centimetres). Scotland takes in a deep breath and bites his lip hard.
"I think I can drag this sword all the way down your back sooner." Turkey whispers threateningly in Scotland's ear.
Scotland's in a lot of pain, so he decides to do something to deal with that pain. Laugh. Scotland slowly chuckles. It doesn't grow into full on laughter as he feels that may lead to the dagger going further down his back, so he keeps it to a bone chilling chuckle. Scotland doesn't quite know why but it strangely does seem to help his pain, or at least it hides it. It is like his mask that not only fills

those around him but fools himself as well.
It effectively scares Turkey and when you think about it, effectively *distracts* him too.

Wales, seeing her chance, quietly glides down. She does it with such grace landing almost silently on the ground, the little noise she did make masked by Scotland's chuckle. Wales quickly and deeply thinks about her options. She could easily take out this country, but is that right? She did give him a second chance and he proved he did not care and was far from having learnt his lesson, so is it deserved? Wales slowly positions her hands ready for a quick attack. She breaths as heavily as she can for the country not realising, which isn't very heavy at all.
...3...2...1...
Wales grabs Turkeys hand which holds the dagger and digs her nails deep into his red skin. Once Turkey gasps out with pain and has safely let go of the dagger with that coming pain, Wales pulls him back with her other arm as well, grabbing him strongly by the shoulder and putting him into a neck lock. Wales sacredly holds onto the country who struggles in her surprisingly strong grip.
"Thanks A'Chuimrigh..." Scotland says with a weak smile towards her and slowly and carefully sits down on the ground.
Wales becomes concerned for Scotland. She flinches at the hand that touches her shoulder. She looks to see England with shirt fabric bandaged over his head. Blood stains visibly coming through on it.
"You go help him." He says.
Wales nods and lets go of the still struggling Turkey who instantly tries to get his revenge and attack her but is caught and held back by England. Wales runs to assist Scotland and his badly wounded back.

England and Turkey get into another wrestling-like fight. First Turkey grabs England by his hair and pulls hard ripping out a handful. England stops him by elbowing Turkey in the stomach closely following punching him in the eye. Turkey grunts in pain before going for a right hook at England which he dodges. Turkey leaves no space after this dodge and claws at England with his other hand. The attack is very successful for Turkey and leaves a deep scar on Englands face. It resembles three claw marks on England. He covers a hand over the scar which sits just above his left eye, the

blood dripping through the cracks of his white fingers. Turkey laughs at his victorious move, however, it's England's turn now. Turkey stares England directly in the eye, his left one being slightly covered by his hand, so England decides to kick at Turkey. To his success, he kicks Turkey *there*. Turkey yelps quite loudly and he falls to his knees. England doesn't stop there as that's what Turkey did with clawing above his eye, and he grabs Turkey by his head slamming him down on the ground. England now sits on his knees on the ground while Turkey lays still conscious but now with a throbbing headache.

Wales sits with Scotland who breathes quite heavily.
"Ahm bleeding quite badly." Scotland says with an exasperated laugh.
"I see that." Wales says concernedly but calm.
She carefully rips the bottom of her shirt, having used both her arm sleeves to bandage England and Scotland's bullet wounds, her shirt now appearing more like a crop-top. This doesn't sit well with Scotland but he can talk about that in another moment and situation that is maybe a bit calmer than this one.
"Ye sure you're going tae be able tae bandage it well enough?" Scotland asks Wales.
"You don't believe in me?" Wales responds.
"Nae what Ah meant at all, it's just quite a big job," Scotland says.
Wales frowns at that. Scotland sees that she doesn't get his point so he elaborates.
"A brave job. Being the medic is aon of the hardest jobs. Ye see a lot of messed up stuff yet work through it bravely an calmly far the wounded which is just fit they need in a situation such as that. You're very brave A'Chuimrigh, an Ahm proud of ye far that." Scotland says.
"Stop with all this flattery talk like you're not going to have a chance to say it because you'll die." Wales says. "After all," Wales looks Scotland in the eyes. "You're not going to die if I'm the brave medic."
Scotland weakly smiles at Wales.
"Ye need an explanation on how tae take the sword oot or are ye good?" Scotland asks.
"Um, I'm good, but maybe go through it anyway just for reassurance." Wales says with an awkward smile.

"Okay... First..."

Both these events happen at the same time. Each country distracted in their own event, not paying attention to another event that's about to unfold. They all realised it with the sound of a scream followed by a thud. They all turn to see North who had screamed in pain after being stabbed in the arm and had them been knocked out, falling down to the ground with a thud. A country standing above them with the same knife they'd use to stab a British Overseas Territories in the arm with before, in a city called Stanley.

"Arjantin, finally, it took you long enough."

Well I died for a bit didn't I?
Don't worry I'm back and alive now and am finally writing again, yay!
Heh, I really don't do good under stress and the stress of going back to school really did have a pretty big and negative effect on me and I just couldn't seem to write for too long without loosing motivation fast. So sorry about that, but here is the long awaited chapter.

We've now got 17K reads on this book which is super cool!
I still can't imagine that many people actually reading my book like—

Okay, Translations time!

Welsh Translations:
•Lloegr = England
•Yr Alban = Scotland

Scottish Gaelic Translations:
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•Aon = One

Turkish Translations:
•İngiltere = England

•Kuzey Irlanda = Northern Ireland
•Arjantin = Argentina

As always, sorry if I got anything wrong!

Don't have much to say or I just can't remember but anyways...
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 3125

Glaswegian Kiss

[image]

Haha, back at it again with the unique titles—
Anyway...

Quick Author's Note
So, hey everyone! I have published this book again. I hope it wasn't difficult to find this new chapter due to that. My reason for un-publishing it was for the fact that I couldn't save it and if it were to get taken down—due to these raids—I would not be able to get it back. Don't worry, it wouldn't be gone forever; I would rewrite it, it would just take a long time for me to be ready for it, not to mention a lot would change in it.
I started this book having barely any HC's on any countries. The Overseas Territories were more developed than any country, Yemen being the most developed and even then I'd still probably change some things about him. I finally do have an understanding of how I picture The British Isles (yes, just The British Isles) and, oh boy, it's changed A LOT. Like... SO. MUCH.
Even with this small tangent I went on—on the subject of saving chapters; I shall be attempting to save all of the chapters in Breaking away. It shall take forever and be a real pain but I'm going to try.

(I'm also experimenting with the use of semi-colons so bare with me on that as I attempt to understand how on Earth you use it).

Anyway, sure you lot are dying to read another chapter... I think... so...
Enjoy!

No Ones POV
(There won't be a POV from a country for a while, just because I find it easier to write in third person in this book).

"You didn't exactly give warning that you would be this bad and I'd have to come." Argentina says, clearly not wanting to be there.
"Hey! I'm outnumbered, alright?" Turkey says in defiance.

Argentina shakes his head.
"You've gotta be kidding me." England mutters while staring towards Argentina.
Argentina gives him a cold glare back.
"Haha! Bringing back old enemies." Scotland says, putting on a psychotic smile.
Argentina turns towards him with a straight face.
"Intimidation games don't work on me." He says monotonously.
Scotland's smile falls.
"Oh really?" He says in a much darker voice. "Ah guess we're going ta have tae try something else with you then."
Argentina stays silent, not actually being able to think of an answer. He doesn't really care, he can see the country is wounded so that obviously means he has the upper hand on him.
"Wait... that was just an intimidation tactic? He's not actually psychotic?" Turkey asks.
Scotland turns towards him annoyedly.
"No and yes, depends on who I'm talking to." He replies as if it's a normal thing.
"Yr Alban, that's not normal." Wales replies in a bit of concern.
"Far ye, far me it is." Scotland says with a shrug not actually getting at Wales's point.
He regrets the shrug, though, as the knife wound causes him a sharp pain.
"Damn this wound," Scotland cursed. "If it weren't for it I'd be over there giving that bitch a Glaswegian kiss."
Argentina looks mortified at that statement.
"*Kiss?*" He questions, still with a mortified look.
"GLASWEGIAN kiss." Scotland yells towards Argentina while Wales holds him in place. "It means ah 'ead-butt ye in the nose." Scotland says venomously as he stays where he is.
"Oh, thank god..." Argentina says in relief.
"He might not be able to do that but I can do something." Wales says towards Argentina, who seemingly looks as though he could laugh at Wales.
He doesn't belief this small child country could barely leave a decent bruise on him. Sure, she's got dragons wings and horns but does that matter with her miniature size?
Surely not.

With that said, Wales spreads her wings open and promptly leaves the ground. Scotland tried to reach out and stop the small country, as he is worried about her. He thinks she has brilliant spirit, but that spirit might make her believe she can do more than what she's able. He doesn't grab her in time, though, and she glides towards Argentina. Argentina begins swinging his sword at Wales, Wales swiftly dodging the blade with strategic flying. Turkey struggles to try and help the Argentinian country but England still holds strongly onto him, pressuring him down so he is trapped. Argentina continues to swing fast but Wales's gliding is faster and much more graceful when watching from afar. Where as Wales is so use to flying to a point she could fly for hours—gliding being even more easier—Argentina can't swing his sword for hours and it begins to show. As Wales notices his growing tiredness, and his most likely aching arms from the force of gravity, she dives down low and scoops up the still unconscious North from the ground. It's a lot harder than it looks but Wales manages to get away in time fast enough for Argentina only to slice her cloth fabric. She flies back to the spot she sat before with Scotland only...
"Wait... where's the other one...?" Argentina says between breaths glancing nervously around in front of him trying to spot the country which was now missing.
"Right here." Argentina hears the country whisper in his ear.

Argentina instantly swings his blade towards the voice behind him only for it to be stopped by his wrist being forcefully grabbed. A strong squeeze from the country on Argentina's wrist is painful enough to cause him to drop the sword to which he glares at the country.
"Ye seemed confused about the Glaswegian kiss thing from earlier so ah decided tae come an show ye."
With that, Scotland carry's out the action hitting Argentina hard on the nose and knocking him back. Argentina yelps in pain as he grasps for his face falling back so far he falls down. Argentina holds his nose as it begins to bleed.
(*I don't know how you guys picture countries and I know some aren't portrayed with noses but screw it cause I don't know many 'fighting moves' and that's one of the only ones I think of when thinking of fighting*)
"Ahah, shit." Scotland says as he sways on his feet, holding onto his

shoulder. "Been a long time since I've done that, right Sasa—fuck." Scotland stops and rushes over to England and Turkey. Turkey managed to get out of England's hold and is now silently strangling him. Wales was too distracted by Norths stab wound to notice.

Scotland pulls Turkey off England, throwing him to the side as England gasps for air.
"Dammit! I was so fucking close—" Turkey is cut off by Scotland pulling him up and pinning him to a tree
"If you kill him, I kill you." He says.
Turkey smiles smugly.
"What? Is there some kind of romance thing going on between you two?"
"No, If that bitch dies it's going to be because of me or old age, which I find unlikely." Scotland responds, tightening his grip on the country to make it painful.
"That's true." England shouts with a croaky voice.
"I don't know, still sounds like some kind of weird romance thing to me." Turkey says, knowing it will annoy Scotland.
"I'm gonna fucking kill yo—"
"You know, you never really did anything to stop Arjantin." Scotland immediately turns round only to see Argentina sitting in the same spot treating to his nose. Seeing Scotland distracted, Turkey takes his chance to grab Scotland by his hair and, moving as he does so, slams Scotland into the tree in which he previously pinned Turkey. Scotland's world becomes dizzy at that point and he slowly slides down to the floor not being able to concentrate on his balance as his head throbs.

Turkey was about to do more to Scotland, seeing a high advantage with the country's current dazed state, but is pulled back. He becomes more shocked when he feels his feet leaving the ground and it causes him to struggle; frightened.
"Stop struggling... you're heavy enough as it is." Wales says as if out of breath.
Turkey obviously does not listen to this requests and continues to struggle.
"Let me go you winged demon!" He shouts.
The flying stops at that point it becoming a hover at the canopy of the trees. Turkey confusedly stops struggling wondering what is

happening. He hisses loudly as he feels claws digging into his shoulders of where the hands grip him.
"Dragon. I'm part dragon. Dragons have claws. Because I'm only part, much like a cat, my claws are hidden unless I so desire for them to be shown." Wales seethes.
Turkey doesn't respond, being in pain from the claws digging into his skin. As if boosted by Turkeys mean words Wales flies faster and higher and it terrifies Turkey to a very obvious point.
"Oh don't worry, unlike you, I don't want to kill anyone." Wales says. "Say, speaking of wants, you wanted me to let you go, didn't you?"
Turkey becomes extremely worried at what Wales just said with the height they're at.
"I wonder if you'll land on your feet."
Wales then retracts her claws and lets go of Turkey.
"Holy shit." Argentina mutters as he sees the sight above him.
He begins to slightly panic as he can't think of what to do. He thinks of catching Turkey but at the speed in which everything is happening it seems quite scary and he chickens out, looking away as the sound of collision with the ground thuds. Turkey groans in pain as Argentina rushes to aid him.

Wales glides down to Scotland.
"You okay?" She asks.
"Aye. This is nothin' compared tae when Ahm drunk." Scotland says, rubbing his head.
"That's true—"
"Oh, weesht with yer 'that's true"s yer voice gives me a worse headache than having ma heed smacked against a tree an being drunk combined." Scotland cuts off England.
"You've got a sore head? I was just knocked out." North yells as he walks over to the bunch.
"How are you already awake?" England questions confusedly as North joins the group.
"You're talking about the movie myth," Wales says with a roll of her eyes. "You don't stay unconscious forever when you get knocked out, only for about 30-... 2 minutes... 30-120 seconds."
(*I know that probably means the time that North was knocked out at the start doesn't make that much sense but just roll with it for now, thank you—*)

"Oh." England mutters.
"Well, this battles nae over yet," Scotland says as he slowly stands up. "We've had a break, noo lets continue. We're no giving up."

Ireland's POV
(Depending on the plot, this might be a little bit back in time).

Me and the two Territories finally arrived at France's house.
"This is the house." I say, pointing towards it.
"It's a nice house." Falklands admires.
"Smaller than others we've seen." Pitcairn says almost pessimistically.
"Cheer up laddie, now lets go." I say in a more optimistic tone and walk up to the house.
I knock loudly on the door and wait for someone to answer.

(*My dumb self started writing in third person again so—)*
No Ones POV

Eventually someone answers, that someone being France herself.
"Ah Irlande, I have something to ask you—Oh!" France exclaims as she notices the two territories standing further behind Ireland, more so one in particular.
That one territory stares back in a bit of an awkward way. They're not quite sure how to react, it's been a while since the two have seen each other.
"Um, I'll let you all inside and we can talk, I'm assuming that's what you would like to ask?" France says, looking away from the small territory.
"Yeah, thanks." Ireland says and they all step inside.
France shuts the door and they move into the living room where there is more space.
"Where are the others?" Ireland asks France.
"They're out doing a brotherly activity or that." France responds.

None of them sit down on any of the sofas in the living room, they're not too sure the reason but it's more so a need for time and in France's case: she just doesn't want to be the only one that's sitting as that would make her feel a bit awkward.
"What would you all like to say?" France asks in her usual sweet tone.

"We came to talk to England about something. We're his Overseas Territories." Pitcairn says. "Pitcairn Islands and for your awkward stare earlier I'm going to assume you remember Falklands." He adds on for introduction.
"Oui, I do." France responds. "However," she continues. "I have not seen Angleterre or any of the other British Isles—not including you Irlande—since them leaving for school this morning. It was what I was going to ask you, Irlande. I've been quite worried."
"I... haven't seen them. Thistle never told me if they were going anywhere either, which I would of expected him to of done if I'm fully honest." Ireland says.
"Thistle?" Falklands questions.
"Albain."
"Albain?"
"Scotland."
"Oh."
"I have an assumption." Pitcairn says and the group turns towards him. "I assume, Wales has been attacked as was planned and the lot went to go and stop this country seeing no time in telling anyone where they were going which would mean, as we speak, they are fighting."
"Attacked?!" France exclaims.
"Yes. We as small Territories have been invaded and treated quite badly but managed to escape. While stuck with this country, however, we learned his plans and what they had intended." Pitcairn responds monotonously.
"Who is this country?" France asks.
"Turkey." Falklands answers.
France stays silent at the name as she thinks about it all.
"He wants revenge." Pitcairn says out of nowhere as if answering a question.
Which is exactly what he did. He answered the question France was thinking in her head. France goes to ask something but Pitcairn speaks before she asks it.
"Good intuition." He says.
France closes her mouth and just decides to nod her head, not to sure if that answer fully covers this Territories strange ability.
"We should leave and help them." Ireland says, more so to France than the two Territories.
"I agree. Though they shall be fine, together they have the same

strength as Royaume-Uni... Je pense." France says going from confident to a bit unsure.
"We will come to." Falklands says, wanting to be involved in this.
Ireland and France look to each other for a small amount of time as if telepathically communicating in which no doubt Pitcairn will be able to read, which he does but decides not to say anything on it.
"Sure." France says to Falklands. "Let me leave a note and we'll go."
France leaves the room to get a pen and a piece of paper to leave a note and the others walk to the front door while waiting for her.

Gonna start with Translations.

Welsh Translations:
•Yr Alban = Scotland

Turkish Translations:
•Arjantin = Argentina

French Translations:
•Irlande = Ireland
•Oui = Yes
•Angleterre = England
•Royaume-Uni = United Kingdom
•Je Pense = I think

Irish Translations:
•Albain = Scotland

Hey, hey! The book is back, a new chapter is up, we're getting nearer to the end—woah... that's a scary thought—

Anyway, I shall be going back to normal routine now. Writing once a week when I have the motivation and inspiration to because school is still flipping everything around and time is nonsensical.
This is fine.

Sorry for the mountain of notifications I probably caused you with the re-publishing but hopefully you all noticed this chapter. I made sure it would be easier but sorry if you didn't realise.

That's all I have to say for now!
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2642

Surrender

[image]

This is a random comment spot for people to randomly comment—As per usual.
It's just this time I have nothing to say before the chapter starts so now it's just this.

Argentina's POV

I make sure Turkey is okay. He fell from quite high up and I wouldn't be surprised if he fractured something but, fortunately, that seems to not be the case, he's just going to be in a lot of pain for the most part.
"That... little bitch." He mutters as I help him stand up.
"Maybe you should think more about tactic than just attacking at any given chance." I mumble.
"Hey! You just got here. You can't say I'm fighting wrong when you've been here for only a small amount of time in which the fights have actually been going on." Turkey angrily yells.
"Just saying." I say, and put up my hands defensively.
Turkey just rolls his eyes at me.
"Should of made the other one sign a contract as well." Turkey mumbles as he dusts himself down. "Excuse maker 'oh, I can't fight because then it'll be obvious somethings happening,' 'oh, I can't fight because I've got this problem in my country.' Yeah right." He says in a mocking tone.
"Maybe I just shouldn't of signed the contract and never bothered to show up if you're just gonna be unappreciative about it." I mumble in response.
"Oh, shut up and let's just get on with this. It should be easy now." Turkey says as he picks up a gun off the floor that wasn't too far away from him that I assume he had previously dropped.
"Yeah..." I mutter and pull my sword out it's sheath.
"Hm, if you're using a sword, take on the blue one that almost kissed you but ended up practically breaking your nose."
"There's only one blue country over there. You didn't need to add

that on." I say annoyed.
Turkey shrugs.
"I felt like it was needed." He says with a smug smile.
I curse him under my breath before turning to the four enemy countries. They're preparing their weapons like we had just done. Here we go.

No Ones POV

Scotland had got his sword back and was leaning on it as he waited. England had just finished reloading his gun which he had reunited himself with when a gunshot echoed through the air to be greeted by a short scream of pain.
"My wing! My wing!" Wales shouts in pain.
She kneels down on the ground and brings her wing round to look at the hole in it.
"No..." She cries.
England and Northern Ireland instantly go to retaliate against Turkey who had fired his gun and shot Wales's wing in revenge for her dropping him. Scotland would love to join the two in attacking Turkey for that but he is pretty much the second medic on this 'battlefield' and so goes to help Wales. He takes off his normal hoodie to use his shirt in the case of having no bandages. Wales looks away as Scotland very swiftly takes off his shirt to put his hoodie back on in almost world record speed.
"You could of just used the hoodie." Wales says to Scotland.
"I ken, but I like it too much." Scotland says with a slight shrug and goes to use the shirt as a bandage for Wales's wing.
Before he can, he's tackled to the side with a sword pushed against his throat.
"Yr Alban!" Wales shouts as she goes to help.
"If you come near me and interfere I will slit his throat." Argentina says harshly and Wales stops in her tracks.
"Move back." Argentina says.
He looks behind him towards Wales who seems quite distraught in the situation.

Wales doesn't move an inch. Argentina responds by pushing the sword harder against Scotland's throat. Scotland takes in a sharp breath at the pressure but it doesn't draw blood. Wales instantly

moves back and away from the two.
"Stay away and he lives for now." Argentina says to Wales before turning back to Scotland.
"You're going to be stuck here for a while, so let's have some fun." Argentina raises his fist and punches Scotland in the nose. Scotland clenches his fists hard in pain.
"Not nice, is it?" Argentina says spitefully. "You hit me once, I'll hit you twice."
Argentina raises his fist again. Scotland prepares for the impact and calmly takes in a breath just as Argentina brings his fist down hitting Scotland in the nose again. Scotland clenches his fists harder and his nails dig into his skin, but it just seems to soothe the pain he feels at his nose.
"Hm, quiet one, aren't you?" Argentina says, feeling though his revenge wasn't satisfied with this almost blank reaction. Although he can clearly see the blood coming from Scotland's nose, he wanted a good reaction from it.
"Can nae exactly speak well with a sword against ma throat, can I?" Scotland struggles to say but manages to get the words out.
"Don't be smart with me—"
"Oh, ye sound like every single parent ever, and *Ahm* meant tae be older than *you*." Scotland mocks, realising it actually isn't that hard to speak.
"At least I can speak in proper English. I can barely understand you." Argentina says in annoyance.
Scotland stares hardly at Argentina. Argentina can't deny this look makes him feel uncomfortable.
"You've done it noo." Scotland whispers coldly.
Scotland brings his hands up and grabs Argentina's sword and pushes it away from his neck. The blade digs into his hands but it doesn't feel like too much added pain as the blade sits where Scotland already dug his nails into.
Argentina is understandably surprised and it takes a toll in him being pushed far back at this sudden retaliation from Scotland. Scotland continues to overpower Argentina and slowly pushes him back, Argentina being super confused on how that is possible. He soon finds himself in the exact position he just had Scotland.
"How the tables have turned." Scotland says. "Yer going tae be here far a while, so lets 'ave some fun."

England and Turkey are caught in a gun fight while North watches from the side, feeling a bit too intimidated to join the fight. A fight to see who will run out of ammunition first. A fight of precision. A fight of swift dodging. And absolutely, in England's case, a fight of swearing at each other. Either because they almost got hit, missed, or just wanted to comment on how much they hate the other.
"You have shit aim." Turkey says.
"I could say the same about you." England responds.
"Oh really?" Turkey says clearly annoyed of all this. "Watch this then."
Turkey aims and England runs. Not to dodge the bullet, but to defend the country Turkey aimed his gun towards.

England pushes the small Northern Ireland out of the way and the bullet hits his side. He doesn't make a sound but experiences an indescribable amount of pain and instantly falls down. Falling down seems to be a running pattern in this fight, only this time due to a much more serious wound. Northern Ireland rushes back to England in a panic of trying to help the bleeding country.
"Heh, heh." Turkey laughs quietly as he aims at North once again.
"This went better then expected."
He pulls the trigger.

The loud bang of a gunshot is not the sound heard but instead the sound of the gun clicking. Turkey, confused, pulls the trigger again. Nothing but the same click.
"Dammit!" He mutters and searches his pockets for more ammunition but his pockets are empty.
"Fuck! I'm out!" He shouts and throws his gun down on the ground in rage.
Turkey looks back towards Northern Ireland and England to see North pointing a gun at him this time.
"This is for Sasana you... B-word." North says and pulls the trigger. He hits Turkey in the leg.
"Fucking, again!" Turkey cries out as he grasps for a nearby tree to stop himself from avoiding the pattern of falling down.
"An Bhreatain Bheag!" North shouts, returning his focus back to the injured England.
Wales was already rushing over to them. She crouches down by England.

"Hey Lloegr, you're gonna be okay." Wales reassures as she starts to get ready to stop the bleeding.
"North, help me with this, would you?"
"Uh, yeah. What do I do?"

Scotland got distracted by England's injury and Argentina took that chance to regain control of the sword and kick Scotland off him. Before Argentina could stab Scotland, Scotland had managed to make it back to his sword and block the hit and they were now staring each other down as their swords were pushed against each other. Only when Turkey got shot in the leg by North did Argentina have to annoyedly break away and rush over to the, what he considered at that time, idiotic country. Scotland took that as a small victory as it basically meant he had lasted while Argentina retreated. He quickly rushes over to England and the others.
"Hey, Sasainn, dae nae die on me yet. We've still got many years left of arguments, I'll even force myself tae say something nice tae ye if ye live." Scotland jokes, but is generally trying to be supportive, for once.
England doesn't say anything but smiles at Scotland's words as if to say he's trying.
With the two countries always arguing, when they do get in moments at which they are actually nice to each other it is generally meaningful, and the two can learn to appreciate each other in those moments. Even if ten seconds later they'll be insulting each other again.

Argentina and Turkey argued as they helped each other. Although they say there is no chance of them losing due to them both being there, if they don't learn to work together properly, it makes no difference to fighting these four countries themselves.
Unfortunately, they managed to realise that.
The two, seeing how there is now an even bigger chance of winning at that point due to this injury, have decided to go for, what they believe, the last attack.

It's a two vs two. England being injured and Wales trying to help him, Scotland and North are the only two fully able to fight at that time—and it is more defence than offence at this point in time.
"A'Chuimrigh, dae nae be pressured tae go fast. Take yer time with

his wound, that is what he needs." Scotland says to Wales, getting prepared, seeing the two enemy countries moving towards them.
"North, ye think ye can fire that gun like ye did before? I fully understand if ye dae nae want tae, it's a bit jarring at first."
"I... I'll try." North responds, clutching onto the gun he had shot Turkey in the leg with.
Turkey has a limp due to that, and the fact that he wasn't too careful with injuries and tried to heal them as fast as he could.
"It's like a game. We're the defence, alright? There's no need tae attack them, only in defence." Scotland says to North.
North nods his head.
"Ye got this." Scotland says and ruffles North's hair.
He's trying to create a sense of reassurance in a time where he can see a big disadvantage for them. He doesn't want anyone else to be badly injured and if anyone is, it's going to be him. That's his choice. That's his decision.

Argentina and Scotland's swords clash against each other's many times but they never manage to land a hit. North doesn't want to hurt anyone after injuring Turkey and so purposefully misses in an attempt of scaring the countries off but not making that too obvious. Turkey gets increasingly annoyed. After being leant Argentina's gun, he's trying to make accurate shots towards Wales, seeing how important she is to this group and it is the country he wanted to invade in the first place. But every time he does Scotland gets in the way and parry's the bullet with his sword or pushes Argentina in one of their sword clashes in the firing range so Turkey is forced to not fire.
This goes on for a while...
And then...
Scotland parry's another bullet...
And his sword shatters.

Scotland stares at the pieces on the ground whilst holding onto the handle which is now missing a blade.
"Well... it last longer than it should of anyway." Scotland mutters.
"Finally." Turkey says victoriously.
"Albain?" Northern Ireland says to Scotland, as if asking what he's going to do now.
Scotland looks towards Wales. She managed to help England but

he's unconscious. Scotland looks back to the two countries, who seem very pleased.
"So?" Turkey questions as he raises the gun intimidatingly.
"We will nae surrender." Scotland says to the country. "But I request ye be gentle with the two younglings if ye are tae continue violently. I request, since Sasainn is already injured enough, he does nae need more from you two. I request... if ye are tae be violent, do so tae me."
Turkey and Argentina look towards each other.
"Fair enough." Argentina says with a shrug.
Scotland then notices something, he tries to show no reaction of this, though, but needs to use it somehow.
"Shake on it?" He asks the two countries.
"Why would we—"
"I'd be right near ye and agreeing on it means right after the handshake ye can instantly hurt me. Did ye nae want revenge, after all?" Scotland interrupts.
"You're acting very different." Argentina says suspiciously.
"Ye sound like everyone in ma life. No one ever understands me, I dae nae understand maself, how am I supposed tae act one way?" Scotland says in response.
"Fine." Turkey says and extends his hand.
Scotland walks up to the two countries at a cautious pace, as Wales and North watch quite scared for Scotland and confused as to what he's doing.

Scotland reaches Turkey and shakes his hand. Turkey almost instantly puts his gun up to Scotlands head. Scotland remains completely calm, not that he wouldn't be in any other circumstance like this.
"I think you should surrender." Turkey says coldly to Scotland.
Scotland hums.
"Actually," he says. "I think ye should surrender."
"Why would I—?"
"Because you've also got a gun against your head." A new voice says from behind Turkey as a gun is now put against his head as well.
Argentina goes to help Turkey but finds himself in a similar situation, being surrounded by a country and two territories, one being extremely familiar.
"Ha, why should I? I'll take you down with me." Turkey threatens

Scotland and pushes the gun harder against the countries head.
"Ye ken, An Tuirc, ye really need tae be more careful with yer ammunition." Scotland says nonchalantly.
Turkey goes to check his ammunition out of panicked instinct and as he sees the gun still has plenty ammunition, Scotland rapidly snatched the gun from his hands.
"Ye also need tae be more careful with distractions." Scotland says with a smile.
"Fuck you." Turkey mutters.
"Sorry, I've already got a boyfriend." Scotland replies.
This infuriates Turkey but he can't seem to strap the words of hate together to form a sentence so he just remains silent.

"An Tuirc, it was a good fight an ye are skilled an carried this oot in a clever way, I must say, but noo I dae have tae ask—dae ye surrender?" Scotland says, using small flattery to give a higher chance of the country just accepting his defeat, to which he does.
"I... I surrender." Turkey says. "I don't have a white flag or that though..."
"That's fine." The country behind Turkey says and slowly lowers the gun from the countries head.
Turkey then just slowly sits down crossed-legged on the floor, he's exhausted.
The country that lowered the gun quickly puts it into a holster and rushes to Scotland. The two embrace in a comforting hug.
"Don't ever do something like this again, Thistle." The country says.
"Just because we're boyfriends does nae mean ye have tae help me in every single battle I have, Clover." Scotland says.
"Yeah, but, it kinda does." Ireland says.
"Alright, alright, Ahm sorry, Ah won't." Scotland apologises.
"Thank you." Ireland says with relief.

"Your partner in crime has surrendered, so you?" The other country asks Argentina.
Argentina looks guiltily to one of the territories.
"It's the right thing." They say to him.
Argentina turns back to the country.
"I do." He says. "I used to have a white handkerchief but it's kind of red now from the fighting."
The other country sighs.

"You should always take at least something along the lines of a white flag to battle." They say. "It doesn't mean that it shows cowardliness, it shows you have an understanding of when you have met defeat and that you can accept that. Nobody can fight forever."
"That's... true... I guess." Argentina mumbles.
"You bet." The other country responds. "I wish everyone would understand that." They add on in an annoyed tone.
"Ffrainc!" Wales shouts happily. "I would go up to you and say thanks politely instead of shouting but I don't want to leave Lloegr right now!"
"If you three don't mind." France says to the country and two territories before heading over to Wales.
"Lloegr got hurt quite badly but I managed to do my best to help him and he's just sleeping for now." Wales says to France, making sure she wouldn't mistake England sleeping for him being dead.
"That's awful!" France exclaims. "Are you two okay?" France says to Wales and North.
North feels happy to of finally been acknowledged by someone.
"Yeah, more shocked than super hurt. Sasana and Albain really took the big hits." Northern Ireland says to France.
"That's true." Wales says. "And I got a hole in my wing..." Wales adds on, extending her wing out to show the hole.
She undid the bandages in which she did herself due to Scotland being tackled away on her wing to help with England's bullet wound.
"I should of been here for you... I could of easily stopped this." France mutters.
"Hey, no. Don't you *dare* shift this onto yourself. There is no way in this entire *universe* that any of this was your fault. *No way."* Wales says to France strictly.
France appreciates those words.

All the countries walk back to the boat, keeping an eye on each other either to make sure they're okay or to make sure they're (two countries, specifically) not doing any funny business. Due to Turkey's surrender his military also had to surrender, ending the fight. The countries get onto France's boat, just leaving the other one for now, they'll bring it back later. With that they finally start to head back him to Patriam Island.

We're doing a thing of translations first now—

Welsh Translations:
•Yr Alban = Scotland
•Lloegr = England
•Ffrainc = France

Irish Translations:
•Sasana = England
•An Bhreatain Bheag = Wales
•Albain = Scotland

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•Sasainn = England
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•An Tuirc = Turkey

And the battle is finally over!
Do you realise...
How close this means we are...
To the end...
Of this book...

I don't know what to write once I finish this! I'm not ready for the end—

For now though.
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 3250

Finally, Peace

[image]

So I forgot to talk about what happened with Turkey and Wales's military, so I'm gonna add that in the last chapter.
But Turkeys army was forced to surrender due to Turkey's surrender.

No Ones POV

The countries all sat in the boat. France was tending to the injured countries, her being experienced with dealing with them. She was impressed at how Wales had handled the wounds so well and there wasn't much she needed to do but she did have to help with Argentina's and Turkey's, though it was quite an awkward process. England had woken up and you could tell he was in pain but covered that to his best ability, though there wasn't much need for it. All the countries were visibly tired and sore from that fight. Even though Turkey shot England in his side causing him mass pain, he was more infuriated at the country for ripping out his hair. He plans to avenge his hair in some way.
Wales sat with her wings wrapped around herself occasionally glancing at the hole in her wing before quickly averting her eyes, too upset to look at it. The role of medic and helping with all the injuries was starting to take a toll on her as well. It was a lot for someone of her age to manage.
North sits next to her, trying his best to start a conversation of some sorts but isn't really succeeding, though Wales appreciates the effort. North feels kind of guilty, he feels he didn't do enough in that situation. He did as much as he could of but he just can't seem to see that. He's unable to look towards England due to the extreme guilt it brings him for being the cause of his injury. However, Turkey was the one that pulled the trigger, but again, North seems blind to that fact.
Scotland leans tiredly against the boat side sitting next to Ireland. They hold hands and talk to each other soothingly. It was only when Scotland began to take a rest did he realise his exhaustion and soreness. He's thankful that Ireland is there with him, it makes it a

lot more easier to deal with.

Falklands converses with Argentina. She felt like she could get him to open up about this whole situation and she did. She learned that Argentina didn't want to come and fight but felt obligated to due to the contract he signed. He didn't want to appear as a traitorous country. He also apologises to Falklands a lot. The guilt has finally settled in for him but you could say it wouldn't of if he had won. It's only because of this loss that he's come to realisation with himself. He also didn't want Falklands to see him the way he is presented in front of her at that moment. He may come off as a jerk but he still cares for Falklands like a daughter. He wishes she would see that care but alas, that's not the case. Maybe one day... He hopes.
Turkey feels quite humiliated surrounded by these countries. He does realise that he did go just a bit too far, but won't show that to the other countries. He sits on the deck of the boat with crossed arms, just tired. France keeps on trying to get him to speak but he remains silent. It's only when she says what she's going to have to tell UN that he slightly cracks.
"I was convinced! I never planned this! Someone pushed me to do it!" He shouts.
"Who?" France questions.
Turkey stays silent.
"Should of known you wouldn't tell me this country's name. Do you fear them? Why can't you tell me?" France asks.
"I'm not a traitorous snitch." Turkey spits.
"I see." France says, leaving the conversation at that.

Soon enough, the countries make it back to Patriam Island. The boat is docked and the countries gradually step onto the dry land.
"First, can we go and get the other Overseas Territories." Pitcairn says to the countries, Falklands nodding her head in agreement.
"Well Turquie, you lead the way." France says.
Turkey begrudgingly begins to walk to the house in which the territories have been kept.
Once arrived at the house, Turkey unlocks it and heads to the hidden part with the long metal hallways to let the territories out. They're seemingly surprised to see the countries and many of them are happy to be greeted by them in hope of returning to their normal lives.

"We need to sign a treaty and all territories shall go back to Angleterre—"
"I was Scotland's." Tristan Da Cunha interrupts.
"The territories shall go back to whomever they were ruled under before. That means Les Malouines too, Argentine." France continues.
"Yeah, I'm fine with that. If that's what she's happy with." Argentina responds.
Falklands smiles towards Argentina to show her thanks of his cooperation.
"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I lost so you get to decide what happens... as always with these situations." Turkey grumbles.
"You're on a thin line, An Tuirc." Scotland says with a glare towards Turkey.
Turkey stares coldly back.
"Well I think that's all so it's time to leave here now and get this mess sorted." France says to break the tension.
"I agree." Ireland says.

The countries now walk along the street. The territories broke off from them, having permission from France to use her boat so they could go back home. One territory stuck with them though, and that was Falklands. She has something to ask England and is waiting for a time in which she can actually say it.
"Remind me why we have to see UN over this?" Turkey says annoyedly.
"Because he's good at handing out punishments. They're not bad punishments, don't even know if you could call them punishments, it's more so agreements on how to prevent something like this happening again but with there sometimes being consequences." France explains.
"I know how it works—"
"Then why did you ask?" France cuts the country off annoyedly.
Turkey stays silent, not having a good response for that.
They get to UN's headquarters where he usually is, when he's not at the country school making sure all the countries are getting along. It's also where most meetings happen and things are discussed, not just on UN basis but NATO, EU, ASEAN, etcetera.
"I'm going to talk to UN about it, you can all wait here." France says before walking off.

Again, she has experience with this.

France enters UN's office after having been told she's allowed to.
"Hello, France." UN says. "I've actually been waiting for your appearance."
"Bonjour Mr UN, how so?" France questions.
"Your boys found that note and got a bit worried and so answered to me. It was also that one country discovered something linked with your situation." UN says in his calm mysteriously accented voice.
"Discovered?" France asks confused.
"You know of Spain, apparently he was involved in the situation, I actually have him waiting for when the terms of this incident are to be discussed." UN says.
"Do we do so now?" France asks.
"Are you the only country that needs to be seen? Would it not be fair for others to be here?" UN questions France.
"We already discussed it, we had plenty of time to when coming here, so I know what is requested from the countries and Overseas Territories involved."
"Ah, in that case, we can discuss."

The seven countries and one territory wait for France to come back.
"Hey Falklands, why didn't you leave with the others?" England asks the small territory.
"I wanted to ask you something." Falklands reply's.
"Really. What would that be?"
"I want to be independent." Falklands says with confident nervousness.
"Oh." England mutters.
Independence seems to be a hated word of his at this point, but it also depends on who is saying it.
"Are you sure you would be able to handle that? You have a small population and—"
"I was hoping maybe you could help me in the starting years until I'm ready to take charge myself." Falklands says hopefully to England.
"I suppose I could..." England mutters, contemplating the though.
"I'll think about it."
"Okay! Thank you!" Falklands says happily to England.

"No problem..."
"I'm gonna go back to my territory and make sure everything is alright there. I'll definitely be checking for mail regularly now." Falklands says walking backwards towards the door as she speaks.
"How are you going to get back?" England questions.
"Swim." Falklands says. "Just kidding, just kidding, I'm going to steal Turkeys boat, I remember which one is his."
"Hey!" Turkey shouts as Falklands walks out the door with a smile.
"Won't your boat still be in my country." Wales asks Turkey.
"No. I have more than one." Turkey responds.
"Damn. That's a flex." North comments.
Turkey just rolls his eyes.

It seems uneventful as the countries continue to wait. Eventually, France returns to the lobby with paper in hand.
"You two know the drill." She says and holds out a pen to the countries.
Argentina takes the pen and signs the paper that France holds. Turkey then spitefully snatches the pen from Argentina and signs it himself with much disgust.
"You quatre as well." France says to the British countries.
They take the pen and sign it one by one.
"Just one more country." France says looking around.
The others seem a bit confused by this. Who else needs to sign this treaty?
"França!" A country shouts.
They drag another country along behind them. It's Portugal who drags along Spain.
"UN told us to come to you." Portugal says as the two reach the eight countries and one territory.
"Oui, Espagne needs to sign this." France says holding up the pen and paper towards the country who evidently doesn't want to be there.
"Why Spain?" England questions.
"Oh, hey Inglaterra, I didn't see you!" Portugal says happily to England. "I went to visit Espanha to talk about something and he wasn't home at that point, but the door was open so I obviously went in anyway and snooped around, only to find plans to betray this country and take all this territory, which was actually *your* territory and I obviously didn't want that to happen so I came here

straight away."
Portugal takes in a deep breath after that sentence as she ran out of air while saying it.
While she said it Spain very angrily signed the peace of paper.
"You were going to betray me." Turkey mutters while looking towards Spain.
"Yeah, I was, so? It was a good plan but you fucked it up losing to a child, you idiot." Spain spits at Turkey.
"May I remind you of the time I kicked you where it hurts and slapped you in the face with my wing and called you a swear word. You're a much bigger country than me yet I was able to do that. Please, you're the child." Wales says annoyed at Spain.
"I didn't ask for your input." Spain responds.
"Neither did anyone for yours." Wales says back.
"Let me leave now. I've signed the treaty and I've said I won't do anything, I should be able to leave." Spain says.
"Same here." Argentina says.
"And here..." Turkey also says, glaring coldly towards Spain.
"You can leave, but do anything and the consequences will be much worse than right now." France says to the countries.
They all go to leave the building, starting an argument between each other as they do so.

"Finally. That's all over." North says in relief.
"Oui. You lot need to come home and rest." France says to the countries. "Where did Falklands go?" France suddenly questions as she notices the absence of the territory.
"Back home." England answers.
"Ah." France says with a nod of understanding.
"Hey Portugal, thanks for helping with this." England says to Portugal with a smile.
"It's fine. You're a really good friend of mine and I didn't want Espanha to harm you, though you're already quite beat up." Portugal says as if guilty.
"No need to worry about my wounds, they'll heal in time. Speaking of time, why don't we find the time to hangout, some time." England says almost nervously.
"Yeah! I would like that." Portugal responds with the same kind of nervousness. "This Sunday?"
"Yes. This Sunday." England agrees.

"I'll see you then, but I'm gonna go home now, I think I left my rooster to roam free which isn't a good thing so—bye!" Portugal says cheerfully as she runs to the entrance doors.
"Bye!" England calls after her.
He watches as she leaves.
"Does this mean yer'll stop talking about yer love towards me?" Scotland says to England.
"What do you mean by that?!" England shouts, quite flustered.

The countries all walk home. Talking happily between each other. It's been a long day. It's nice that they'll finally get to rest.

Suuuuuper close to the ending of this book—
This was actually meant to be the ending chapter (it had a different ending to the one above), but I didn't like it so we're doing *one* more chapter.
That is terrifying—
I don't even know what to write after this—

Onto the Translations!

French Translations:
•Turqiue = Turkey
•Angleterre = England
•Les Malouines = The Falklands
•Argentine = Argentina
•Bonjour = Hello
•Quatre = Four
•Espagne = Spain

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•An Tuirc = Turkey

Portuguese Translations:
•França = France
•Inglaterra = England

•Espanha = Spain

Anyways, Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2265

A New Home; A New Story

[image]

No Ones POV
A Few Weeks After The Event...

"Come on! Come on! Come on!" Wales shouted impatiently.
She was waiting for everyone to get ready to leave to the new house.
It had taken a lot of searching but they finally found a house everyone likes. By everyone, I mean Wales, North, England and Scotland. It was a small one story house, similar to France's but with a different layout and more spacious rooms. It sits right next to one of Patriam Islands many evergreen forests. It was further away from France's house but nearer to Ireland's neighbourhood. There were two other houses neighbouring it nearby, belonging to some Nordic countries. The moving countries hope to get along well with their new neighbours.
"A'Chuimrigh, we get that ye are excited an all but you're no exactly carrying any of the suitcases." Scotland says, dragging two suitcases along, one his and one Wales's.
"Well yeah that's true but I thought it would be easy 'cause you're really strong." Wales says in a questioning tone.
"Flattery doesn't clear your impatience, Wales." England says as he walks into the hallway the countries stand in, carrying his and North's suitcases.
Wales just crosses her arms.
"North! Hurry up!" England shouts.
"Give me a sec!" North shouts from another room.
"Ffrainc has been waiting at her car for ages. She's going to think we're sloths at this point." Wales mumbles.
England sighs at that.
North comes rushing round the corner, into the hallway.
"I'm ready, I'm ready." He says.
"Finally!" Wales says happily.
"Well I'm sorry but it wasn't my fault you lot didn't wake me up!" North says annoyed.

"Fair point." Wales said.
North just shakes his head.
"Let's go then." Scotland said and they all walked to the front door.

France parked her car in front of the new house and the countries excitedly got out. The moving countries had said goodbye to their friends at France's house, even though they would see each other at school the day after tomorrow. Ireland had come to see the house with them.
"This was definitely a good choice." Wales cheerfully says, looking at the house.
The other countries agree.
"Because I know you want to, you two can go and claim the bedrooms first." England says to Wales and North.
He hands then the house keys. North quickly grabs the key and runs to the house
"I call dibs on the biggest room!" He shouts.
"But I have wings! I need space!" Wales says in excuse, chasing behind him.
"We're going tae git the smallest rooms noo..." Scotland mutters to England.
He didn't really care but it was something to disagree on with England so...
"If that really bothers you you can visit me. I'm sure my house has space~" Ireland says and rests his head on Scotland's shoulder.
"Maybe..." Scotland mumbles with a tint of blush on his face.
England smirks at Scotland's embarrassment. He likes to pick on Scotland whenever he comes off as weak because he knows Scotland really hates it.
"Ahm sure Sasainn would be able tae dae the same thing at A'Phortagali's hoose." Scotland says with his own smirk.
England blushes deeply but looks away to hide it.
"I'm going to check out the house and probably stop North and Wales from fighting over the biggest room, I can already tell they are." England says and walks off, not looking towards any of the other countries once.
"Victory for me." Scotland says as England enters the house.
"Another one? You seem to be winning too often. You wouldn't be happening to make up scores, would you?" Ireland says to Scotland.
"Are we meant to be counting losses as well?" Scotland asks.

Ireland chuckles.
"You idiot." He says and kisses Scotland on the cheek.
Scotland smiles.
"Let's go into the house already." Ireland says, tugging onto Scotland's arm.
Scotland nods his head towards Ireland but turns back to France who silently stands by her car.
"Thanks for this An Fhraing, we really appreciate it." Scotland says before turning back towards Ireland and walking towards the house.

France smiles and watches them walk into the house. There is silence as France stands still and stares at the house.
"You're still here amour, aren't you?" France says to herself, and places her hand over her heart. "I wish I could have this conversation face to face, but for now, I must hope you stay close to me in my heart. A lot happened when you left, it was quite the story, I must say, but it's come to a slow stop. For now, at least. Your kingdoms are doing very well. I can see small parts of your personality still in them. They made me smile, made me feel like part of you was still there. But I know I can't hold onto you forever, and today, I'm letting the last bit go. I can't loose you entirely though, they'll visit and I'll remember; I'll see a picture and I'll remember; I'll look at our children and see you in them, you'll never leave me and.....Je ne t'oublierai jamais, mon amour."

Scots Gaelic Translations:
•A'Chuimrigh = Wales
•Sasainn = England
•A'Phortagali = Portugal
•An Fhraing = France

Welsh Translations:
•Ffrainc = France

French Translations:
•Amour = Love
•Je ne t'oublierai jamais, mon amour = I will never forger you, my love

Holy macaroni, it's the end of the book—
How—
When—
What—
I don't even know what to say—

Actually, I kind of do.

Thank you for reading the book!!
As of now, the book has 19K reads which is insane!
I congratulate you if you made it this far, I know this book could get boring at times but you stuck with it!

I will be making a 'The End' chapter to do all the thank you stuff and other things I have planned, so this isn't the last chapter, it's just the last chapter of story.

I really hope you enjoyed this story!
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 10 13

See you in my next story!

The End

[image]

For those of you who skip chapters, this is not actually the end chapter of the story. That was last chapter .

Hello everyone!
This chapter isn't all too important so you don't have to read it if you don't want!
If you have any questions on this story though, there is stuff at the bottom of the chapter on that subject.

It's the end of the story!
Absolutely crazy!
What's even crazier is you making it this far, seriously, thank you.
I hope you enjoyed this book, I enjoyed writing it (even if it is an absolute mess).

I do want to apologise for that mess, however.
I have no patience so I am sorry for the lack of research I did at certain points in this book. I should of done more than I did, I must admit.

I was considerably new to the CH fandom and so, as I said before, I barely had any HC's on countries and, because I'm dumb, I was heavily influenced by other people's HC's and kind of copied them at times—
Which at this point I definitely feel guilty about (why I was so stupid in the past—even though I still am at this point—I do not know).
So if you feel I've copied your HC just tell me and I'll be happy to credit you in the description or somewhere else.

Also because of the problem of HC's there were so many personality changes and it got pretty messy—
Like, I don't know what happened to Scotland but he did a full 360 on personality and I somehow developed this thing of him not understanding emotions and I was like 'what—' and tried to go along with it but it was quite a chaotic, challenging, mayhem.

The speed of this book is the speed of a snail or sloth or slug... why do so

many slow animals begin with the letter S—
Anyway, it's a slow book. The speed of it chops and changes and by speed I mean entertainment level, I wouldn't be surprised if some people forced themselves to read this far just for the few good parts.
Sorry bout that.

I contradict myself so much. So if something in the book happens that goes against something I had said before, I am sorry about that.

That's it for apologies but I might add more at some point, I don't know —

Have some statistic like things:
(as of 6/11/22–for my American Readers that's 6/11/22)

This book has 57.4k reads, 1.52k votes, 2k+ comments.

64 chapters in total, making this my most protracted book yet.

Losing My Mind has the most words at 5302 words

Family Gathering has the most votes at 71.

Escape has the most comments at 95

I have no idea the date I started this on—If I remember it correctly it was in the December of 2019–but it ended on the 3rd of October, 2020

I might update this ever so often just to keep it kind of accurate, but probably not, knowing my lazy self.
(Congratulations to me: I am not lazy(to some extent). I updated the list.)

I can't think of anything else so we shall move on—

Time for questions—

So. I'm sure at least some people might have questions. So if you want to ask some, do so here.

It could be on something in the book that confused you or you're interested on,
it could be what happened to the countries (did anyone other than Scotland and Ireland find out about Nessie, did so and so get together e.t.c.),
it could be a what if question (e.g. what if Turkey and Argentina won? What if England and Scotland got together? E.t.c.)
Anything!
If I am actually able to answer it, that is.
(Don't feel that you can't ask the example questions I've given, they are there so that if someone is interested they can ask it.)

That's all I have to say!

Thank you for reading and I'll see you in my next book!
When I can actually think of something else to write—

Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word count for those that would like to know: 768